

MARVEL

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®



RETURN OF THE BLACK CAT

KELLY • MCKONE • GUGGENHEIM • CHECCHETTO • ROSS

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"Tremendously entertaining ... hilarious and exciting ... Amazing Spider-Man is still firing on all cylinders."

— Dan Phillips, *IGN.Com*

"Joe Kelly absolutely knocks the Black Cat stuff completely out of the park...Extremely fun comics that should please pretty much anyone."

— *WeeklyComicBookReview.com*



Peter Parker suddenly has several lovely ladies in his life ...

Michele Gonzales is Pete's take-no-prisoners roommate who's not really his girlfriend. Really. We swear. Norah Winters is the say-anything motormouth journalist who's permanently laid off the editor in her mental newsroom. Mary Jane Watson is the stunning star of film, television and stage desperate to break the ice on a frosty relationship.

And now, along comes the Black Cat and her unique contribution to the ol' Parker Luck!

But Spidey better sort out his romantic urges, because a pair of threats has been looming on the horizon, and they've finally arrived: The clone-hunting Raptor and the diabolical Norman Osborn!

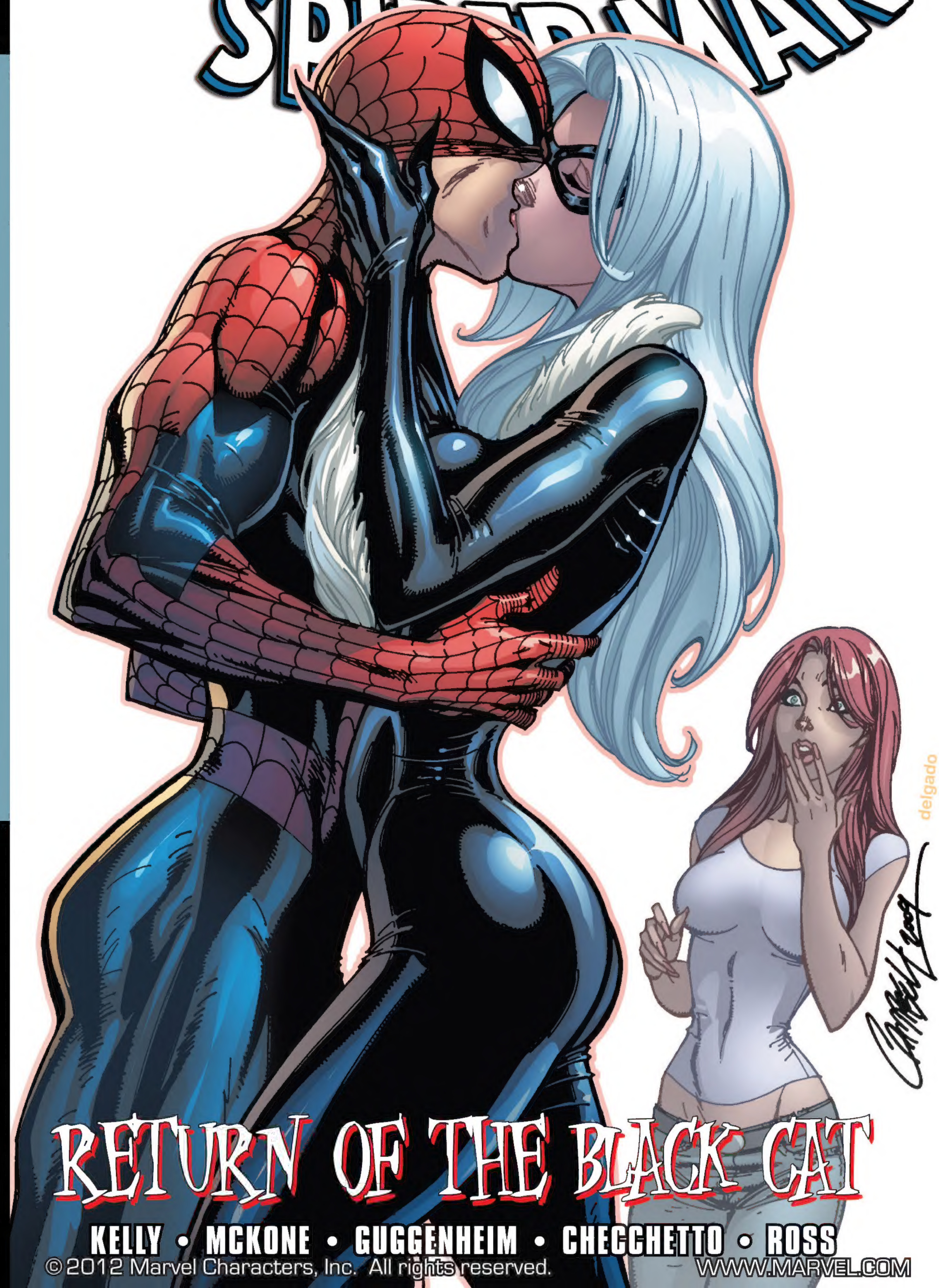
A

MARVEL

Collecting *Amazing Spider-Man* #606-611 — written by Joe Kelly, Marc Guggenheim and J.M. DeMatteis; and illustrated by Mike McKone, Marco Checchetto, Luke Ross and Val Semeiks.

MARVEL

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



RETURN OF THE BLACK CAT

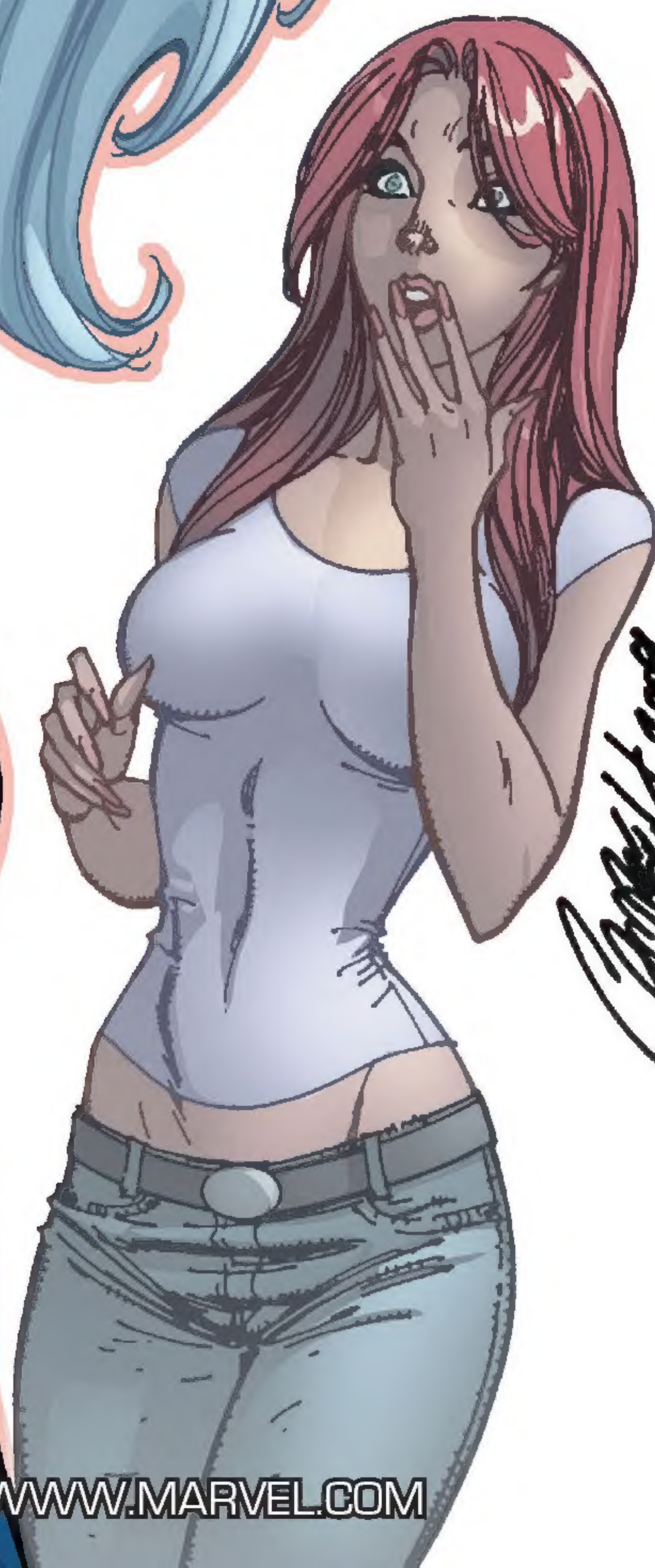
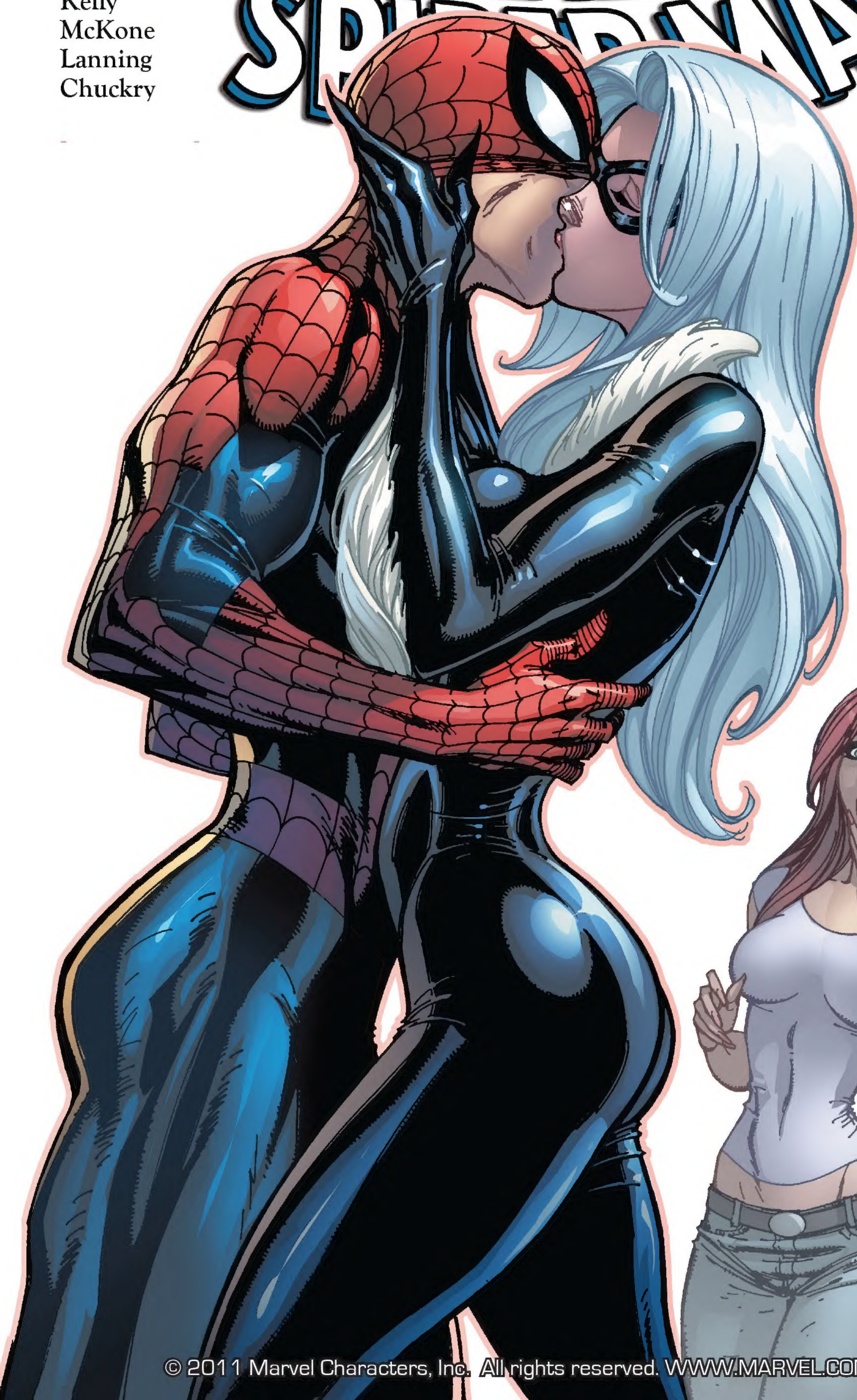
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Kelly
McKone
Lanning
Chuckry

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



delgado

Cherry 2009

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

THE DB! FOR EVERY BRAND NEWS DAY!

SPIDER-MAN NO MORE? WITH NO SIGN OF THE WEB-HEAD ASCENDING TO POWER, DB SOURCES BELIEVE HE MAY HAVE BEEN INSTRUMENTAL IN MAKING THE HERO DISAPPEAR. IS OUR NEW MAYOR A MURDERER? MORE ON PAGE 146!

APRIL 23, 2009 WEDNESDAY

MAYOR JONAH JAMESON!!!



...J. Jonah Jameson begrudgingly invites you to an intimate party celebrating the impending wedding of his father.

J. Jonah Jameson Sr.

To

Mary 'Hotch' Parker

All members of the family are welcome to attend. May's nephew, Peter Parker, could certainly use the break. The last get-together Jonah hosted was crashed by Norman Osborn, America's top cop and former psychotic Green Goblin. Peter and Norman's son, Harry, have been in the midst of some heavy problems, but we'll get to how that was settled next week.

Mayor J. Jonah Jameson. Yes, THE J. Jonah Jameson is mayor of New York. How did it happen? When we last saw Jonah J., he was recovering from a heart attack and wondering what to do with his life now that his wife Maria sold the Daily Bugle out from under him to the king of slimeball journalism, Dexter Bennett. How did he turn it all around? In the Macroverse, a dimension who's time stream so differs from our own that a short mission cost them two months on Earth! And everyone knows two months in the life of Peter Parker, ANYTHING can change - his rent, his love life, even his circle of friends, a base slightly expanded when Peter begrudgingly unmasked to the Fantastic Four. But the big problem remains clear - J. Jonah Jameson, former Stalin-esque boss to Peter Parker and New York City.



PETER PARKER'S P.O.V.

A great man once said there is no good news, just degrees of bad news. Well, I've got so many degrees of bad news, I'm teaching a masters course in it. I'm Peter Parker, and I don't know if that joke makes sense. Maybe the ol' Parker luck's affecting my sense of humor. Heck, I feel cursed lately—the bad luck seems way worse than usual.

No sooner do I marry off my venerable Aunt than my ex, Mary Jane Watson, shows up. MJ and I haven't spoken since...well, a while. I had a beverage or two at the reception and woke up next to my roommate, the psychotic (and litigious) Michele Gonzales. She and I seemed prime for war till The Chameleon showed up and stole my identity...and a few kisses from Michele. Once I got my life back, I discovered she was quite smitten with the likes of me.

(Incidentally, if you're going to break up with a girl, don't tell her she wasn't really in love with you, she was in love with the super villain impersonating you. Even if it's true, they never believe you.)

Chameleon showing up spooked me. Sure, it's always a matter of time before these bozos show up again, but it was right on the heels of Doc Ock coming back on the scene. It's got the makings of a pattern. Chameleon's always working for someone - used to be running around with the Kravens in the way-back-when - this isn't an isolated incident. My luck's never that good. Something big is coming...I can only wonder what's next.

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Prologue...

NEW YORK'S
UPPER EAST SIDE.

MADAME
WEB...

IT HAS
BEEN DAYS...
LONGER? I HAVE
NO TOUCHSTONES
TO GUIDE ME.

THEN
PERHAPS SHE
SHOULD LET ME GO,
THAT I MIGHT
BATHE...

YOU'RE
FUNNY.

SHE IS ON ME
IN A WHISPER.

INSTANTANEOUSLY,
I LOSE MY AIR...

...AND
SHE--

DEAR
GOD, IT'S
ALIVE!

DON'T
CHEW.

IF YOU
BITE, MISTER
ANANSI WILL
BE SAD.

HIS GUTS
WILL LEAK OUT
AND YOUR THROAT
WILL CLOSE
FOREVER.

...ARE
YOU
DEAD?

IRREGULAR MEALS.
NO NOISE. I HAVE
NEVER BEEN IN A
PLACE SO STILL--

NO...
YOU DON'T
SMELL DEAD.
GOODIE.

MAMA WANTS
ME TO TALK TO
YOU. SHE DOESN'T
LIKE YOU. YOU'RE
DIRTY. BENEATH
HER. OLD AND
DIRTY.

DRUGS. IT
ALWAYS STARTS
WITH DRUGS...
COWARDS.

LET HIM
FIND YOUR
STOMACH...
THEN WE CAN
TALK.

WHAT DO
YOU SEE? WHAT
IS THE SPIDER
DOING?

PLEASE
GOD, HELP
ME...HELP ME
TO LIE.

H-HE...
OH, GOD...



"HE IS SURROUNDED BY LOVED ONES..."

UM...

DOES THIS MEAN WE'RE NOT GOING TO TALK ABOUT THE OTHER NIGHT?



COMMON AREAS ARE NOT CLOSETS, PARKER. DIDN'T WE DISCUSS THIS--?

MAYBE--?

MAYBE YES, WHICH IS MAYBE WHY I'M SENDING ALL OF YOUR CRAP DOWN THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL!

CHUGGACHUGGA



ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!

DEFINITELY OUT OF PATIENCE!



IS THAT MY MICROSCOPE? HOW DID YOU GET A MICROSCOPE DOWN THERE IN ONE PIECE?

YOU'D BE AMAZED HOW THE LAWS OF PHYSICS MOVE OVER FOR A TICKED OFF BORDEQUA.

I FIGURED YOU OUT AND I'M NOT FALLING FOR IT, PARKER!



YOU'RE MESSING WITH MY HEAD TO DISTRACT ME FROM WHAT A PIG YOU REALLY ARE!

LADY, ALL "HEAD GAMES" CAME TO A SCREECHING HALT WHEN YOU PUNCHED ME IN THE JAW!

YOU DESERVED IT.

LOOK, I KNOW THERE'S NOTHING THAT MAKES SENSE BETWEEN US...BUT SOME SICK, TWISTED PART OF ME KEEPS WONDERING... IF MAYBE I'M WRONG.



THIS IS WHY GOD INVENTED **COFFEE**... SO MEN COULD TALK TO WOMEN FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.

I **LIKE** MICHELE, WHEN SHE'S NOT BEATING ME OR TRASHING MY STUFF... BUT THIS CAN'T POSSIBLY WORK. I HAVE TO SHUT IT DOWN...GENTLY...WITH **TACT**.

UM... LOOK...

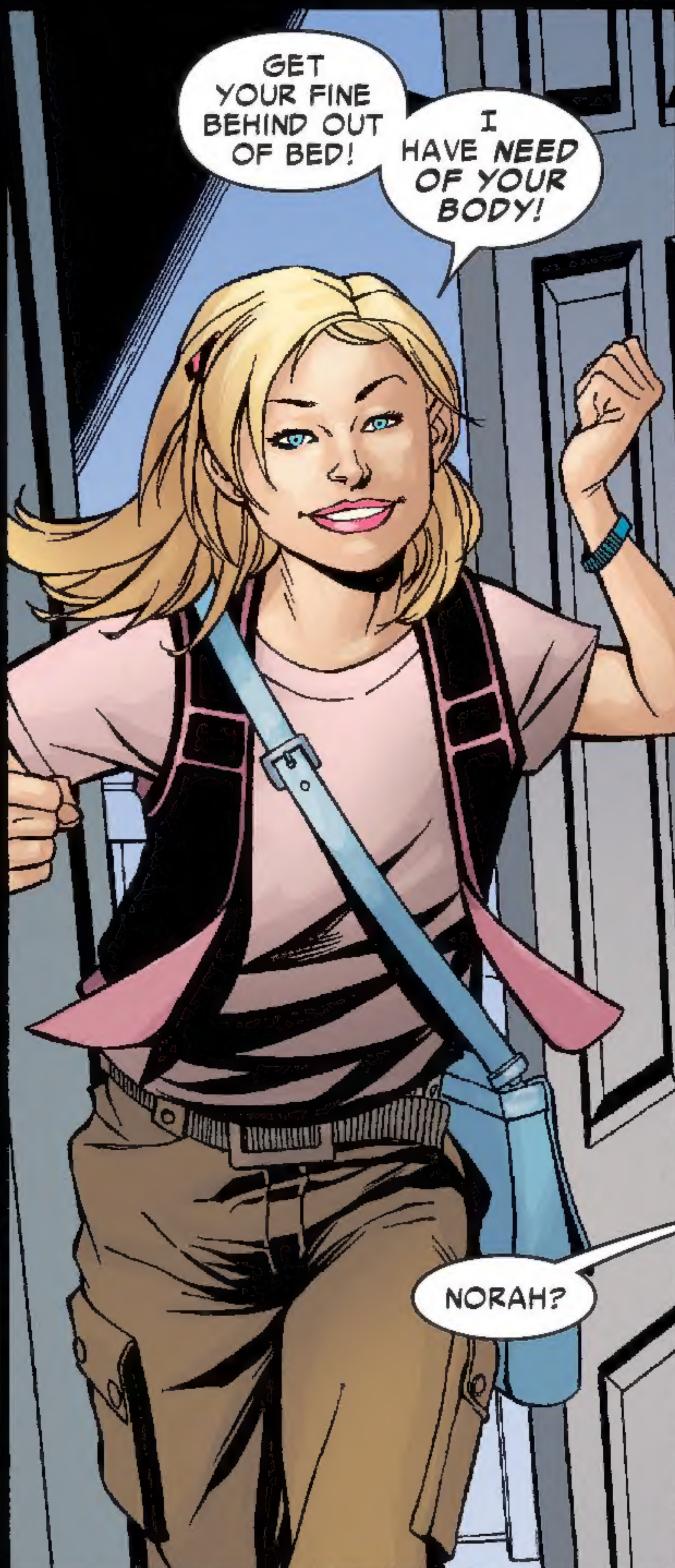
IT'S NOT YOU, MICHELE--



IF YOU ACTUALLY UTTER "IT'S NOT YOU, IT'S ME," I SWEAR TO GOD YOU GET SHOVED IN THE TRASH COMPACTOR NEXT.

WAIST FIRST.

PARKER!



GET YOUR FINE BEHIND OUT OF BED!

I HAVE NEED OF YOUR BODY!

NORAH?

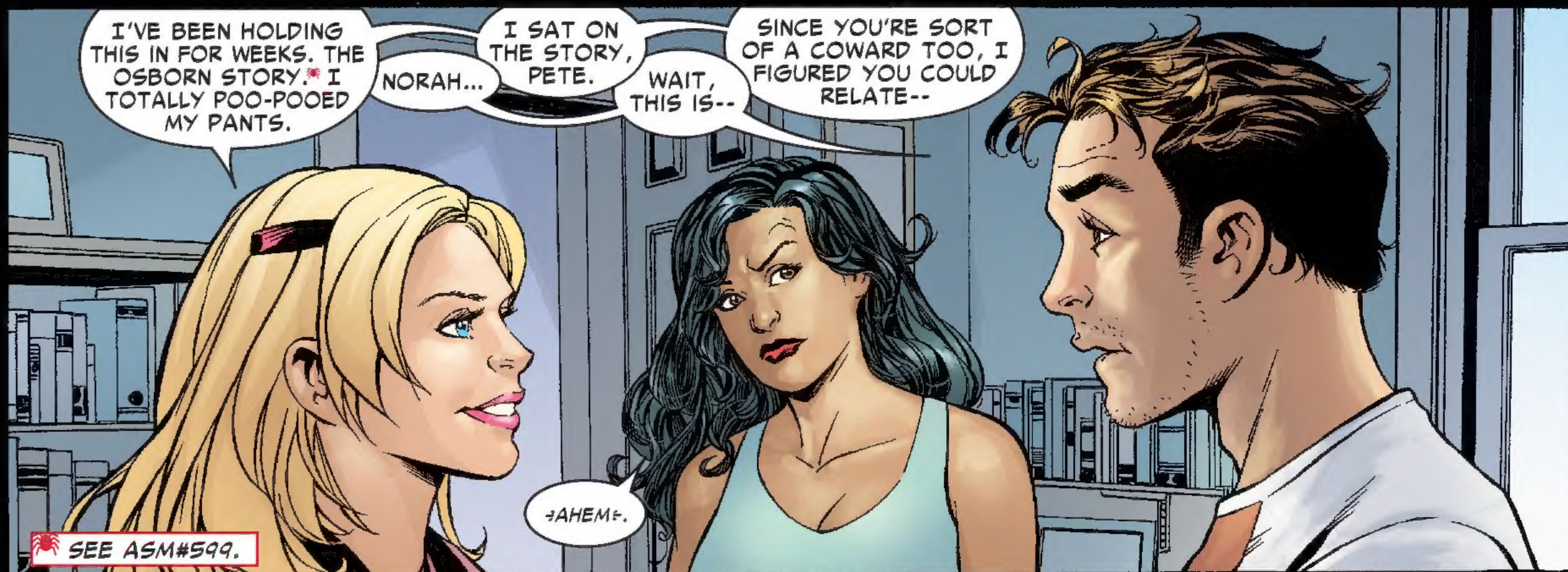


TOTAL CRISIS. JUST HOLD ME IN YOUR MANLY TOOTHPICK ARMS. HOLD ME--

NORAH, SERIOUSLY--

I KNOW, SERIOUSLY. I'M SORRY TO GET ALL RUBBY ON YOU, BUT I REALLY NEEDED A HUG...

NORAH...!



I'VE BEEN HOLDING THIS IN FOR WEEKS. THE OSBORN STORY. I TOTALLY POO-POOED MY PANTS.

NORAH...

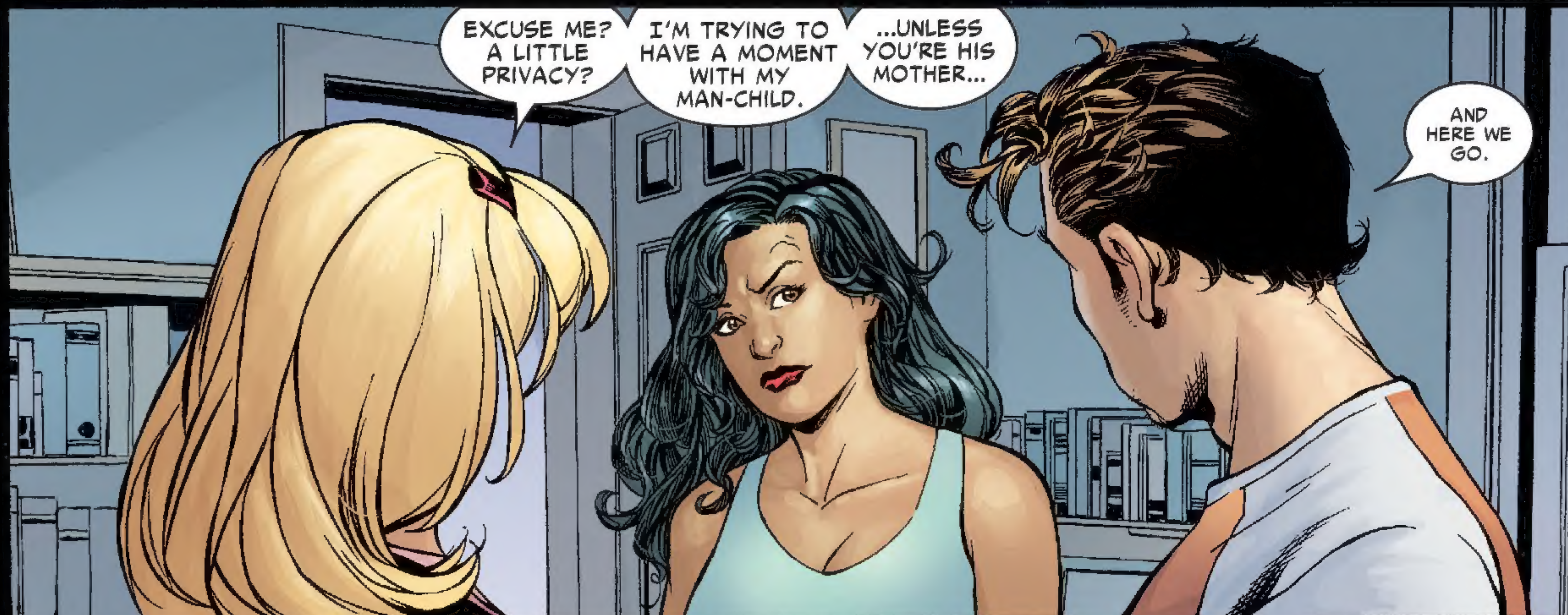
I SAT ON THE STORY, PETE.

WAIT, THIS IS--

SINCE YOU'RE SORT OF A COWARD TOO, I FIGURED YOU COULD RELATE--

=AHEM=

SEE ASM#599.



EXCUSE ME? A LITTLE PRIVACY?

I'M TRYING TO HAVE A MOMENT WITH MY MAN-CHILD.

...UNLESS YOU'RE HIS MOTHER...

AND HERE WE GO.



SO THIS IS WHY YOU'RE MISTER HOT AND COLD! I FIGURED YOU FOR A GUY WITH HIGHER STANDARDS--

HONEY, PETE HASN'T FOUND THE STONES TO ASK ME OUT YET, BUT I'M NOT YOUR PROBLEM--

YET? I--

IT'S BECAUSE YOUR BOOTY LOOKS LIKE IT SWALLOWED A SACK OF DEAD PUPPIES.



WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?!

NEXT TIME SOMEONE SLIDES YOU A PLATE OF RICE AND BEANS, GRAB SOME ENSALADA, HONEY.

KNOCK KNOCK.

LADIES, PLEASE. HOW ABOUT SOME COFFEE--?

KNOCK KNOCK.

GO AWAY!



OOOH. YOU'RE IN TROUBLE.

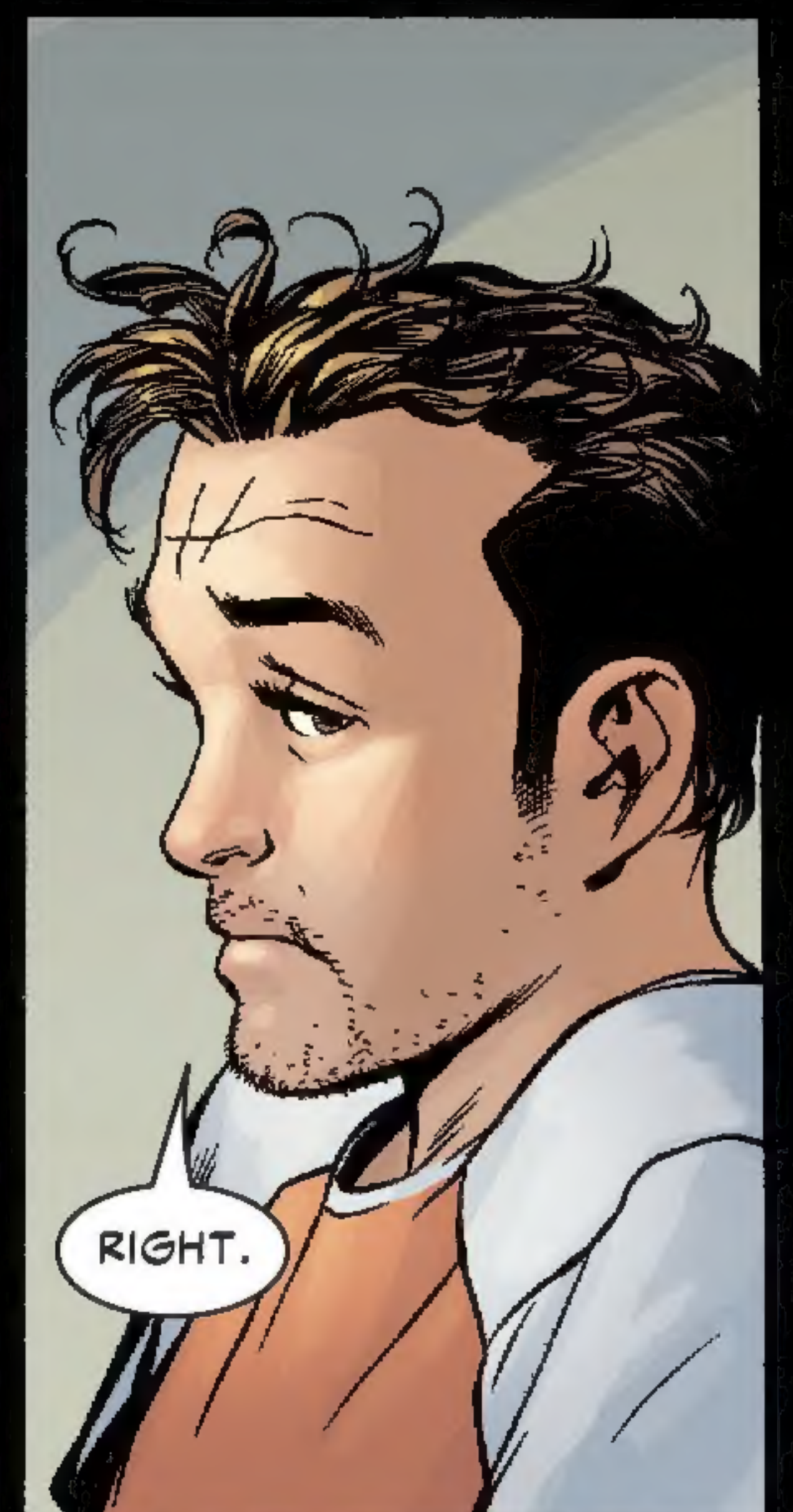
AND NOW THE TV STAR. FANTASTIC.

OH, GOD.



YEAH, WELL...I GUESS THE ICE-BREAKING BREAKFAST PASTRY CAN WAIT.

I'LL CALL AHEAD NEXT TIME, TIGER. CARRY ON WITH... WHATEVER.



AND FOURTEEN HOURS LATER, I'M STILL CONFUSED ABOUT MICHELE. STILL STINGING FROM THE SIGHT OF MJ...

AND STILL DEBATING WHETHER PUSHING NORAH UNDER A BUS IS MORE HUMANE THAN FEEDING HER TO THE JACKALS IN THE ZOO.

SO I TAKE IT OUT ON YOU. CONGRATULATIONS ON WINNING THE "WORST DAY FOR A SUPER HERO TO CATCH YOU BEING A MENACE" CONTEST!

I KNOW, I KNOW. I'M SORRY. I TOTALLY DOMINATE THE CONVERSATION WHEN I GET IN A MOOD LIKE THIS.

AAAAAGH!

BUT YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY A GREAT LISTENER, AND SENSITIVE. I BET YOU READ OPRAH BOOKS.

HELLLLP!!!

GOOD POINT. I DEFINITELY NEED HELP.

BUT LOOK WHO I'M TALKING TO! YOU HAVE YOUR OWN ISSUES WITH WOMEN. AM I RIGHT...?

OR DID I TOTALLY MISREAD THAT BIT IN THE ALLEY AND YOU'RE ACTUALLY A CERTIFIED HANDBAG INSPECTOR?

I PEE-PEED MYSELF.

AND THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR BEING A MUGGER, MISTER DAMPY-PANTS.

Y-YOU'RE
CRAZY.

YOU'RE
TELLING ME!
THAT'S WHY YOU
GOTTA GET IT OUT,
Y'KNOW? UNLEASH THE
NEGATIVITY. TALK
TO A FRIEND...

...OR A FELON
IN NEED OF A
NAPPY CHANGE.
WHATEVER.

THE GOOD
NEWS IS IN FOUR
MINUTES, IT WILL
OFFICIALLY BE
TOMORROW.

AND
TOMORROW
BRINGS THE
PROMISE OF A
BRAND
NEW--

**TMK
TMK**

AAAAAAAAGH!

"START."
I WAS GONNA
SAY "START."

SIGH.

THWIP

FWAT

I'M JUST
GONNA SET
YOU DOWN
AND--

DO ME
A FAVOR,
DON'T MENTION
THIS LITTLE
ACCIDENT...

THE
MAYOR WILL
TOTALLY
BILL ME FOR
THIS.

OH
DANG.

I'M GONNA
DIEEEEE!

WHAT A
BABY! THIS
HAPPENS ALL
THE TIME!

STUPID
CITY FALLING
APART--

AS
ARE MY WEB-
SHOOTERS--!?

AH,
WELL, I
HAVE
ANOTHER.

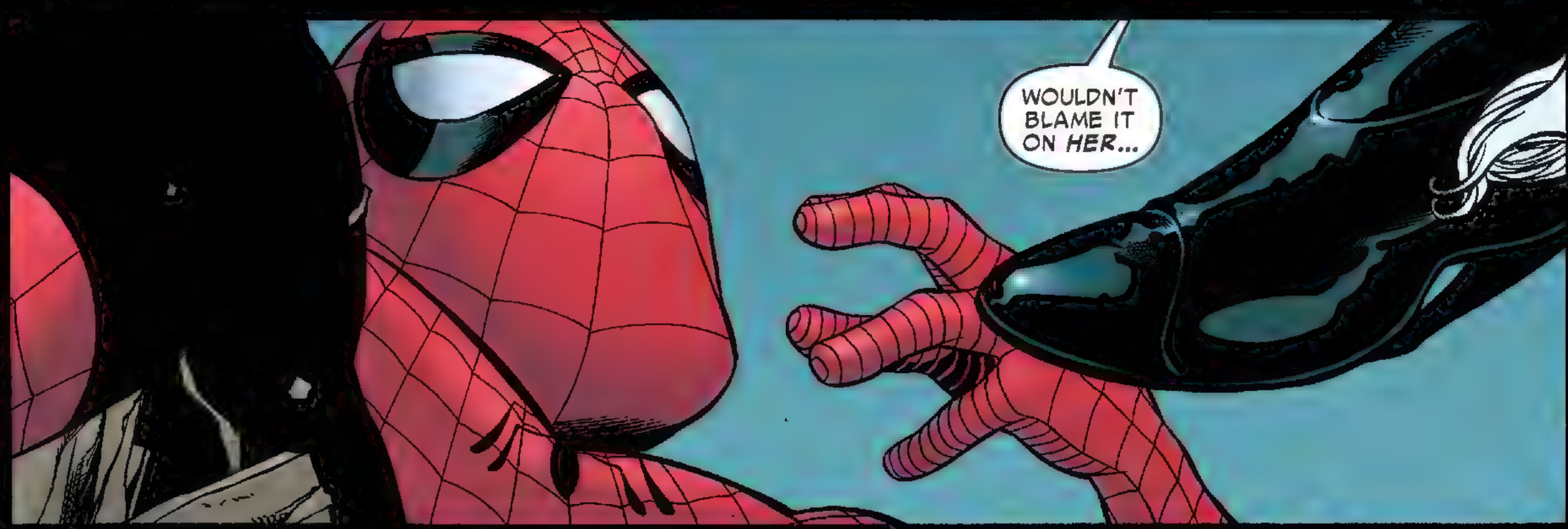
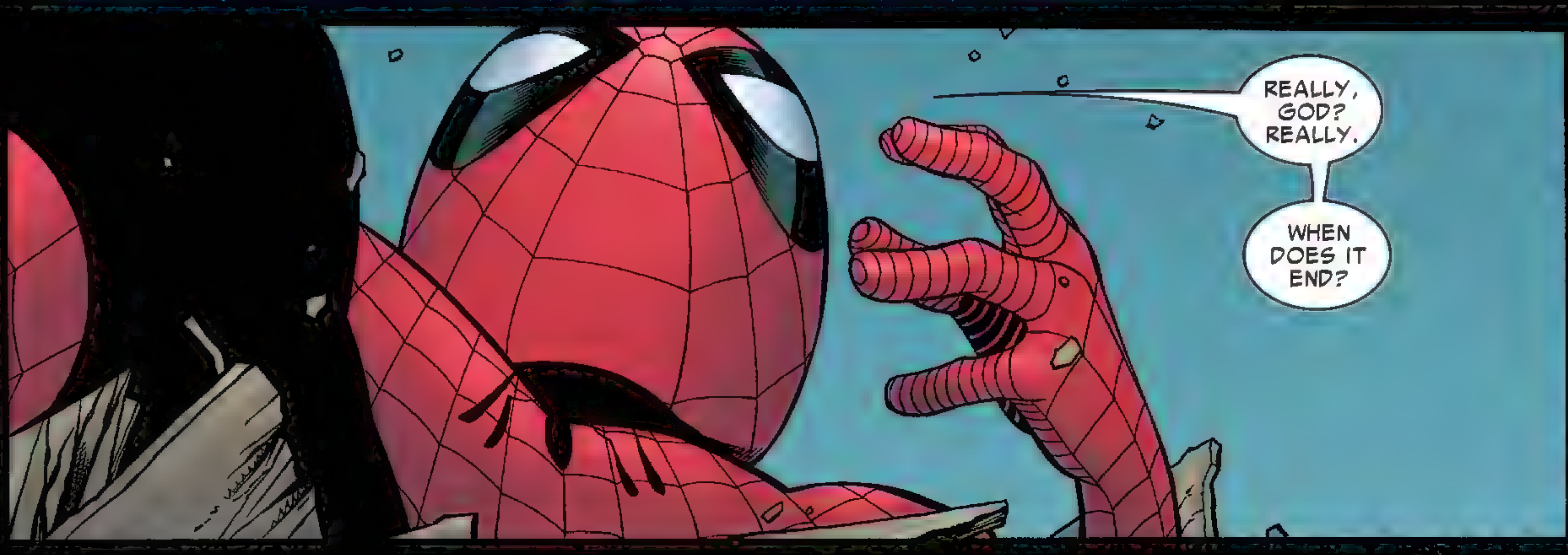
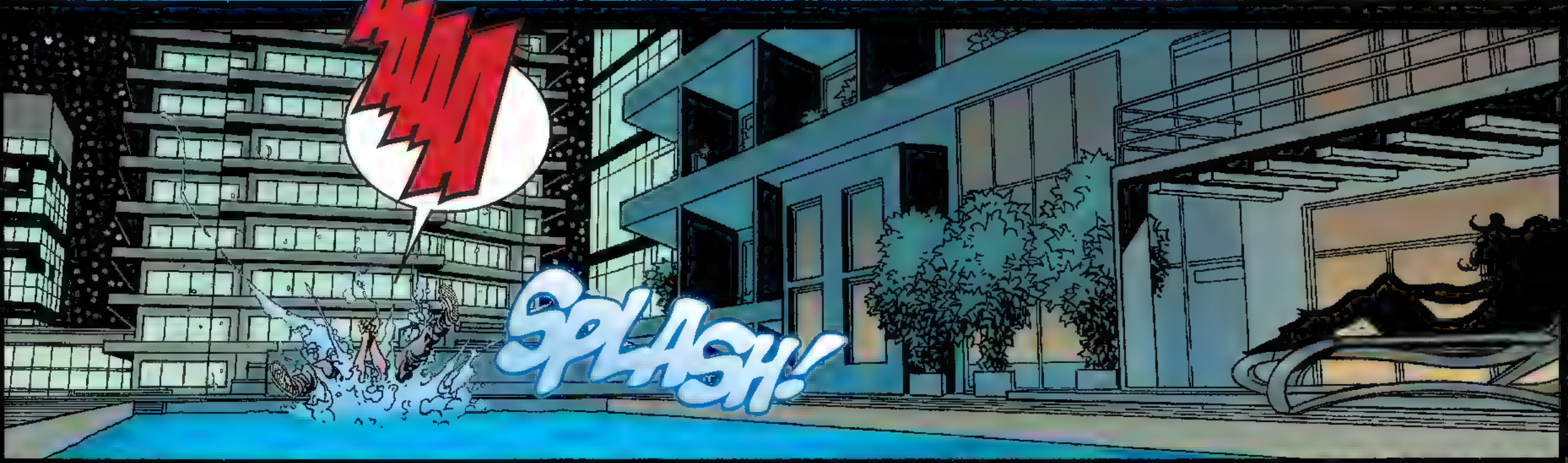
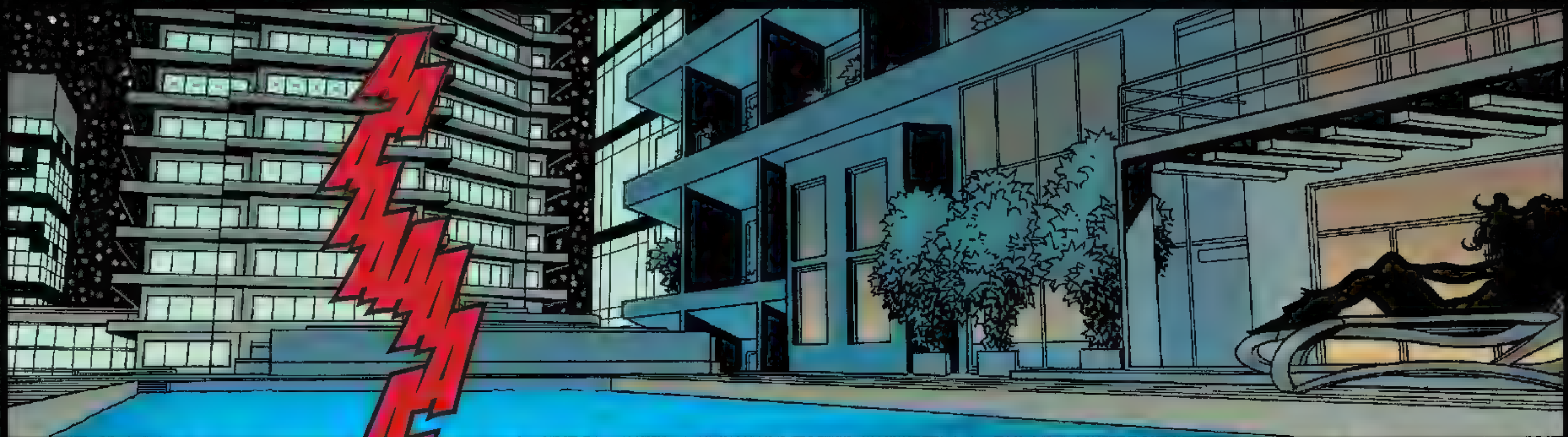
CLAKETY
CLAK

"HAD"
ANOTHER.
JEEZ, LAST TIME
I BUY PARTS IN
CHINATOWN.

GLOFFFT!

YOU'VE
GOTTA BE
KIDDING ME
WITH THE TWO
BROKEN
WEB-
SHOOTERS!

I
HATE MY
LIFE.



HI,
SPIDER. LONG
TIME NO
ME.

BLACK
CAT.

TAKE IT
THE OL' "BAD
LUCK" POWERS
ARE BACK?

FROM WHERE
I'M SITTING
THEY'RE THE "HILARITY
ENSUES" POWERS,
BUT YEAH. THEY'RE
BACK.

SO
AM I.

LONG-TERM ARRANGEMENT

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GALE, GUGGENHEIM, KELLY, SLOTT, VAN LENTE, WAID & WELLS WEB-HEADS



WELL THAT'S A TRUCKLOAD OF AWESOME. THANKS FOR THE HEADS-UP.

DO I SEND THE BILL TO YOU OR DO YOU WANT TO MAKE OUT A CHECK TO MY CHIROPRACTOR RIGHT NOW?

...

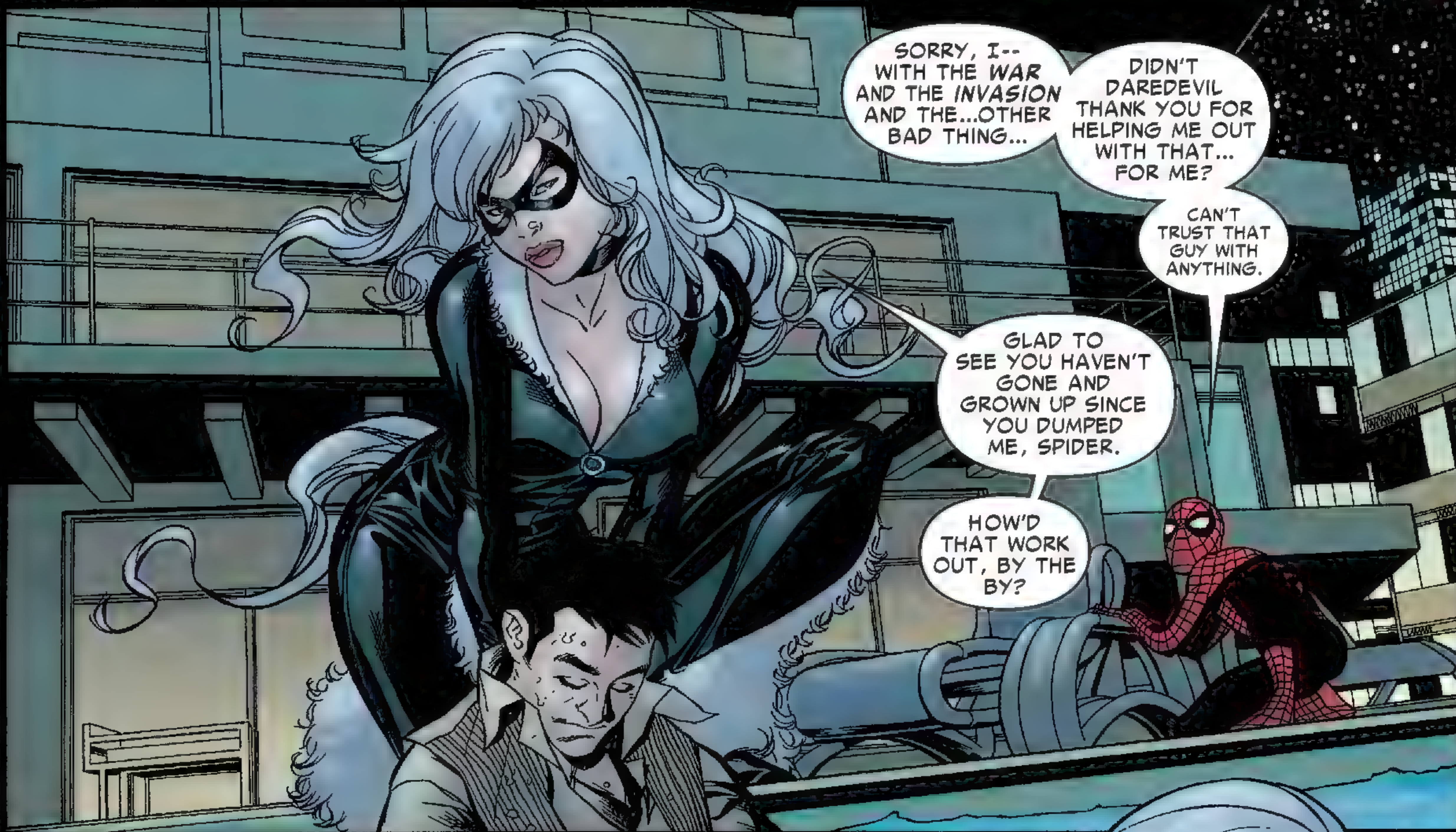


YOU'RE NOT GONNA LET ME DO THE "QUIPPY MCCHATTERBOX" THING TO AVOID REAL CONVERSATION, ARE YOU?

HOW WAS JAIL?

I WASN'T IN...OH.

YES HE WAS! AND BLACK CAT HELPED HIM MAKE AN EARLY ESCAPE BACK IN CHARACTER ASSASSINATION.
--WINSOME WACKER



SORRY, I-- WITH THE WAR AND THE INVASION AND THE...OTHER BAD THING...

DIDN'T DAREDEVIL THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME OUT WITH THAT... FOR ME?

CAN'T TRUST THAT GUY WITH ANYTHING.

GLAD TO SEE YOU HAVEN'T GROWN UP SINCE YOU DUMPED ME, SPIDER.

HOW'D THAT WORK OUT, BY THE BY?



WAIT, I DIDN'T-- WHOOPS--

STUPID WEB-FLUID ON CHAIR...

SETTLE DOWN WITH A NICE LADY SPIDER AND LAY AN EGG SACK?

OKAY, BUT YOU'RE NOT BITTER...



WHOA-- SPLASH!

WHY BE BITTER WHEN I CAN JUST BE ME?

37 Wet Seconds Later.



YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE.

I HAVEN'T ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...

...BUT DO ME A FAVOR AND STAND OVER THERE. I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET ELECTROCUTED... "ACCIDENTALLY."



WHY WOULD YOU STILL BE MAD AT ME, ANYWAY? YOU LANDED ON YOUR FEET JUST FINE. YES, THAT'S A PUN.

AREN'T YOU SHARING A LITTER BOX WITH **THE PUMA**? YES, PUNBER TWO.

I WAS. BUT THOMAS HAD CONTROL ISSUES...AND THEN THERE WAS THE **MANSCAPING ACCIDENT** AFTER HE FORGOT HIS BOUNDARIES.



YOU EVIL, EVIL THING.

COMES WITH THE CLAWS. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M WORKING.

WORK-- ARE YOU BREAKING AND ENTERING?

ARE YOU STARING AT MY CHEST?



I--

SO IT'S YES TO BOTH THEN.



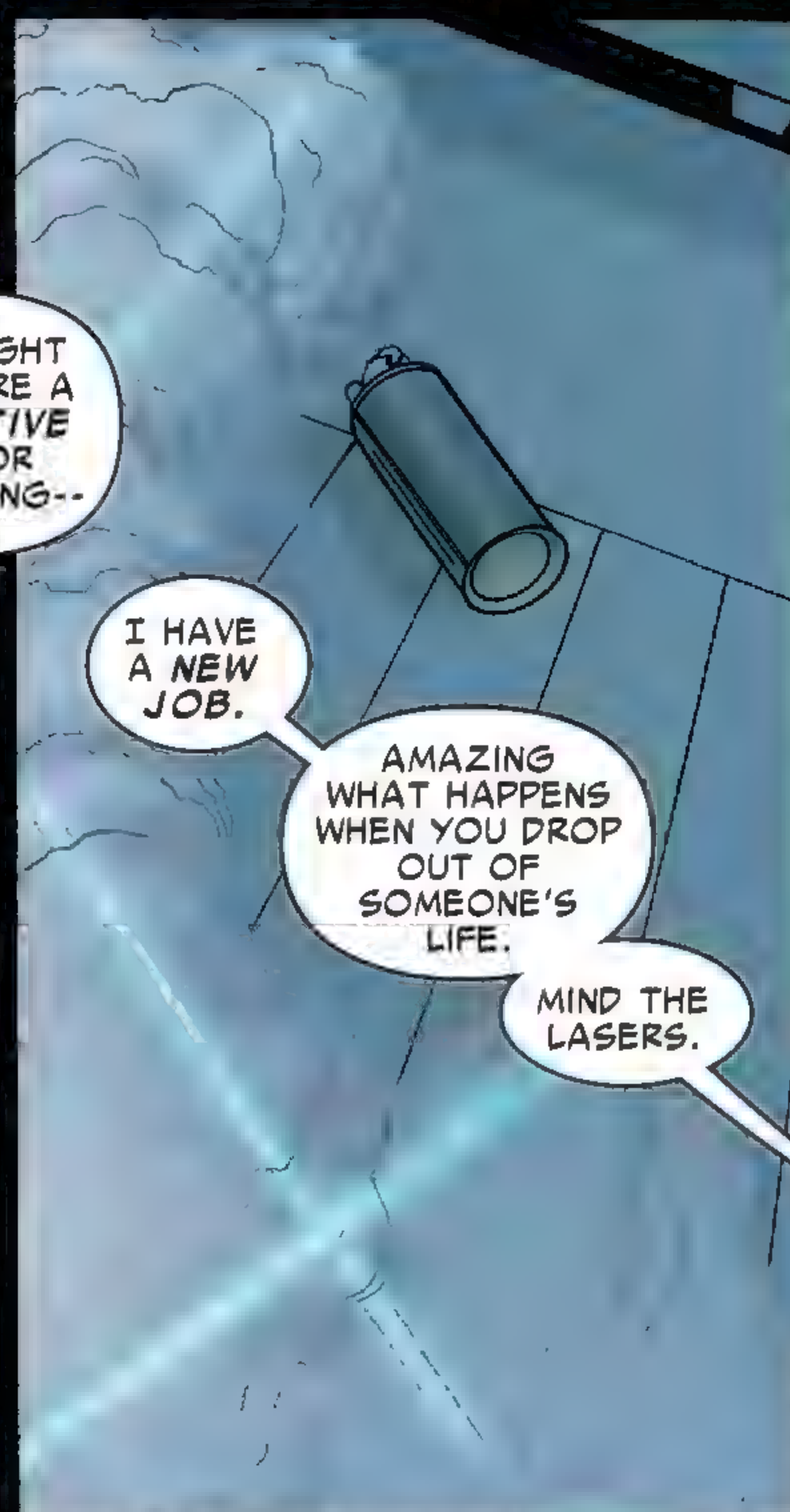
WHAT? WAIT--?

YOUR BREATHING GETS CHOPPY WHEN YOU PERV OUT. DON'T WORRY. I'M USED TO IT.

I'M TALKING ABOUT THE **FELONY**! NOT... YOU KNOW...

THE KITTENS.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE A **DETECTIVE** NOW OR SOMETHING--



I HAVE A NEW JOB.

AMAZING WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DROP OUT OF SOMEONE'S LIFE.

MIND THE LASERS.

YOW!
WAITASEC!
THIS IS
THE OLD
JOB.

YOU.
DUMPED.
ME--

KEEP
TELLING
YOURSELF
THAT. EXCUSE
ME.

I'M NOT
LETTING
YOU--

IS THAT
DEXTER
BENNETT?

YOU'RE
ROBBING
DEXTER
BENNETT?

AND HE
ACTUALLY
HAS A SAFE
BEHIND A
PICTURE OF
HIMSELF?

SERIOUSLY,
SPIDER. JUST
GO OR YOUR
APPENDIX MIGHT
ACCIDENTALLY
BURST.

AND UNLESS
YOU WANT TO BE
AN ACCESSORY TO
THE FACT, I SUGGEST
YOU SCURRY ON
HOME, LITTLE
SPIDER.

YEAH, THAT
WOULD BE GREAT,
EXCEPT, I TEND TO
STOP PEOPLE FROM
DOING EXACTLY
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING.

YOU ALSO
TEND TO RUN
AWAY FROM STRONG
WOMEN. THAT MUST
BE QUITE THE
DILEMMA.

YOU
CAN'T DO
THAT, CAN
YOU?

CARE
TO FIND...

...OUT?

OH,
WOW...

I CAN
SEE WHY YOU'D
BE SO HOT
TO STEAL
THAT.



THE
CORPSE MARKET
IS REALLY PICKING
UP THESE
DAYS.

LET ME
GUESS...HE CUT
YOU OFF IN TRAFFIC
AND ACCIDENTALLY
MET A BIZARRE
AND GORY
FATE.

SPIDER,
I--THIS HAS
NOTHING TO DO
WITH ME--

EASY, CAT...
IT'S THE VERBAL
DIARRHEA THAT KEEPS
ME FROM THROWING
UP AT TIMES
LIKE THIS.

I KNOW
MURDER'S
NOT YOUR
STYLE.

YOUR BREATH GETS
ALL CHOPPY WHEN
YOU TELL THE
TRUTH.

FUNNY.

IT'S
GRANITE. HIS
INSIDES WERE
CHANGED TO
GRANITE...

REALLY NOT
MY PROBLEM,
SO--

YOU'RE
KIDDING. WE WALK
IN ON A PIECE OF
HUMAN MODERN ART
AND YOU'RE STILL
PLAYING CAT
BURGLAR?

WE
HAVE
TO--

OH,
DANG!

I
JUST BROKE
THAT GUY'S
SPLEEN.

EEW.

KRRRAKK

MOVE!



I ALMOST **PASS OUT**
FROM THE **WAILING**
OF MY SPIDER-SENSE.

LIKE A **CAR**
SIREN FOR EACH OF THE
"GUT BALLS" THAT EXPLODE
FROM THE DEAD GUY...

...WHICH ARE
MOVING WAY
TOO SLOW TO
BE BULLETS...

WHICH, IN MY
EXPERIENCE, MEANS
THEY'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO
BE BULLETS...

...THEY'RE
TINY PRESENTS
WRAPPED WITH
HATE AND
EXPLODEY STUFF.

PLNK

PLNK

PLNK

STEEL.

STEEL **SPIKES** ERUPTING FROM THE WALLS WHEREVER THE LITTLE SPLEEN-ETTES HIT...

HOLY SCHNIKES!

I **REALLY** HOPE BENNETT DIDN'T CHEAP OUT ON THAT DOOR.

GO GO GO!

NNGH!

ANOTHER REASON TO HATE DEXTER BENNETT. CHEAPSKATE.

SERIOUSLY, CAT... SERIOUSLY.

IF YOU'RE MAD AT ME FOR ANYTHING I DID OR DIDN'T DO, I'M SORRY. I'M SCUM. ALL MEN ARE SCUM.

PLEASE UN-BAD LUCK ME NOW?

SHUT UP AND MAN UP...

NOT THE CORPSES I EXPECTED.



TROUBLESOME
VARIABLES.



ANY
CLUE?

DR.
KEVORKIAN'S
EVIL SPANISH
COUSIN?

IT'S
DIABLO, YOU
IDIOT. I MEANT
"ANY CLUE WHAT
HE'S DOING
HERE."

IF YOU
WEREN'T SO
GOOD IN THE
SACK YOU'D BE
COMPLETELY
USELESS.

I WAS
GOOD IN THE
SACK?



$C_3N_3H_5O_9$

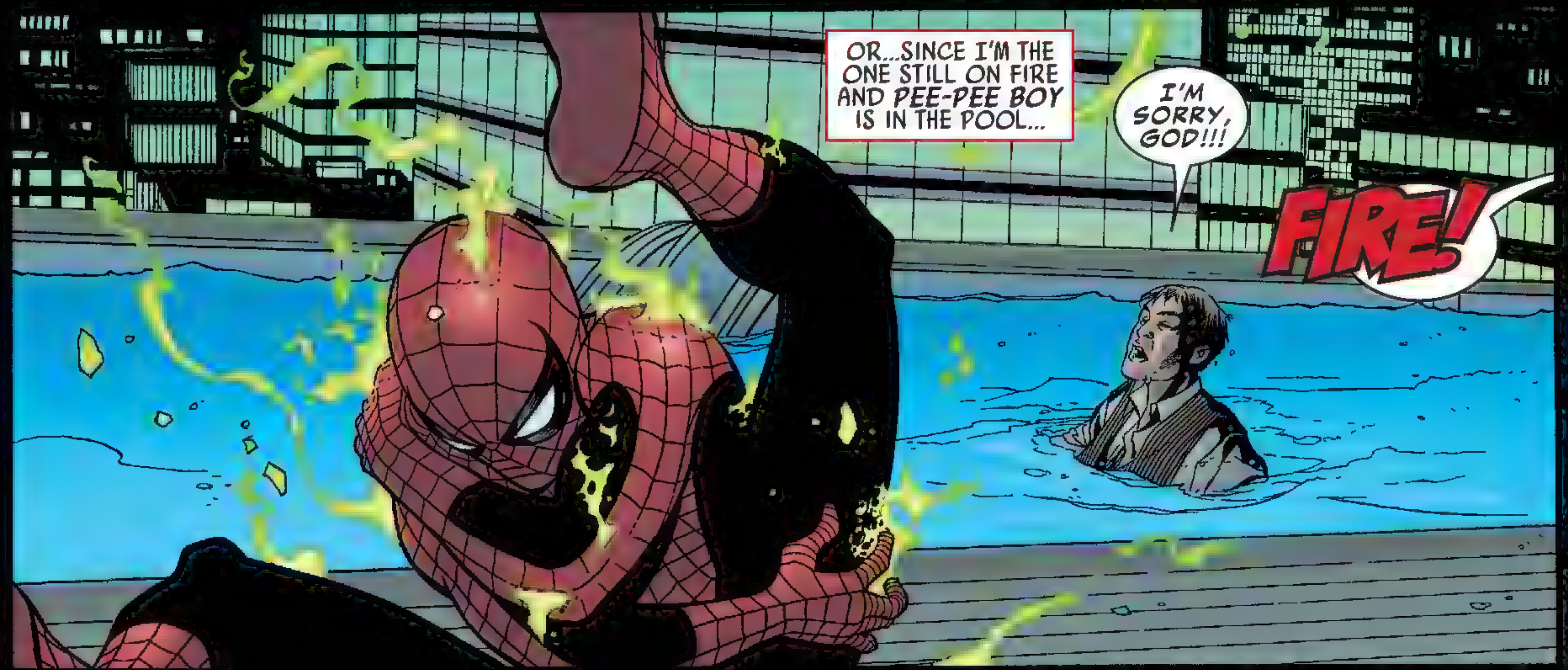
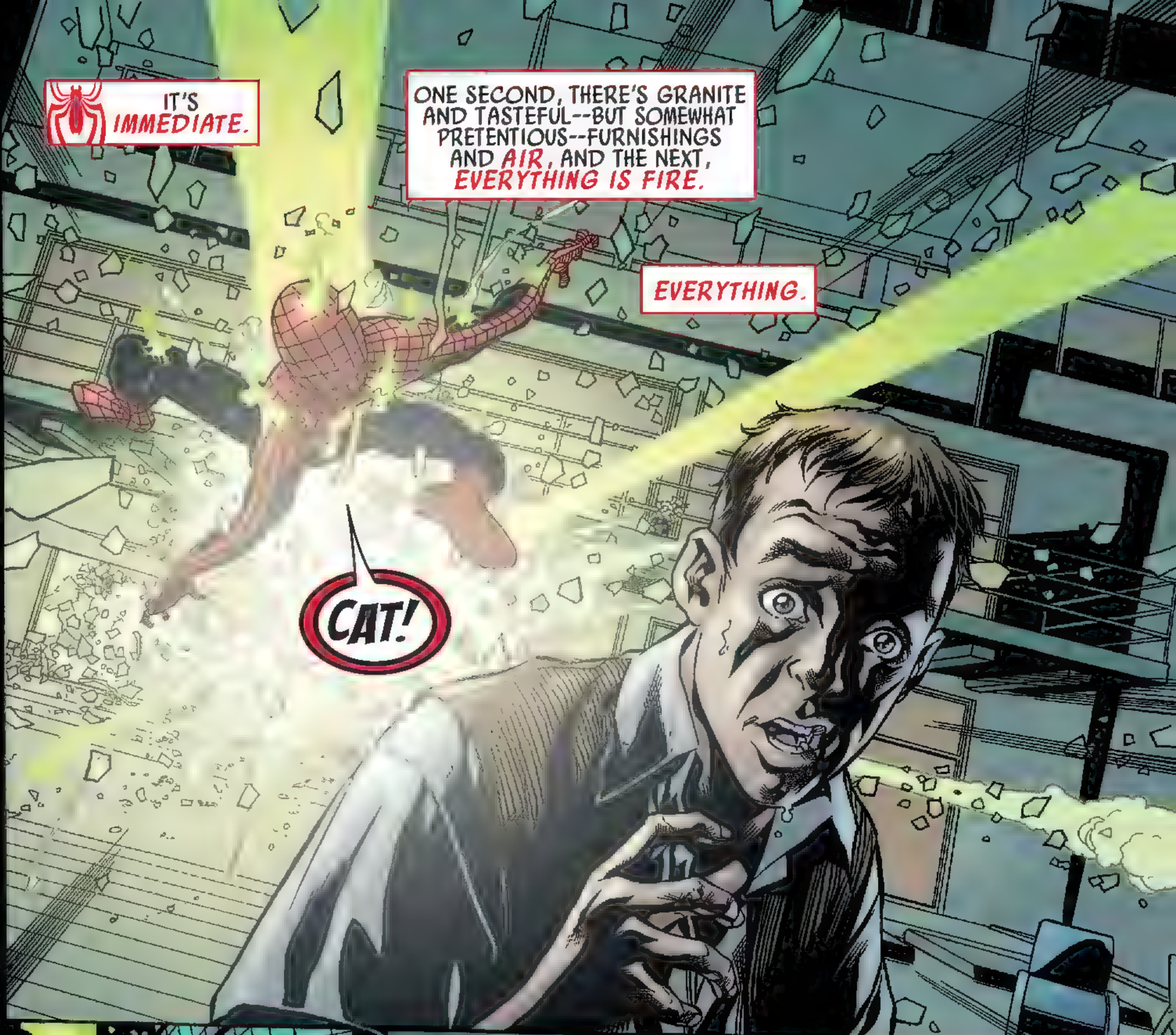
Just Outside.



 IT'S IMMEDIATE.

ONE SECOND, THERE'S GRANITE AND TASTEFUL--BUT SOMEWHAT PRETENTIOUS--FURNISHINGS AND AIR, AND THE NEXT, **EVERYTHING IS FIRE.**

EVERYTHING.





CAT--
HMF--

WHOOF!

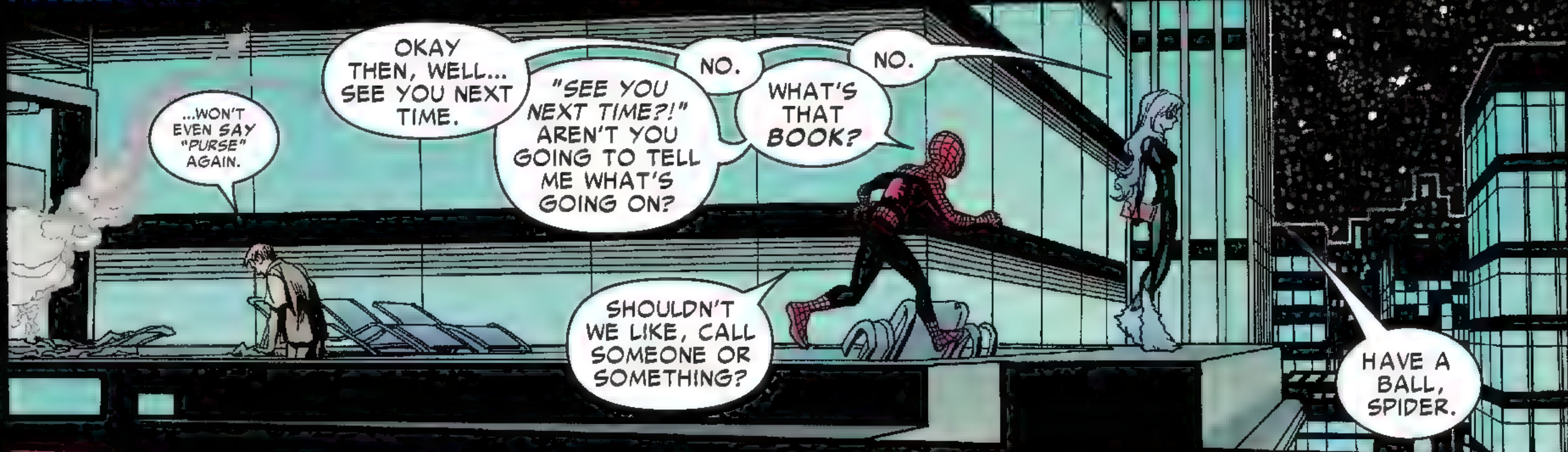


YOU
AREN'T BURNT,
ARE YOU? YOU
DON'T SMELL
BURNT.

YOU
SMELL LIKE
FLOWERS.

GRANITE
KITCHEN. I
DON'T KNOW
HOW YOU
MISSED IT.

HOPPED
OVER THE ISLAND
AND THE FLAMES
WENT RIGHT
PAST.



...WON'T
EVEN SAY
"PURSE"
AGAIN.

OKAY
THEN, WELL...
SEE YOU NEXT
TIME.

"SEE YOU
NEXT TIME?!"
AREN'T YOU
GOING TO TELL
ME WHAT'S
GOING ON?

NO.

WHAT'S
THAT
BOOK?

NO.

SHOULDN'T
WE LIKE, CALL
SOMEONE OR
SOMETHING?

HAVE A
BALL,
SPIDER.



SEE
YOU NEXT
LIFE.

...

Half a High-Rise
Later....



BDEET HEY BOSS...
YEAH, A LOT MORE
HEAT THAN EXPECTED.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'VE
STUMBLED INTO, BOSS, BUT
BENNETT WAS A TARGET,
NOT A PLAYER,
I THINK--



HAVE WOMEN GONE CRAZY?!

SERIOUSLY! OR IS IT REALLY JUST ME? BECAUSE EVERY FEMALE IN MY LIFE IS FLIPPIN' INSANE..!

...ESPECIALLY YOU!!

I--

YOU DUMPED ME BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T LIKE WHAT WAS UNDER THIS MASK.

YOU WANTED IT ALL TO BE A GAME WHEN I WAS READY TO MOVE FORWARD! SO HOW DID I BECOME THE BAD GUY?!



IT...IT ISN'T YOU, IT'S ME...

NO. I USED THAT LINE TODAY. YOU DON'T GET OFF THAT EASY--

BUT IT IS ME...

...THE SECOND I SAW YOU, EVEN THOUGH I FORGOT WHO YOU ARE UNDER THAT MASK...IT ALL CAME RUSHING BACK...



THE THRILL OF IT...THE FUN...THE HEARTACHE.

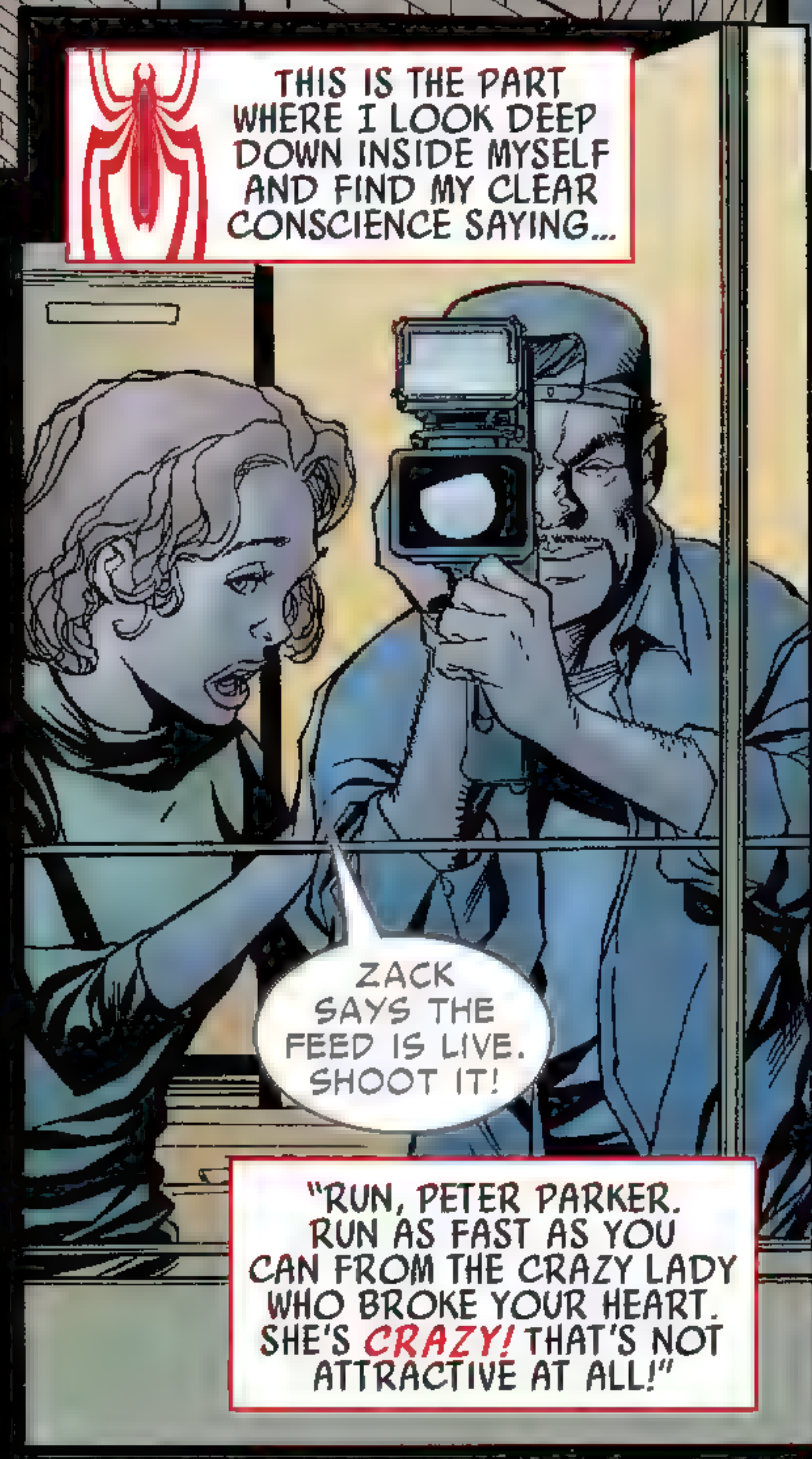
YOU'RE TOUCHING ME...

I WAS TRYING TO AVOID ALL OF THAT AGAIN. SPARE US BOTH, BUT...

BUT...YOUR BREATHING'S ALL CHOPPY.

SO IS YOURS.

OH BOY.



THIS IS THE PART WHERE I LOOK DEEP DOWN INSIDE MYSELF AND FIND MY CLEAR CONSCIENCE SAYING...

ZACK SAYS THE FEED IS LIVE. SHOOT IT!

"RUN, PETER PARKER. RUN AS FAST AS YOU CAN FROM THE CRAZY LADY WHO BROKE YOUR HEART. SHE'S **CRAZY!** THAT'S NOT ATTRACTIVE AT ALL!"

AND THEN THE **REST**
OF ME BEATS THAT PART
TO A BLOODY PULP, AND
LETS CONSCIENCE GO.

I LET IT **ALL** GO BY
PULLING HER CLOSER
AND EVERYTHING
ELSE FADES AWAY.

FOR A SECOND...THE
LAST SECOND BEFORE
I SHUT MY BRAIN OFF AND
BECOME ALL **BODY**, I
CAN'T HELP BUT THINK WHAT
A BAD IDEA THIS IS...

...AND
I SMILE.

BRING
IT ON.

To Be
Continued...

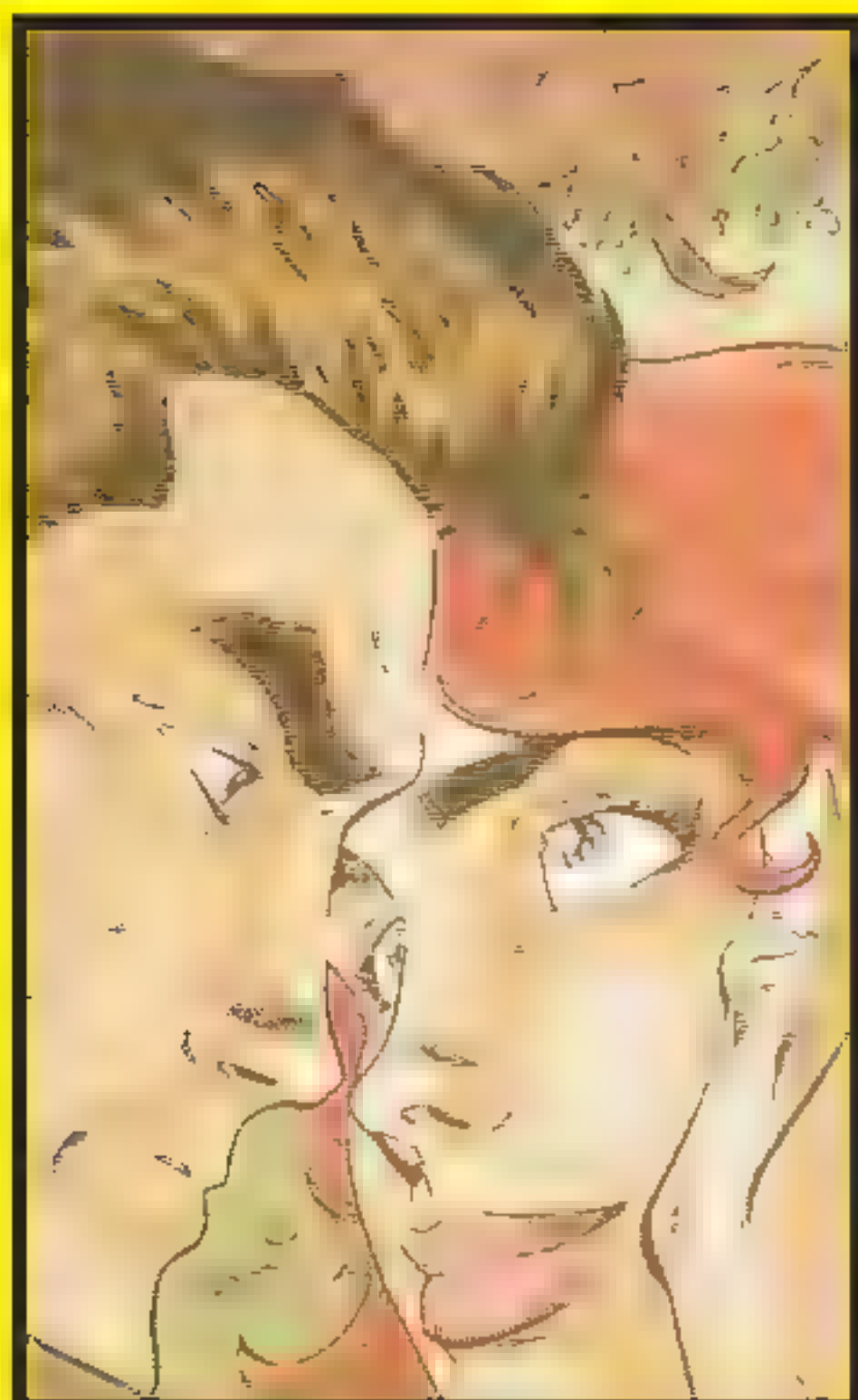
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL



TOM BRENNAN ASST. EDITOR **STEPHEN WACKER** EDITOR

TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR **JOE QUESADA** EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER **ALAN FINE** EXECUTIVE PRODUCER



!!!ERRATTA ALERTTA!!!

Folks, see that above panel of Pete and MJ? It was supposed to run on page 31, panel 8 in this year's ASM Annual, but due to some misunderstanding on the part of ye olde editor, I ran the wrong flashback showing a couple of Pete and MJ look-alikes.

So enjoy this one moment of me actually taking ownership of my mistakes as opposed to blaming the increasingly nervous looking Tom Brennan.

Dear Marvel,

It took me awhile to hop onto the Brand New Day train, but I'm glad I did. The stories have been great, and actually have been getting better as it goes along, which is much appreciated. It's really great to see this arc keep building. I'm very curious as to how a lot of the drama in Peter's life will be resolved. On that note, I'm still begging for much more MJ to be seen. The book feels so vacant without her, even with the great supporting cast of old and new.

I have one brief comment about a part of ASM #595 that I would like to say in regards to the writing. A lot of people take shots at politicians in the entertainment industry, comics included. There was one in this issue, but I'm actually impressed with the fact that Mr. Kelly took shots at BOTH sides in the issue. It's very rare that you see much fairness involved in entertainment's commentaries on politics, and that makes me feel quite happy to purchase this comic three times a month.

I look forward to the buildup to issue #600. Keep up the good work!

Jon D.
Danville, CA

Thanks for noticing, Jon. We actually heard a lot about #595's two political gags with many readers seeing only one gag or the other and assuming there must be some nefarious brain-washing scheme going on. But not only is there a history at Marvel of reflecting and mentioning current events that goes back decades, you can also rest assured that we have folks of all political and cultural stripes working on our books.

We even have lifelong Donutitarian party member Tom Brevoort looking over my shoulder on every issue. He's running on the slogan of: "Yes we can...eat a lot of donuts." Also read his memoir: "The Audacity of Holes" (published by Dunkin Press).

Brevoort will no doubt be the easiest politician to bribe in history.



Dear Spider-Mail,

I've been away from comics for over fifteen years, and only recently decided to get back into it. I must say, a lot's happened in my absence – I read the Civil War Companion only recently, I'm collecting the Secret Invasion Chronicles issues to catch up (hope you guys do this with Dark Reign as well), and just picked up my first Spidey issue in many years: Amazing Spider-Man #597.

I've noticed this disturbing trend of depicting graphic violence and harsh language in Marvel titles now, and to be honest, it bugs me. Not to sound preachy or anything, but the main thing I used to really enjoy about Marvel was how accessible the titles were to all ages, and they didn't have any "Rated T+" or any other ratings stamped on the covers, they were just something that kids of a young age could read as well as the adults. I'd certainly be a bit leery about letting my child read these issues now. However, I'm sure the sales speak for themselves, so if it's what's speaking to the masses these days...

However, getting to #597, I'm liking the Dark Avengers, it's quite the lineup, and I'm going to have to track down the previous two issues to figure out what's going on. I was a little shocked when reading the Civil War trade, and seeing that Norman Osborn's alive again – I always liked him as the Goblin. Never knew Wolverine had a son, or that the Scorpion became Venom. What happened to Eddie Brock? See how far behind I am? Just call me "Rip Vaughn Winkle".

BTW, please don't resurrect Kraven the Hunter (if you haven't already). The "Death of Kraven" arc that ran six issues back in 1987 was one of the most brilliant and gripping Spidey tales of all time, and to resurrect him would lessen the impact of that truly fine story. I can't wait to see what's in store for #600. Wow, it seems like yesterday when I picked up #300!

It's been a long absence, so please don't disappoint!

Vaughn Allan
Calgary, Alberta

Vaughn, one thing that pretty much all Spidey fans can agree on no matter what is that the "Death of Kraven" story from way back in the Bon Jovi'd summer of 1987 is one of the greatest Spider-Man stories ever. Written by J.M. DeMatteis and drawn by Mike Zeck, it's a story every Spidey fan should check out. Particularly as we've introduced Kraven's widow and what looks to be his daughter in Spidey over the last year, that story is being used as a building block for several big stories coming up.

Dear Web-heads,

Do you believe in second chances? I am a life long spider fan, and this is my first time writing in so be gentle. I am one of those people who, after reading the first story arc of Brand New Day, stopped buying the book. I was terribly upset about Peter and MJ's wedding being reconnected.

As time went on, I missed Spidey. When I saw my favorite Spider-Man artist John Romita Jr. was returning for the New Ways To Die story, I couldn't help myself. I bought those issues and to my surprise really enjoyed them. I also read Character Assassination and now I'm all aboard for American Son. The writing has been superb and the art has been well, marvelous.

This brings me to my issue with the current state of affairs...why no MJ? I have yet to see anything in these stories that could not take place if Mary Jane was still married to Peter (or at least having her as someone special in his life.). I know you have heard before from other older fans like

me, that we like that as we have grown up, so has Peter. Their relationship and marriage has always been one of the great and unique things to happen to a comic character. I mean, c'mon, not many other comic heroes are married, and none of them have had as meaningful a relationship as Peter and MJ's.

Anyway, I believe in second chances, that's why I started picking up the book again. Hopefully, Marvel does too. There are many of us who can't wait to see Peter and MJ together again. I'm not suggesting you go all "Bobby Ewing" like the newspaper strip did, just give us a solid explanation for them to get together again and make it so. Then this book would go from a 9 to an 11.

So, keep up the good work! Until Norman Osborn scrubs dishes with his head, make mine Marvel!

Eric Schaen
Via E-mail

Have no fear, Eric. Mary Jane was never meant to be out of the book forever. I daresay we here at ASM HQ value the history she has with Pete even more than our critics do (hopefully you caught the recent trade paperback collection of many of MJ's greatest stories: "Spider-Man/Mary Jane: Face it Tiger, You Just Hit The Jackpot"). You bet your red hair that there are many more plans on the horizon for Pete's former love.

Dear Web-Heads,

Wow. All I can say now that I've finished issue #598. I mean, that's a heck of a cliff-hanger right there. I won't lie to you, I didn't think much of Spidey's title after some of last year's events, and I'm sure you guys are sick of hearing about that. However, American Son has boosted my expectations of this title! I just have three quick questions:

1. Will Joe Kelly be sticking around? Spider-Man's title needs the consistency and if Joe stuck around, there would be some great stories and there'd be a certain familiarity that I think is necessary.

2. Will Steve McNiven ever come back?

3. With Spider-Man #600 coming up, will there be any big plans?

Thanks for reviving this title, and I look forward to many more good reads!

Mike Smith
Ferndale, WA

1. Joe K. is back in the writing chair as we speak for this 2-part Black Cat story. He's also writing a one-shot Deadpool team-up in #611 as well as a top secret story for next spring. But if you really need a reason to buy every issue of Spidey, rest assured he's really writing this letter column also.

2. I wish. McNiven is finishing up his legendary run on Wolverine: Old Man Logan and has some big projects after that, but he's welcome back here any time...even if it's just to write one of these letter columns when Joe Kelly can't.

3-Well, Mike, by now I hope ya read #600. What did you think?

All right, folks...see ya in 7 days for the 2nd part of Black Cat Returns! In the meantime remember: Vote early! Vote often. Vote Bear Claw!

**Viva Templar!
Simperin' Steve
9/4/09 (Happy birthday, Sydney!)**

Kelly
McKone
Melo

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN[®]



the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



Mayor J. Jonah Jameson Yes THE J. Jonah Jameson is mayor of New York. How did it happen? When we last saw Jonah J., he was recovering from a heart attack and wondering what to do with his life now that his wife Maria said the Daily Bugle out from under him to the king of slimeball journalism, Dexter Bennett. How did he turn it all around? Spidey couldn't tell you he and the FF were busy quelling civil unrest in the Macroverse a dimension who's time stream so differs from our own that it costs them two months on Earth! And everyone knows Peter Parker ANYTHING can change - he's slightly expanded his powers slightly. What began as a unrelated gangland m escalated to a full-fledged crime organizations ad their number

UNDERWORLD UNDER SI
By Betty Brant



PETER PARKER'S P.O.V.

I'm Peter Parker, and I have NOTHING but bad luck. My former foe-and-sometimes-flame the bewitching burglar Black Cat has powers that can spread bad luck. When it was our good luck to run into each other again, our respective bad lucks caused a perfect storm of bad luck that will eleven kinds of smelling salts to baffle me back into coherence.

So that's what's new with me! Yes, in the midst of Ex-Girlfriend month here in the Peter Parker-verse, I ran into The Black Cat who was breaking into the penthouse apartment of Dexter Bennett, DB owner and world renowned jerk. Before I could get any more info on why she was there, we were attacked by Diablo, an old Fantastic Four foe who's been blinding them with science-based magic for years.

Diablo escaped, but on our way out, I overheard the Cat talking to some boss on her phone - said Bennett was a "target, not a player." I went into find out more but...well..she made a move I didn't expect. Hope nobody was watching...

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I AM NOT KNOWN
FOR BRILLIANT
DECISION MAKING.
ESPECIALLY NOT IN THE
SPUR OF THE MOMENT...

...WITH A HUNDRED AND
TEN POUNDS OF READY,
WILLING AND ABLE LYING
ON TOP OF ME...

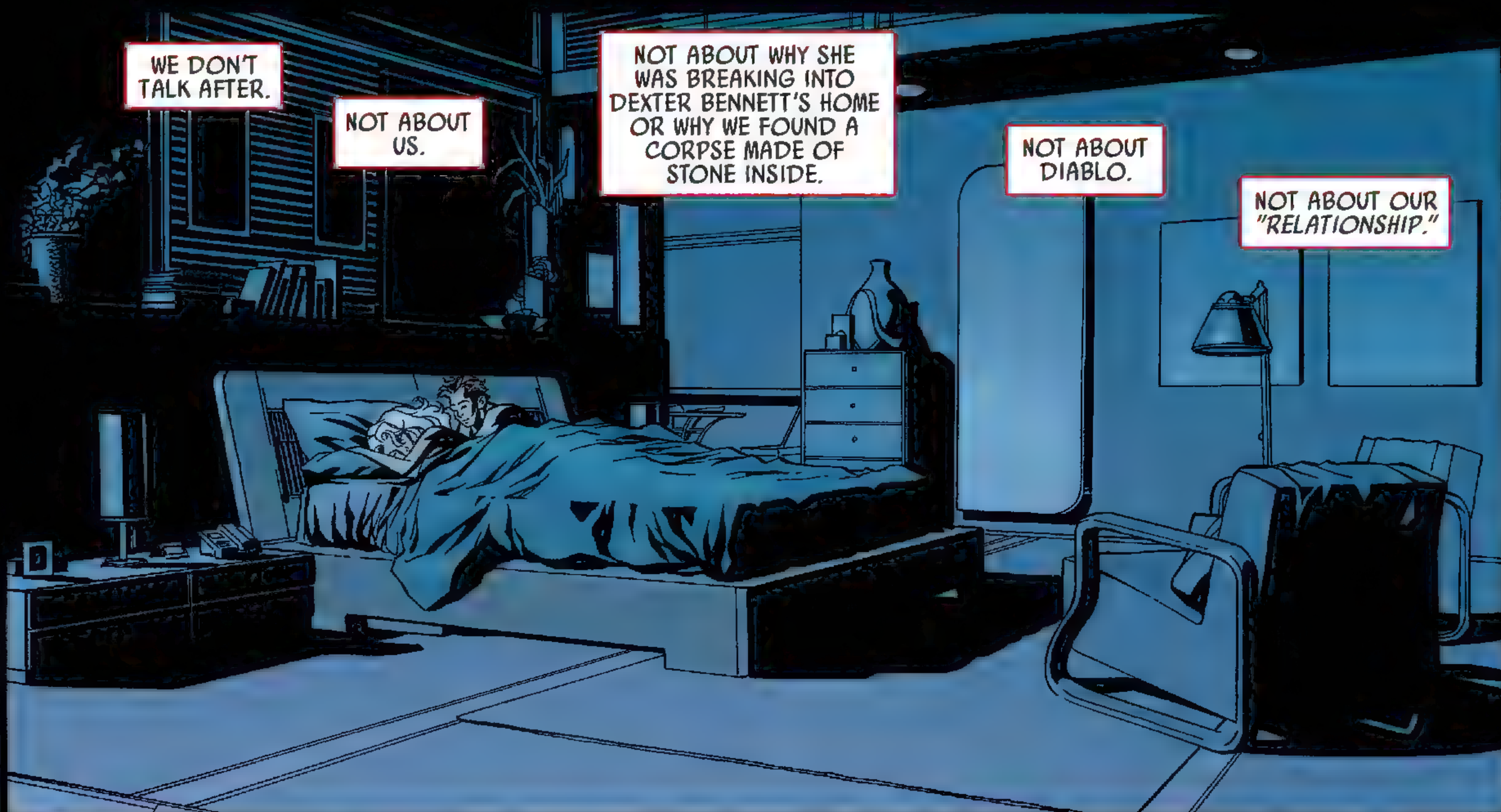
...THAT KNOWS
EXACTLY HOW TO WHISPER
IN MY EAR **AND** BREATHE
ON MY NECK IN JUST THE
RIGHT WAY...

"HOW ABOUT I BREAK
INTO A NICE HOTEL ROOM
AND YOU COME CATCH ME,
SPIDER? I PROMISE I'LL
PUT UP A FIGHT."

BUT FOR
A CHANGE,
I MADE THE
RIGHT CALL...

...AND
THAT'S ALL I'M
GONNA SAY
ABOUT THAT.

LONG-TERM ARRANGEMENT *Part 2*



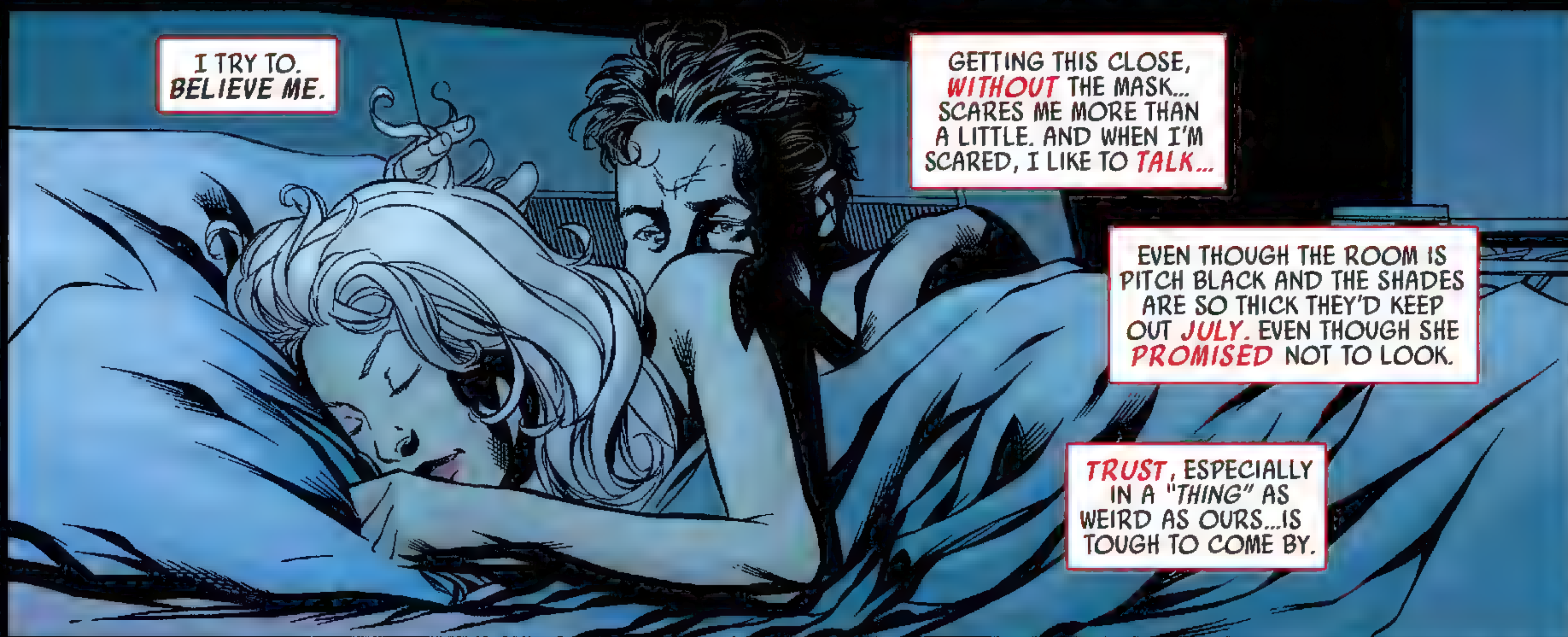
WE DON'T
TALK AFTER.

NOT ABOUT
US.

NOT ABOUT WHY SHE
WAS BREAKING INTO
DEXTER BENNETT'S HOME
OR WHY WE FOUND A
CORPSE MADE OF
STONE INSIDE.

NOT ABOUT
DIABLO.

NOT ABOUT OUR
"RELATIONSHIP."



I TRY TO.
BELIEVE ME.

GETTING THIS CLOSE,
WITHOUT THE MASK...
SCARES ME MORE THAN
A LITTLE. AND WHEN I'M
SCARED, I LIKE TO **TALK**...

EVEN THOUGH THE ROOM IS
PITCH BLACK AND THE SHADES
ARE SO THICK THEY'D KEEP
OUT **JULY**. EVEN THOUGH SHE
PROMISED NOT TO LOOK.

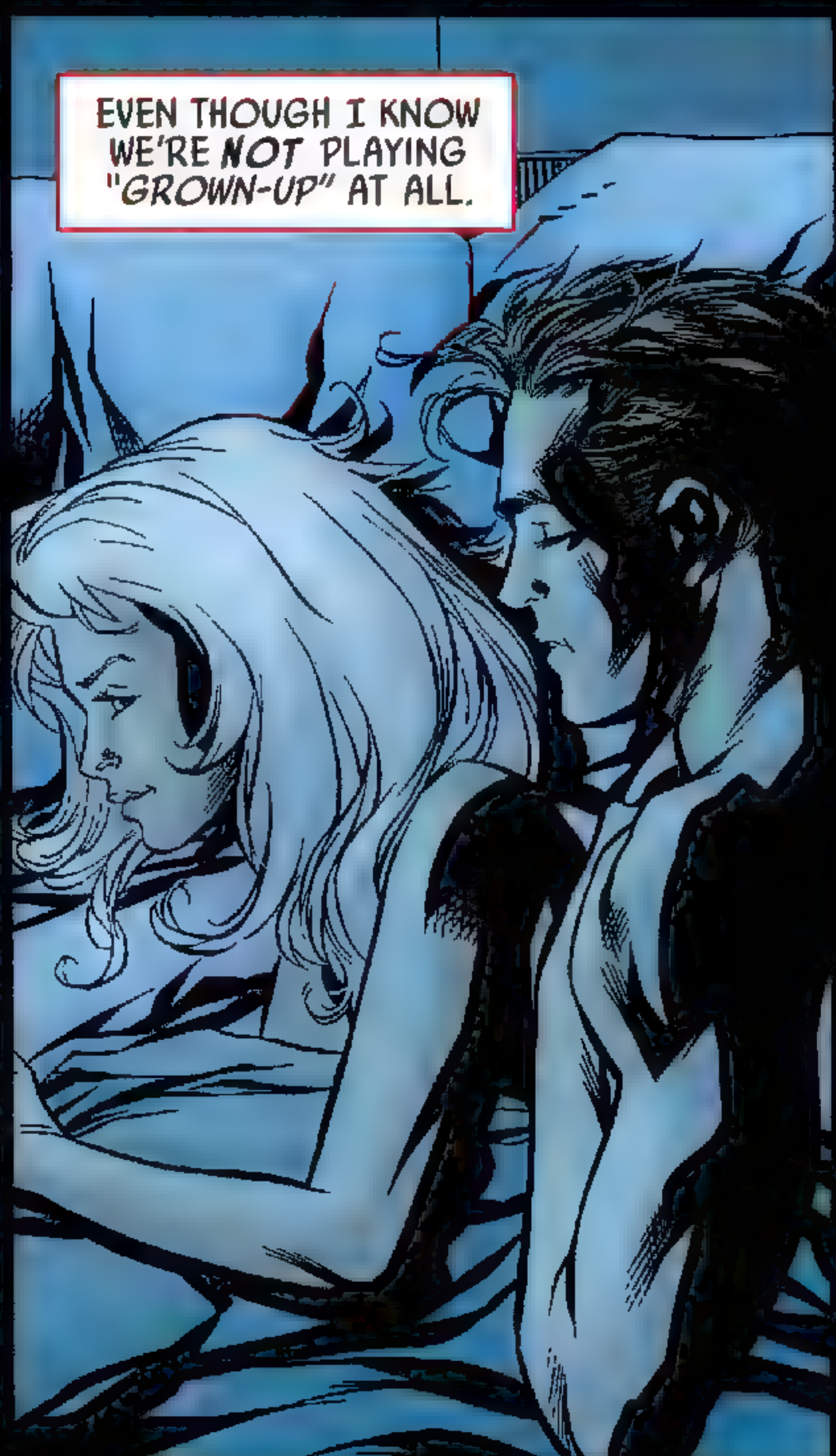
TRUST, ESPECIALLY
IN A "THING" AS
WEIRD AS OURS...IS
TOUGH TO COME BY.



BUT TALKING ISN'T
HER THING. SHE JUST
SIGHS, ROLLS OVER
AND WHISPERS IN
THE DARK...

JUST WAIT
UNTIL THE
MORNING...THEN
WE CAN PLAY
GROWN-UP.

AND FOR REASONS
I'M AFRAID TO
CONSIDER, I AM SO
TOTALLY OKAY TO
DO JUST THAT.



EVEN THOUGH I KNOW
WE'RE **NOT** PLAYING
"GROWN-UP" AT ALL.



AIEEEEEEE

OH,
CRUD!

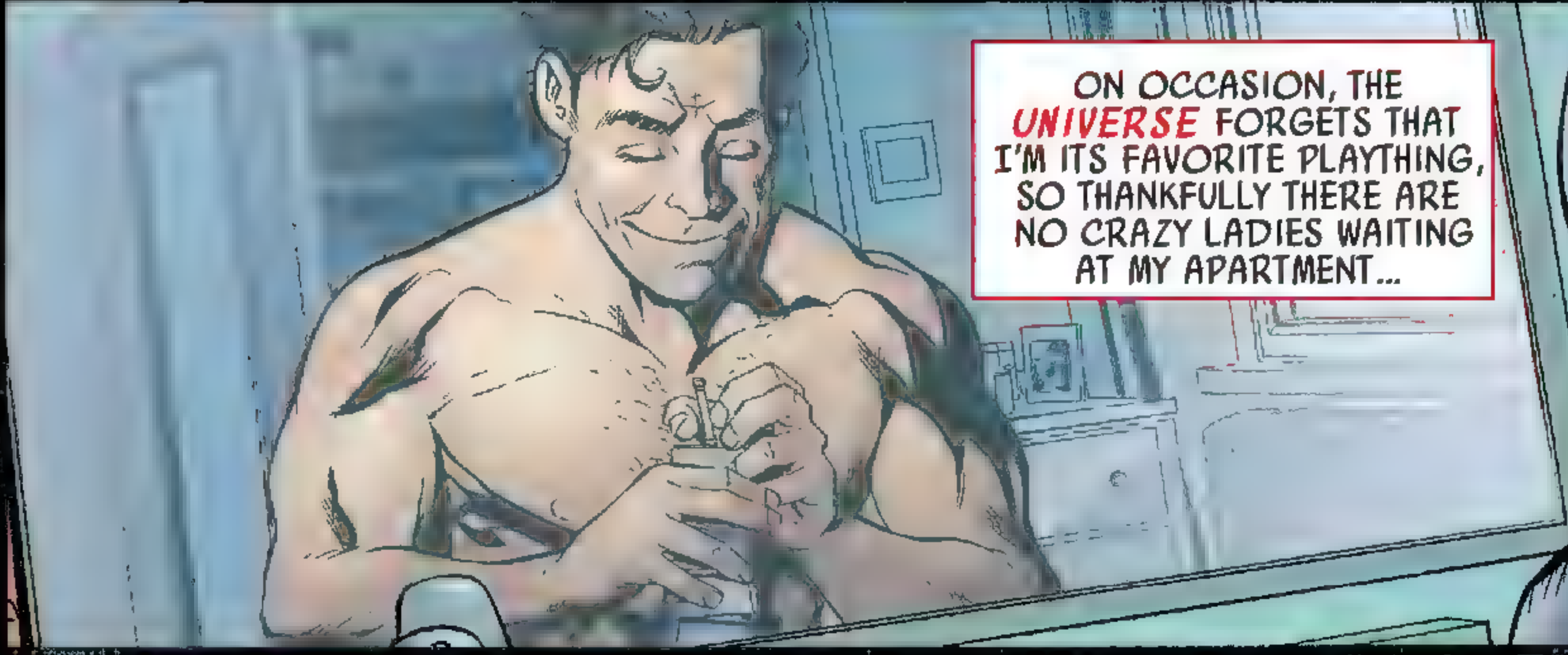
OHGOOD
GODI'MSORRY
PLEASE DON'T
FREAKI'MGOING
I'MGONE!

YOULOOK
LIKEALOVELYCOUPLE
MAZELTOV!MANYHAPPY
RETURNS! MYAUNTJUST
GOTMARRIEDAND WOW
THIS IS AWKWARD.
PLEASE DON'T
HATE ME...

UM...YOU
MIGHT WANT
TO CALL ROOM SERVICE
BEFORE YOU PUT HER
ON THE BED, CHIEF.
SORRY. AGAIN.

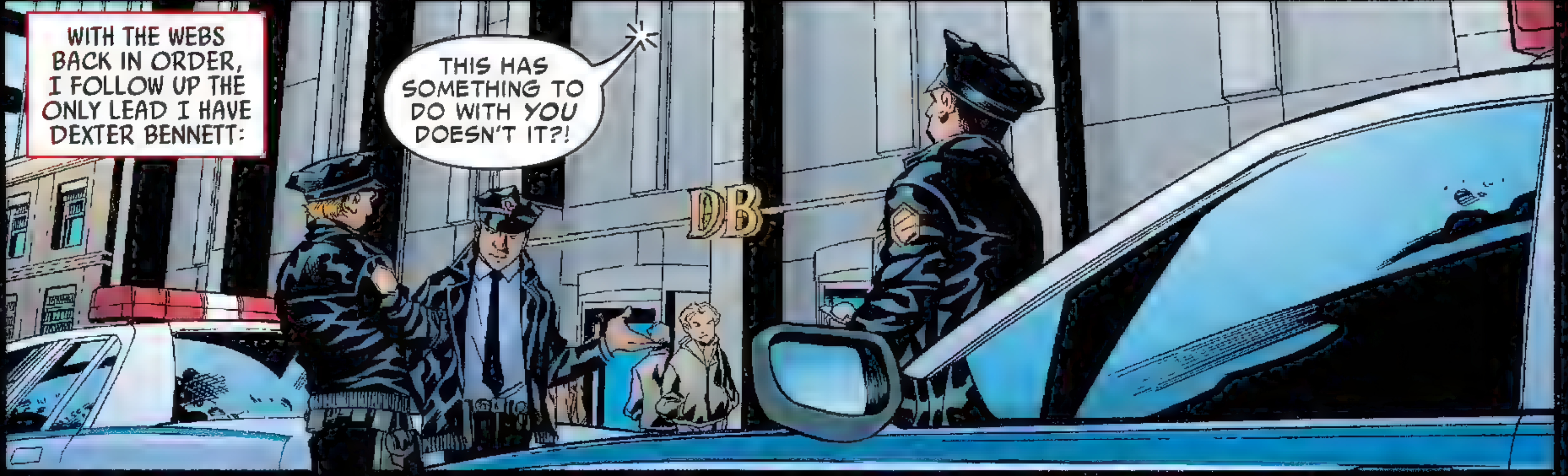
AND WITH THAT GRACEFUL EXIT,
I LAUGH MY HALF-CLAD BUTT
OFF FOR TWENTY-FIVE BLOCKS
BEFORE I REALIZE I JUST WOKE
UP FROM THE BEST NIGHT'S
SLEEP I'VE HAD IN MONTHS...

...WITHOUT
AN OUNCE
OF **GUILT.**



ON OCCASION, THE **UNIVERSE** FORGETS THAT I'M ITS FAVORITE PLAYTHING, SO THANKFULLY THERE ARE NO CRAZY LADIES WAITING AT MY APARTMENT...

WHICH IS **OUTSTANDING** BECAUSE IT TAKES A FEW HOURS FOR THE SMILE TO FINALLY FADE. **MICHELE** WOULD HAVE **POPPED** A VESSEL FOR SURE.



WITH THE WEBS BACK IN ORDER, I FOLLOW UP THE ONLY LEAD I HAVE DEXTER BENNETT:

THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH YOU DOESN'T IT?!

DB



IF "TO DO WITH YOU" MEANS "ALMOST GOT MY FACE SLICED OFF" THEN YES. OTHERWISE, MOST DEFINITELY NO.

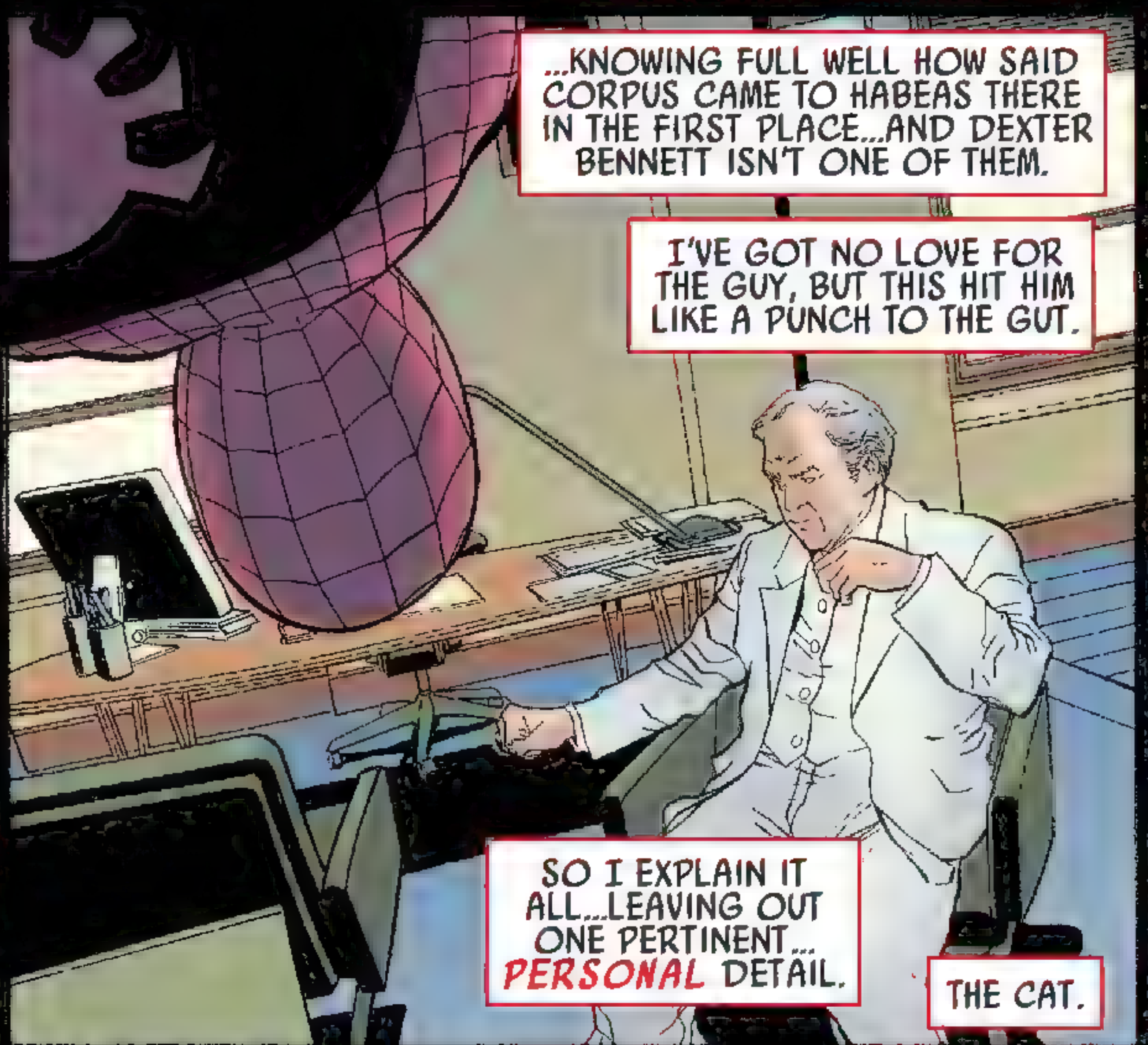
I THINK SOMEONE WAS HOPING YOU WERE GOING TO GET ROASTED IN THAT FIRE--



INSTEAD OF THE BOOBY-TRAPPED DEAD GUY WHO WAS COLLECTING DUST IN YOUR SAFE.

MAYER...MY GOD, THAT'S BERNIE MAYER. WHAT WAS HE DOING IN MY SAFE?

I'VE MET A **TON** OF GUYS WHO WERE "SHOCKED AND APPALLED" TO DISCOVER THAT A DEAD BODY HAD BEEN FOUND AT THEIR ABODE...

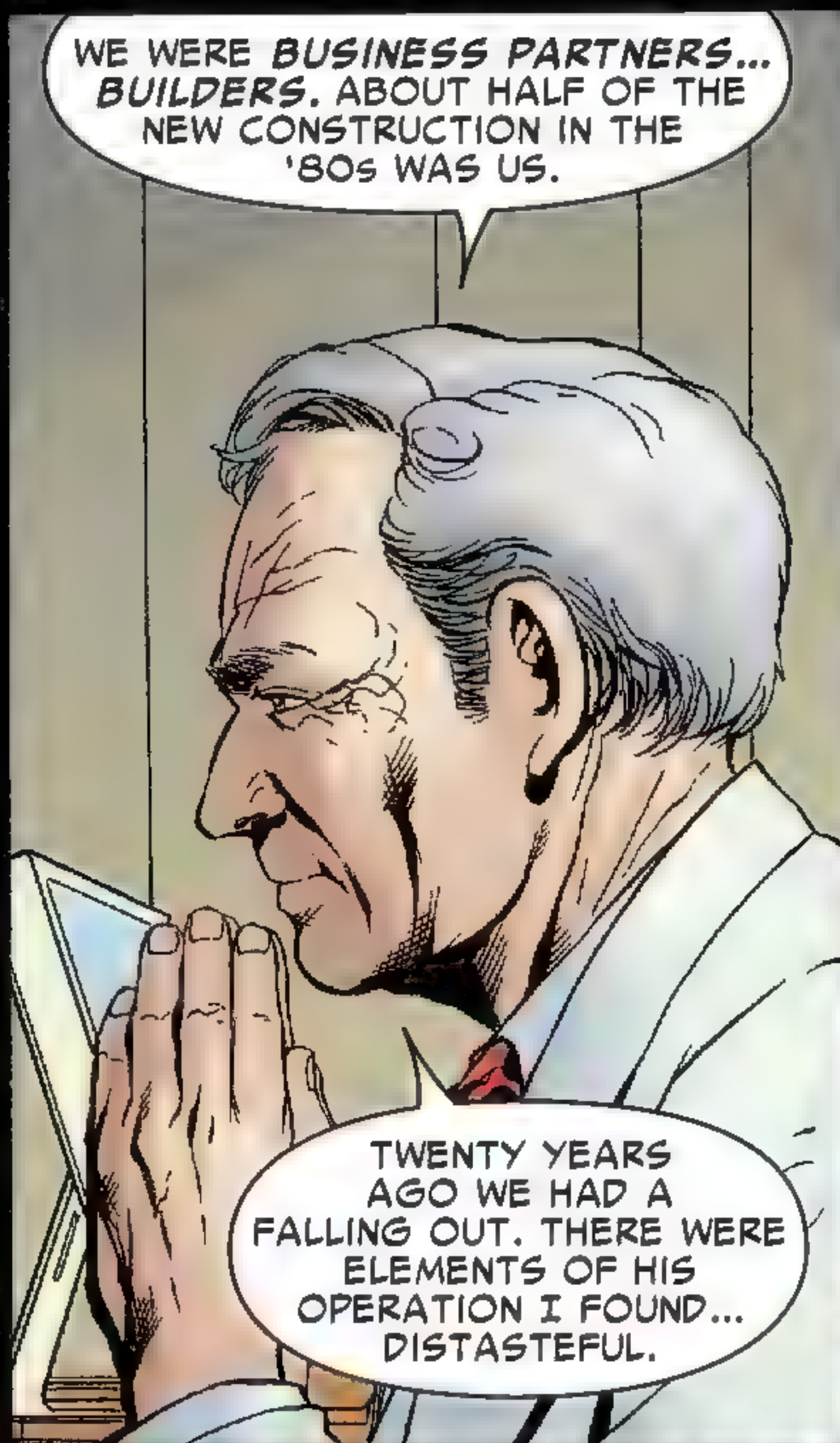


...KNOWING FULL WELL HOW SAID CORPUS CAME TO HABEAS THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE...AND DEXTER BENNETT ISN'T ONE OF THEM.

I'VE GOT NO LOVE FOR THE GUY, BUT THIS HIT HIM LIKE A PUNCH TO THE GUT.

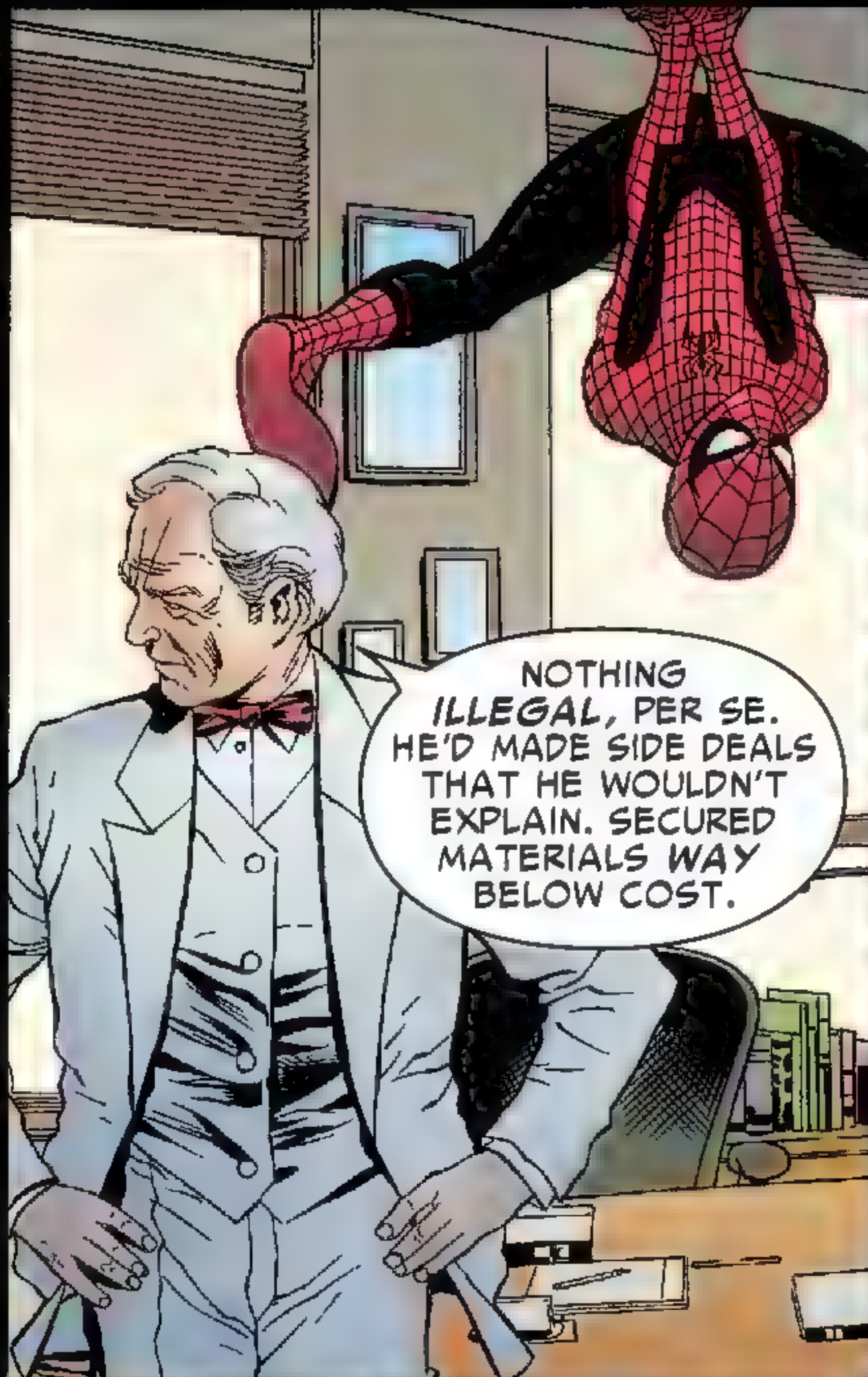
SO I EXPLAIN IT ALL...LEAVING OUT ONE PERTINENT **PERSONAL** DETAIL.

THE CAT.



WE WERE **BUSINESS PARTNERS... BUILDERS**. ABOUT HALF OF THE NEW CONSTRUCTION IN THE '80s WAS US.

TWENTY YEARS AGO WE HAD A FALLING OUT. THERE WERE ELEMENTS OF HIS OPERATION I FOUND... DISTASTEFUL.



NOTHING **ILLEGAL, PER SE**. HE'D MADE SIDE DEALS THAT HE WOULDN'T EXPLAIN. SECURED MATERIALS WAY BELOW COST.



I GOT INTO THE BUSINESS FOR THE **TAX SHELTERS**, NOTHING ELSE. SO I LET HIM BUY ME OUT...**QUIETLY**.

MAYER WAS STILL A FRIEND, AND A PUBLIC SPLIT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE DEATH OF HIM.



SO YOU WEREN'T **ACTUALLY HIS PARTNER** ANY MORE?

ONLY ON THE **LETTERHEAD...NO ONE BUT MY ACCOUNTANT KNEW**.

SPIDER-MAN, WHAT'S BETWEEN US **ASIDE... BERNIE WAS A GOOD MAN**.

I SHOULD HOPE THAT SOME **JUSTICE MIGHT BE DONE** IN HIS NAME.

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN. **MEANWHILE, YOU STAY--**



WHAT THE **HELL IS THAT?**

OH... YOU...YOU **HAVEN'T SEEN?**

IF IT'S ANY COMFORT, WE DIDN'T **BREAK THIS ONE**.



IT'S ALL OVER THE **WEB**.

SORRY... IT'S JUST **BUSINESS**.

"JUST BUSINESS."
OKAY. RIGHT.

I PUT ALL OF THE ANGER AND
SHOCK AND EMBARRASSMENT
INTO A LITTLE BOX AND
PROMISE NOT TO OPEN IT UNTIL
LATER. I ALSO PROMISE TO SEND
BENNETT A FLAMING BAG OF
POO FOR HIS BIRTHDAY.

BACK TO **BUSINESS**...
MAYER'S BUSINESS...

AND **MY** BUSINESS
SCOPING OUT
MAYER'S WAREHOUSE.

BENNETT'S NO SAINT,
BUT I THINK HE'S TELLING
THE TRUTH, SO THE
QUESTION IS WHAT WAS
GOING ON IN DIABLO'S
OVER-DECORATED HEAD?

WAS HE AFTER BENNETT
AND MAYER FOR
REVENGE? WAS IT A
PROFESSIONAL **HIT**?
AND THE BIG ONE...

WHAT DOES IT
HAVE TO DO
WITH **HER**?

YOU
CAN COME
OUT, CAT. I
KNOW YOU'RE
THERE.

BUT
ABOUT THAT
UNDERWEAR...

WHAT DID
YOU FIND OUT
FROM THAT **LEDGER**
BOOK YOU STOLE
FROM BENNETT?

THAT HE
HAD A GHOST
INTEREST IN **THIS** PLACE,
WHICH HAPPENS TO HAVE
BEEN THE SOURCE OF
MORE THAN ONE CITY
INVESTIGATION...

BUT I JUST
ACCIDENTALLY
SQUOOSHED A FISTFUL
OF RAT POOP AT
THE EXACT MOMENT
MY UNDERWEAR
RIPPED.

THAT KIND
OF LUCK CAN
ONLY MEAN
ONE THING.

LOOK ON
THE BRIGHT
SIDE. WE COULD BE
BREAKING INTO A
CIRCUS. THEY HAVE
ELEPHANTS. YOU
MIGHT HAVE
DROWNED.

IMPRESSIVE.
I THOUGHT
YOUR SPIDER-SENSE
ONLY KICKED ON
WHEN YOU'RE IN
DANGER.

TRUE...

BUT SINCE
YOUR **BREATHING**
JUST GOT ALL CHOPPY
AGAIN, SOMEHOW I
DON'T THINK WE'RE
HAVING THAT
CONVERSATION.



CAT,
SERIOUSLY. A
MAN'S DEAD...I
WANT TO KNOW
WHAT'S GOING
ON--

WHAT
WERE YOU
DOING LAST
NIGHT?

HONEY, IF
YOU'VE ALREADY
FORGOTTEN THEN
EITHER I'M LOSING
MY TOUCH OR YOU
HAVE EARLY
ALZHEIMER'S.

RING
RING



AT
BENNETT'S.
YOU KNOW...YOU
KNOW WHAT
I MEAN...

YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO
LET ME BE
SERIOUS NOW,
ARE YOU?

NOT REALLY,
NO. I ASSUME
YOU STILL HAVE A
GOOD SENSE OF
BALANCE...

RING
RING



NOT AT THE
MOMENT. YOU'RE
THROWING ME
WAY OFF--

THEN
JUST LET GO
AND LET ME
TAKE CARE OF
EVERYTHING.

CAT...DO YOU
REALLY WANT
TO GO DOWN
THIS ROAD
AGAIN?

RING
RING



YES...
BECAUSE IT'S
FUN. BECAUSE
I MISSED
YOU.

BECAUSE
EVERYONE NEEDS
SOMETHING TO
GET THEM OUT OF
THEIR LIFE ONCE IN
A WHILE--

RING
RING



WHY
ISN'T ANYONE
ANSWERING
THAT PHONE?

DAMN IT. I
HATE FIGHTING
WHEN I'M
FRISKY.

RING
RING

**In The Main
Office Below.**

<HCL3

ALL OF
YOU...REST...
FORGET...

**RING
RING**

"DO
ME ONE
FAVOR."

"ANYTHING."

"STAND
IN THE
CORNER."

"WHY?"

"IT'S
NOT 'WHY'
TIME. JUST
DO IT."

"THIS
CORNER?"

"NO, THE ONE
WAAAAAAAY
OVER
THERE. CLOSER TO
JERSEY. PLEASE."

"SHOULD I
POSE TOO?"

"NO...JUST
THINK HAPPY,
LUCKY THOUGHTS.
THANK YOU."

"I NEED TO
GO ANSWER
THE PHONE."

**SPIDER
FRA DIABLO
COMIN'
UP!**

NNNGH!

SO LET ME
GUESS...YOU WANT
TO EXPAND THE
DIABLO-LAIR AND
YOU'RE LOOKING
OVER FLOOR
PLANS.

MAYBE PUTTING
IN A NICE KITCHEN...
CUSTOM HARD-WOOD
LAB WITH GRANITE
COUNTERTOPS WITH A
LITTLE BLOOD GROOVE
FOR HUMAN
SACRIFICE?

OR
MAYBE YOU'RE
HERE TO KILL
MORE INNOCENT
PEOPLE?

YOU HAVE
NO IDEA...I
OPERATE ON A PLANE
FAR ABOVE YOUR
COMPREHENSION.

SO
ENLIGHTEN US,
SWEETHEART.

WHILE
I'M STILL
WILLING TO
LISTEN.

RRRGH!

SCRRIP

THWIP

QUICK RECAP.
YOU. CORNER. ME. NOT
TRIPPING OR DISLOCATING
OR DISEMBOWELING
MYSELF...RINGING
A BELL?

NOBODY
PUTS BABY
IN THE
CORNER...

THAT'S "SAY
ANYTHING?"

EEW,
"DIRTY
DANCING."

OH,
YEAH, I'M
A LITTLE RUSTY
ON CHICK FLICK
QUOTABLES...

NOT ENOUGH
TIME SPENT
WITH CHICKS. WE
CAN CHANGE
THAT.

THEY'RE
UNDER
CONTROL.
REALLY.

...BUT MY
POINT IS,
"BABY" DIDN'T
HAVE BAD LUCK
POWERS.

THWIP

RRRR



THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS LUCK.

$2\text{Ca}_3\text{SiO}_5 + 7\text{H}_2\text{O} \rightarrow 3\text{CaO} \cdot 2\text{SiO}_2 \cdot 4\text{H}_2\text{O} + 3\text{Ca}(\text{OH})_2 + 173.6\text{kJ}$

UH, BOY...



ONLY SCIENCE...

PHYSICS.

CHEMISTRY...

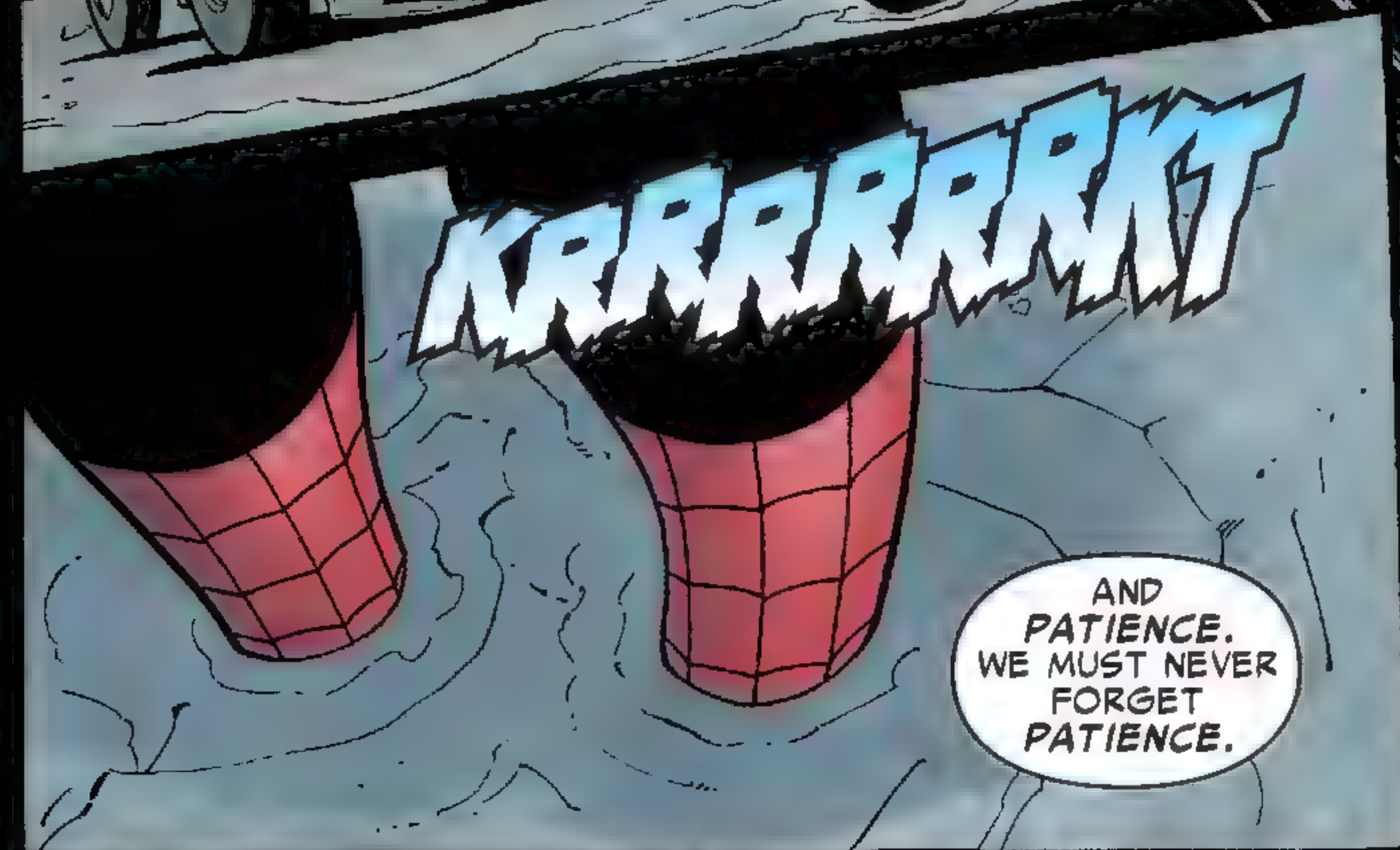
WITH THREE HUNDRED EXTRA POUNDS OF **CONCRETE** STUCK TO MY ANKLE, SOMETHING GOES **POP** IN MY KNEE, AND SUDDENLY...

I CAN'T REMEMBER ANY OF THE **FUN PARTS** OF HOOKING UP WITH THE BLACK CAT.



"UNDER CONTROL?!"

YOU LEFT HIS HANDS FREE! JUST GO!



KRRRRRRKT

AND PATIENCE. WE MUST NEVER FORGET PATIENCE.



YEAGHH!

HILARIOUS.

YOU IDIOTS STUMBLED
ONTO AN EXPERIMENT
OF MINE THAT'S BEEN
RUNNING FOR TWENTY
YEARS...

NNNGH!

YOU ARE AN
INSIGNIFICANT
VARIABLE. EASILY
ACCOUNTED
FOR...

A SPECK
OF DUST IN A
VAT OF MOLTEN
GOLD.

AND NOW
THE STEEL
PIPES CAN
FLOAT.

GOOD THING
YOU'RE SO
FLEXIBLE--

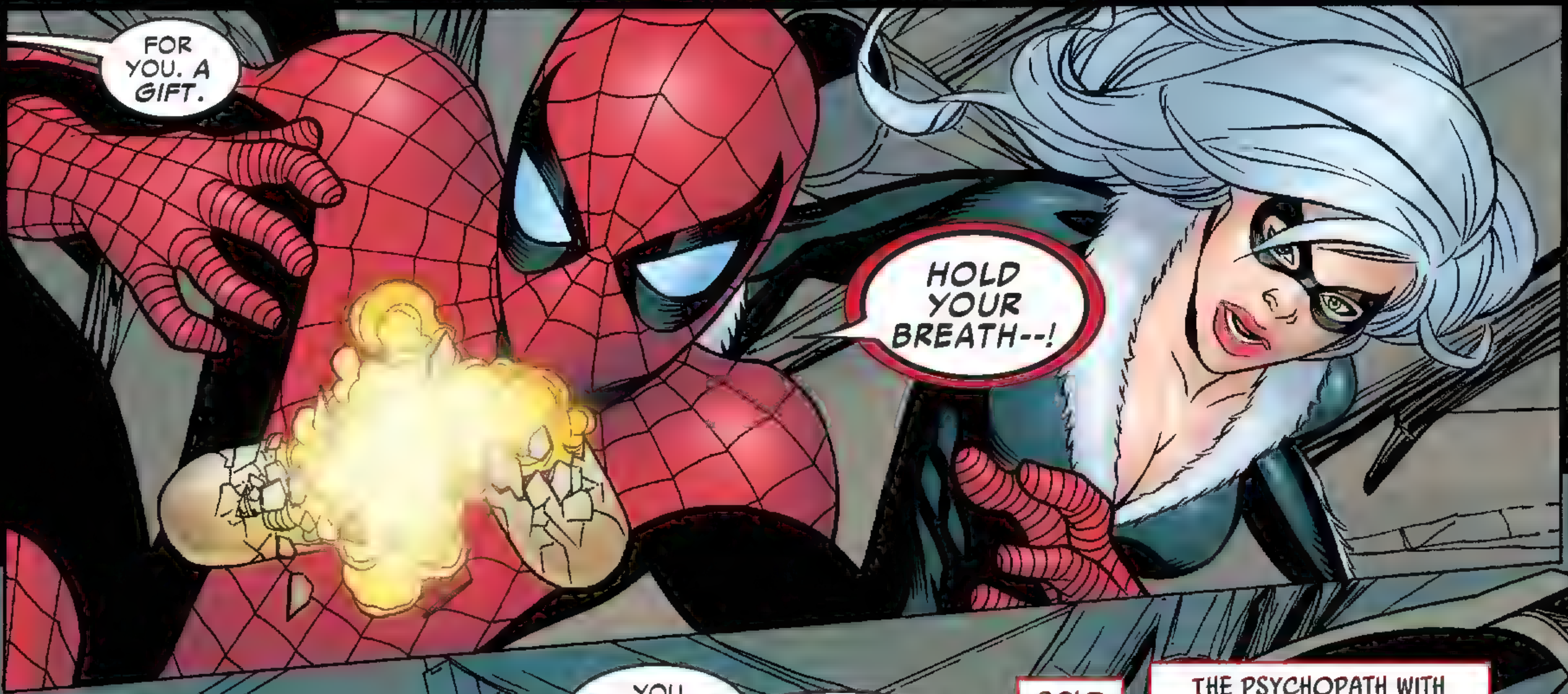
NOT...
NOW--

NNNGH!

K
S
S
S
H!

KISS IT
AND MAKE IT
BETTER--?

SERIOUSLY,
IS YOUR
COMPULSIVE
FLIRTING SOME FORM
OF TOURETTE'S,
CAUSE NOW'S
REALLY NOT
THE TIME.



FOR
YOU. A
GIFT.

HOLD
YOUR
BREATH--!

YOU
DON'T LOOK
HAPPY.

SO MANY
OF THE WORLD'S
GREAT LOVERS
DEMANDED TO BE
BURIED TOGETHER
IN CASKETS
OF GOLD...

GOLD.
GOLD.

THE PSYCHOPATH WITH
THE WORLD'S WORST
HABERDASHER CAN TURN
AIR INTO GOLD...AND I
STICK TO WALLS. THE UNIVERSE
IS REALLY #\$\$%& FUNNY
SOMETIMES.

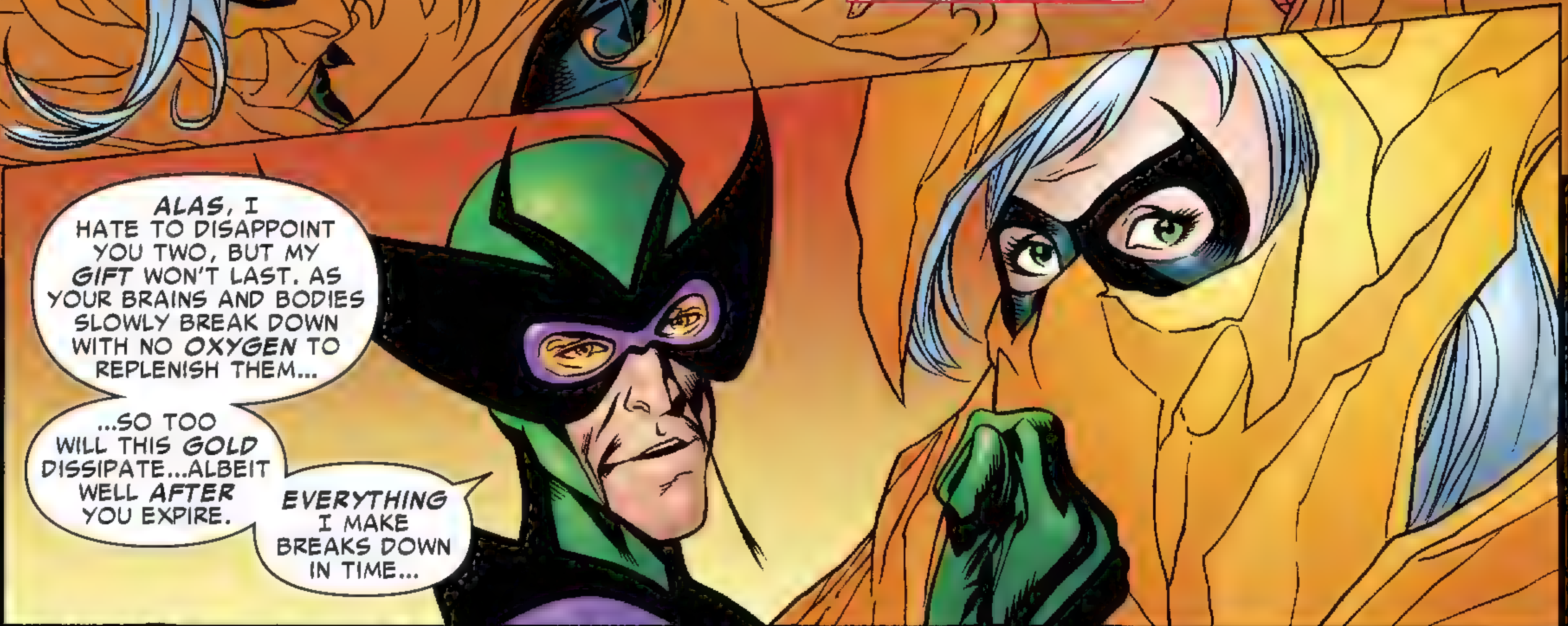


THERE ENDS THE
KVETCHING...NOW BACK
TO **BREATHING**...
WHICH ISN'T EXACTLY
HAPPENING SO GOOD.

ALAS, I
HATE TO DISAPPOINT
YOU TWO, BUT MY
GIFT WON'T LAST. AS
YOUR BRAINS AND BODIES
SLOWLY BREAK DOWN
WITH NO OXYGEN TO
REPLENISH THEM...

...SO TOO
WILL THIS GOLD
DISSIPATE...ALBEIT
WELL AFTER
YOU EXPIRE.

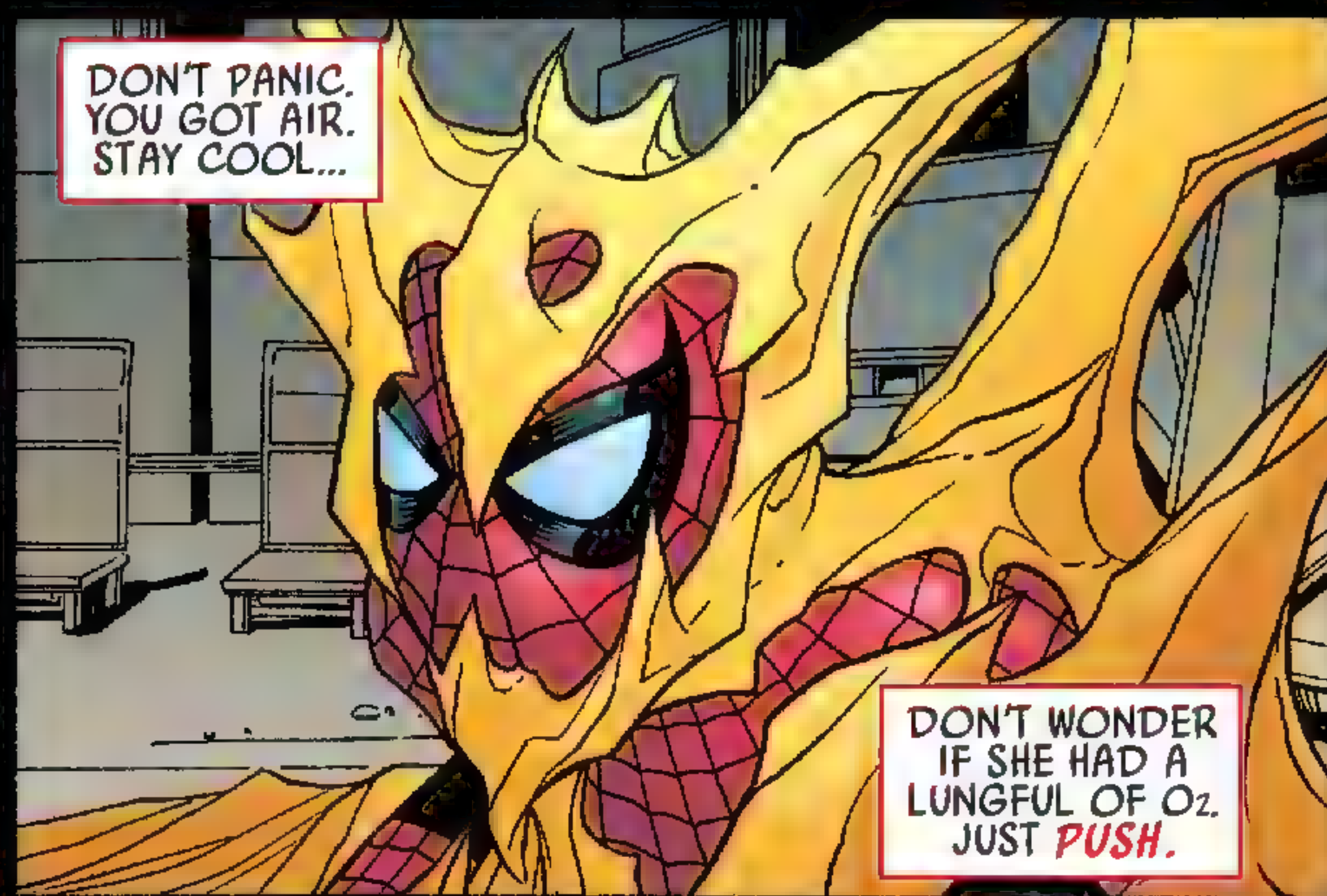
EVERYTHING
I MAKE
BREAKS DOWN
IN TIME...





BUT HOW MUCH TIME...
AH, THAT IS THE
TWIST AND THE
POWER IN MY
WORK.

ALL OF MY
CREATIONS
BREAK DOWN IN
TIME...SOME
FASTER THAN
OTHERS.



DON'T PANIC.
YOU GOT AIR.
STAY COOL...

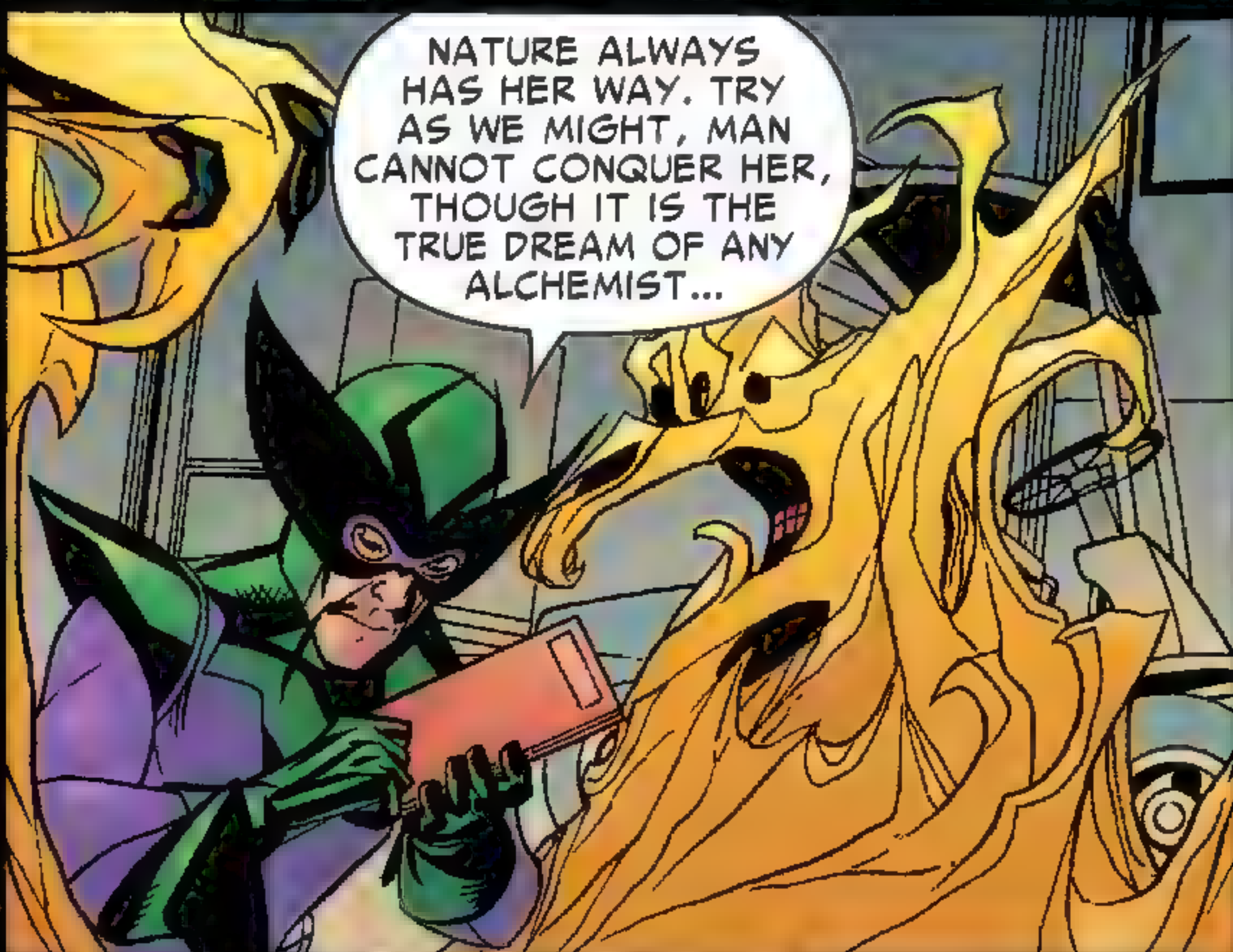
DON'T WONDER
IF SHE HAD A
LUNGFUL OF O₂.
JUST **PUSH.**



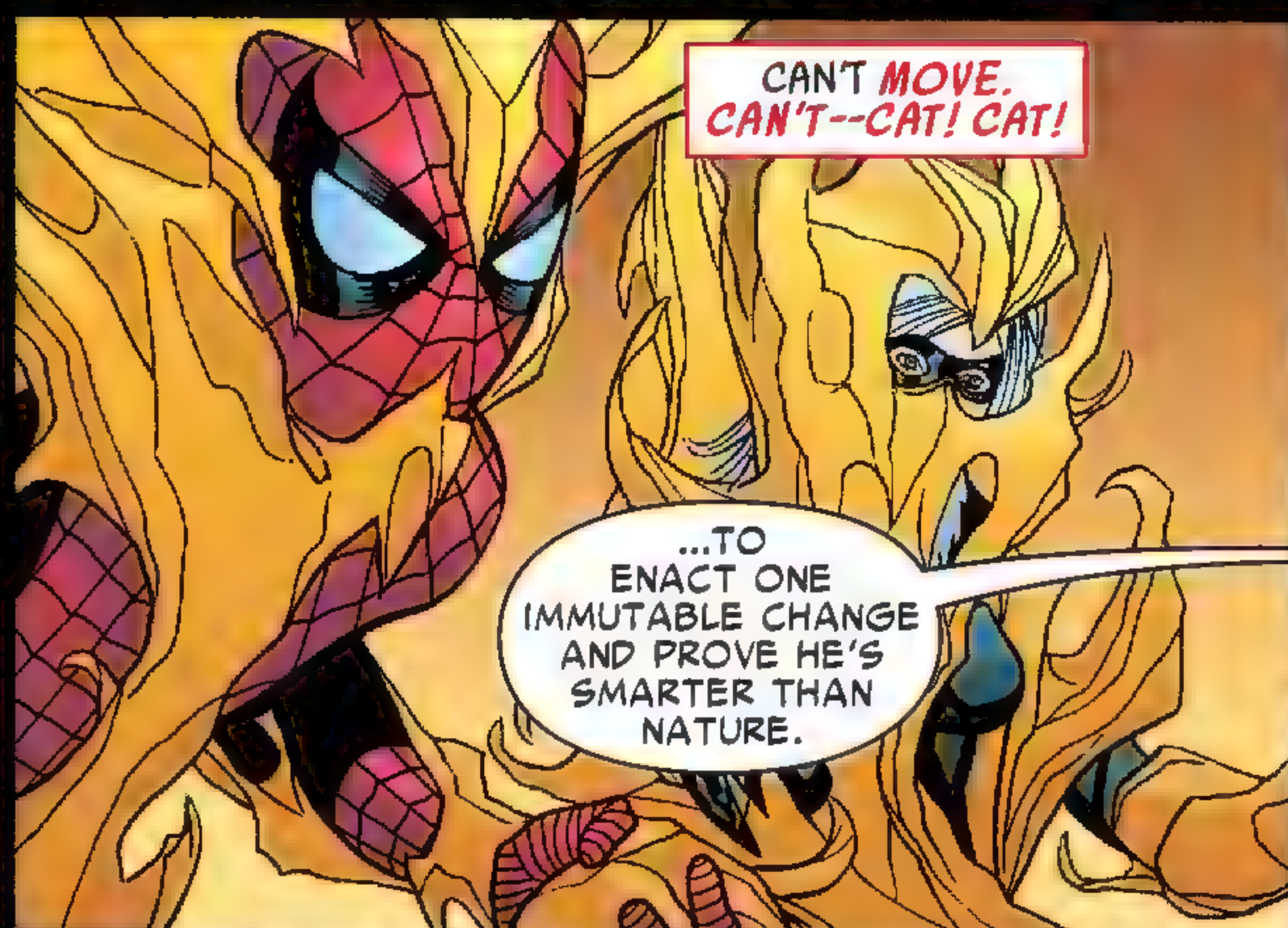
YOUR
CORPSES WILL
FALL FROM THIS
MASS IN ABOUT AN
HOUR. EVEN BEFORE
THE EMPLOYEES
AROUND US
AWAKEN.

OTHER
MATERIALS I
FABRICATE...MIGHT
ENDURE FOR DECADES
BEFORE THE
INEVITABLE.

BREAK,
DAMN IT!
BREAK!



NATURE ALWAYS
HAS HER WAY. TRY
AS WE MIGHT, MAN
CANNOT CONQUER HER,
THOUGH IT IS THE
TRUE DREAM OF ANY
ALCHEMIST...



CAN'T **MOVE.**
CAN'T--CAT! CAT!

...TO
ENACT ONE
IMMUTABLE CHANGE
AND PROVE HE'S
SMARTER THAN
NATURE.



BUT
UNTIL THEN...
PATIENCE WILL
SUFFICE...

PATIENCE
AND MY
EXPERIMENTS, OF
WHICH YOU HAVE
NOW BECOME
A PART.

SHE'S FADING...
GOD, NO...

THEY'LL BE
PUZZLING
OVER THIS ONE
FOR YEARS,
AND I--
WHOOPS.

GOOD
GIRL.

BAD LUCK.

No!

IF IT'S ANY
CONSOLATION,
THE PARTICULAR
EXPERIMENT YOU'VE
JOINED IS RATHER
AMBITIOUS.

IT'S **HOT**
WHEN IT
HAPPENS TO
SOMEONE
ELSE.

IF I WASN'T GASPING
FOR BREATH, THE **SCIENCE**
GEEK IN ME WOULD YELL OUT
AQUA REGIA...THE COMPOUND
USED TO DISSOLVE
AND REFINE GOLD...

BUT A GASPING GEEK
I REMAIN, SO I GUESS
I'LL HAVE TO SETTLE
FOR KICKING DIABLO'S
BUTT INSTEAD.



CAT!
PURR
FOR ME,
KIDDO!



FUNT

FUNT

FUNT

NNGH

MY STOMACH DROPS.
THERE'S NO WITTY
RETORT. NO SASSY
COMEBACK--



FELICIA...

IGNORE
DIABLO. JUST GET
HER BREATHING.
JUST--



...
THAT HAS
TO BE THE FIRST
TIME I'VE EVER BEEN
SLIPPED THE
TONGUE DURING
C.P.R.

INSTINCT.
YOU CAN STILL
DO THE CHEST
COMPRESSIONS
IF YOU WANT.



HOW
'BOUT WE BEAT
THE STUFFING OUT
OF THE BAD GUY
FIRST?

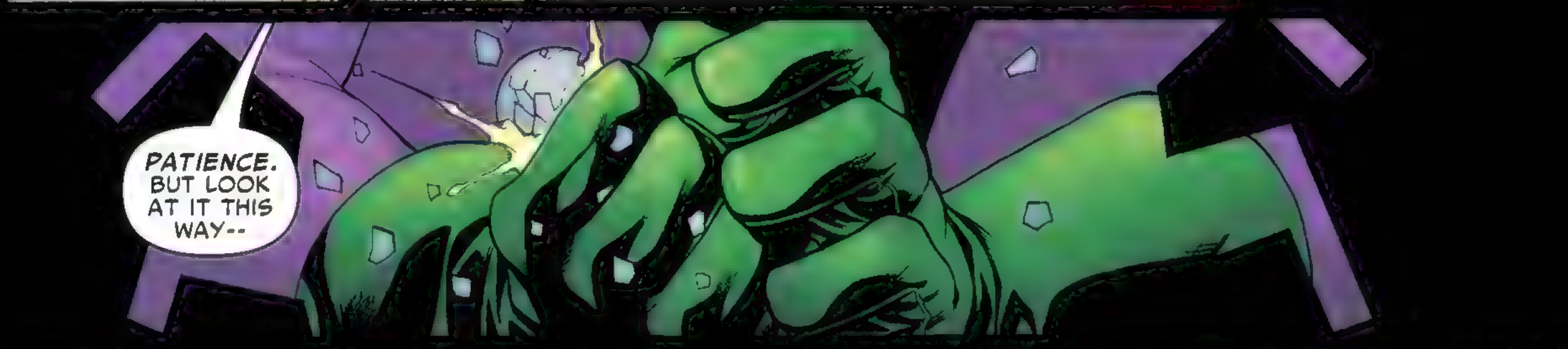
SPOILSPORT.



CONGRATULATIONS...
YOU ENJOY
ANOTHER DAY OF
MEDIOCRITY--

WHY DID
YOU KILL MAYER?
WHAT'S THE BIG
"EXPERIMENT"?

WEREN'T YOU
LISTENING?



PATIENCE.
BUT LOOK
AT IT THIS
WAY--



I WAITED
20 YEARS...

YOU'LL
WATCH IT UNFOLD
ON TOMORROW'S
NEWS.

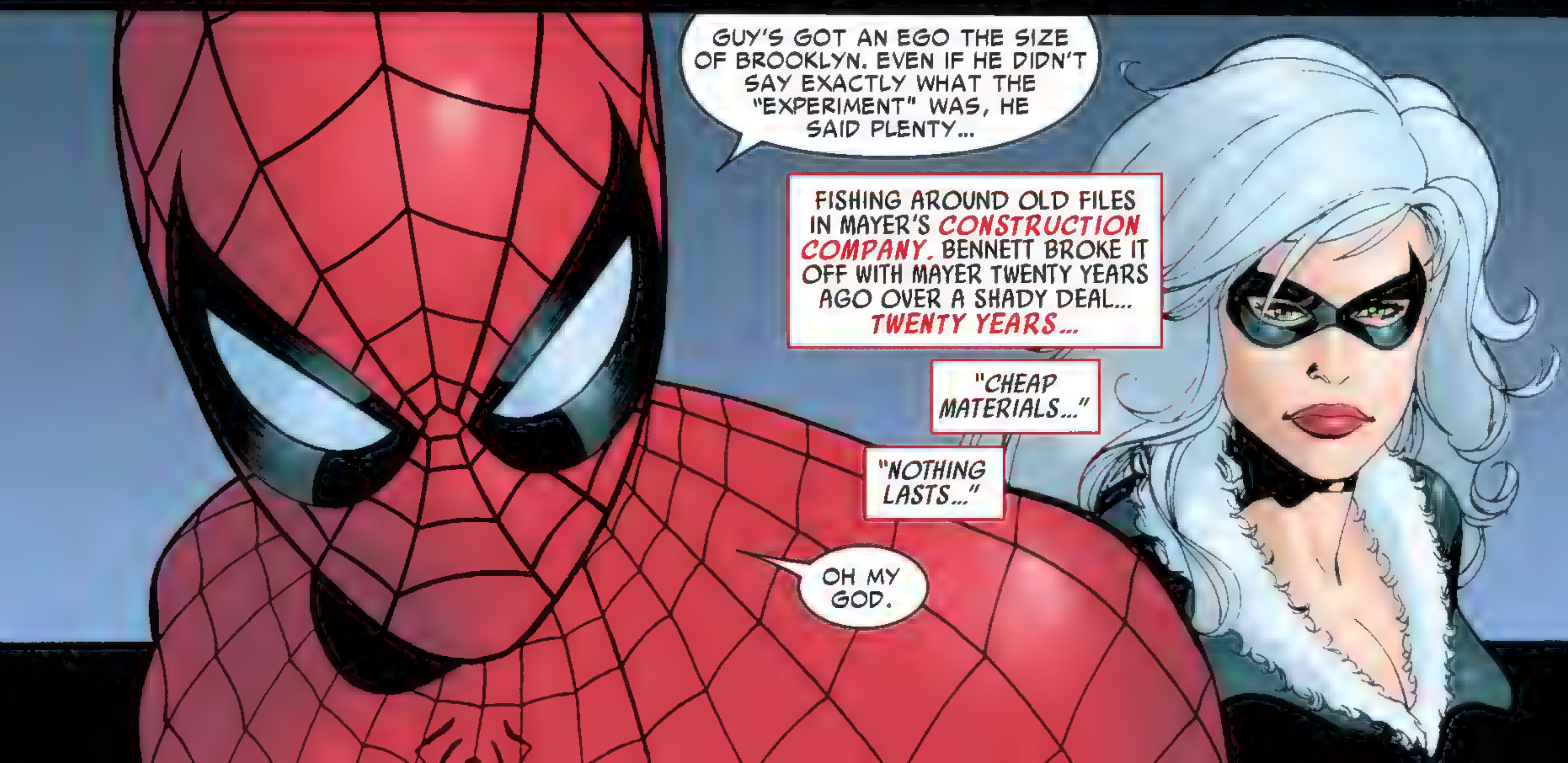
POOF



PRETTY RUDE
OF HIM NOT TO
SPILL THE MASTER
PLAN WHEN HE THOUGHT
WE WERE GOING
TO DIE.

I DON'T
THINK HE
READ THE
HANDBOOK.

NO
TALKY...
THINKY
TIME...



GUY'S GOT AN EGO THE SIZE
OF BROOKLYN. EVEN IF HE DIDN'T
SAY EXACTLY WHAT THE
"EXPERIMENT" WAS, HE
SAID PLENTY...

FISHING AROUND OLD FILES
IN MAYER'S **CONSTRUCTION**
COMPANY. BENNETT BROKE IT
OFF WITH MAYER TWENTY YEARS
AGO OVER A SHADY DEAL...
TWENTY YEARS...

"CHEAP
MATERIALS..."

"NOTHING
LASTS..."

OH MY
GOD.



"LET GO," SHE WHISPERED TO ME BEFORE, AND I DID. NO CLUE WHY, WE'VE HURT ONE ANOTHER BEFORE, BUT SOMETHING ABOUT BLACK CAT...WITH HER I CAN **LET GO...**

AND WHEN I DO, **GOOD THINGS** HAPPEN. AN HOUR LATER, SHE FINDS ME, RATTLES OFF AN **ADDRESS...**

...BEFORE I EVEN START WEBBING, THE PLACE IS HALF EVACUATED. **ALL** OF NEW YORK'S FINEST AND BRAVEST ON THE SCENE.

WHATEVER BALL OF YARN SHE'S PLAYING WITH, CAT PULLED SOME **BIG STRINGS.**

AS MAYOR, I BUILT A CORNERSTONE OF MY PLATFORM ON KEEPING THE PEOPLE OF THIS FINE CITY SAFE.

TODAY, YOU SEE THAT I AM A MAN WHO KEEPS HIS PROMISES, WHOSE INTELLIGENCE GATHERING NETWORK STRETCHES FAR AND WIDE--

YOU'RE WELCOME, JONAH!!

WHOOULFF!



"ARE YOU MAKING A PUN?"

"NO. CATASTROPHIC LIKE 'ACT OF GOD', EARTHQUAKE, COLLAPSE... PURCHASED 20 YEARS AGO FOR *PENNIES* WHEN THE BUILDING WAS SHINY AND NEW."

"AND WE KNOW THAT HOW?"

"BECAUSE *MAYBE* ONCE WE MADE THE CONNECTION FROM DIABLO TO BENNETT TO MAYER, I WAS ABLE TO CALL ON SOME *SPECIAL FRIENDS* WITH ACCESS TO *SPECIAL RECORDS* IN CITY HALL--"

"OUR CITY HALL. MANHATTAN'S CITY HALL--"

"OKAY, I'M SKIPPING TO THE GOOD PART BECAUSE YOU DON'T APPRECIATE THE NUANCE OF MY WORK."



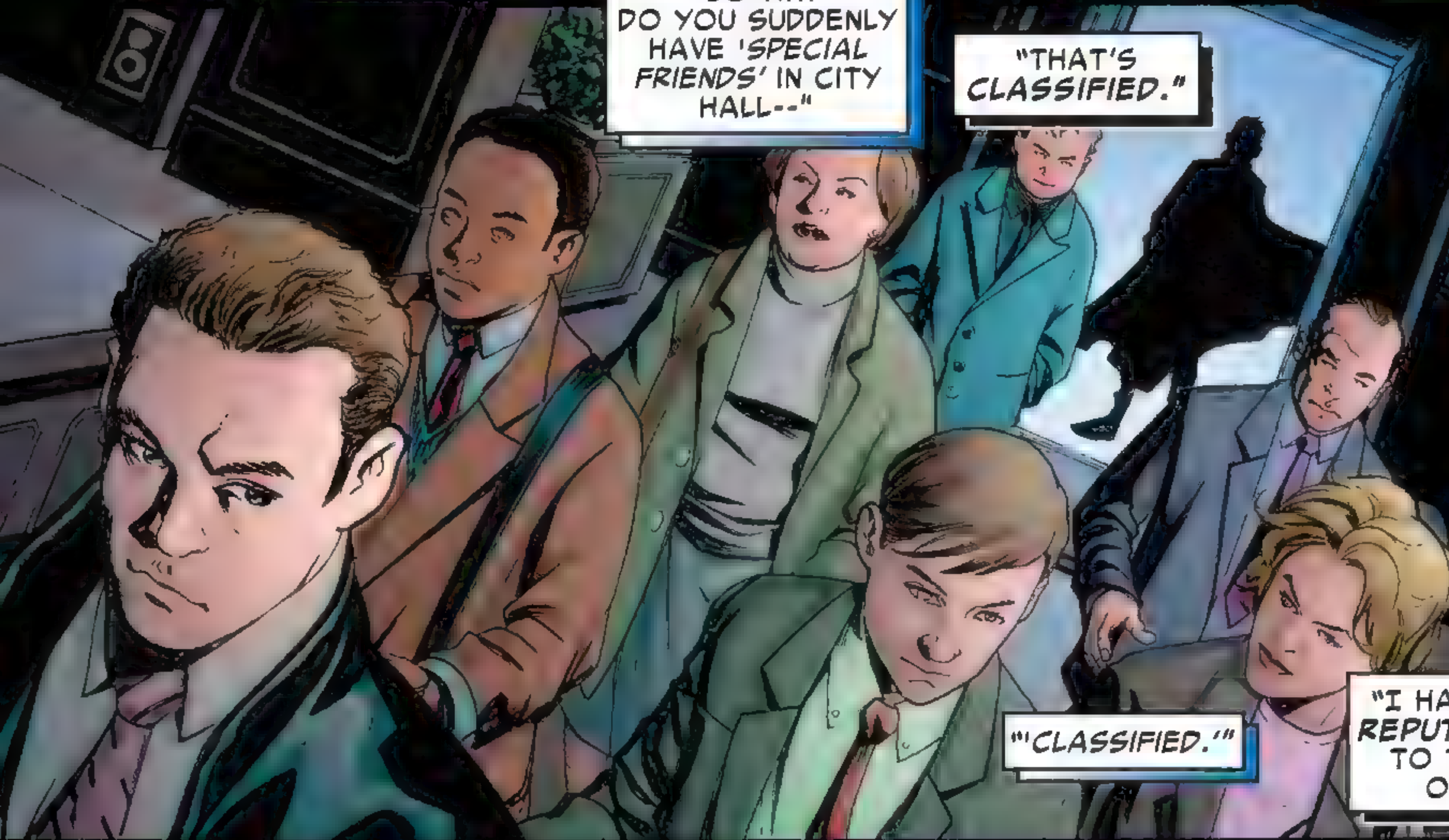
"THE COMBINED VALUE OF THESE NOTHING POLICIES? *NINE BILLION DOLLARS* SPLIT BETWEEN SEEMINGLY UNRELATED COMPANIES..."

"BUT WHILE *DIABLO* KNOWS HIS CHEMISTRY, HE DOESN'T KNOW JACK ABOUT MODERN DATA TRACKING."

"*INSURANCE FRAUD?* TWENTY YEARS IN THE MAKING... DANG. THE GUY'S THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND AT THE END OF THE DAY HE'S JUST ANOTHER CROOK."

"SO WHY DO YOU SUDDENLY HAVE '*SPECIAL FRIENDS*' IN CITY HALL--?"

"THAT'S CLASSIFIED."



"CLASSIFIED."

"I HAVE MY REPUTATION TO THINK OF."

"REPUTATION?"





I CAN
THINK OF A MUCH
BETTER USE OF YOUR
LIPS THAN REPEATING
EVERYTHING I'M
SAYING...CAN'T
YOU?

YES, YES I CAN...I
DON'T KNOW WHO SHE
WAS WORKING FOR OR
WHY THEY WERE AFTER
BENNETT...AND I
DON'T GIVE A DARN.

"SO HERE WE
ARE AGAIN, CAT...
THIS IS GOING
TO END BADLY,
ISN'T IT?"

"SPIDER...IT
ALREADY DID END
BADLY, AND GUESS
WHAT? WE BOTH
SURVIVED.

"HERE WE ARE WITH A
MIRACULOUS SECOND
CHANCE TO HAVE A
LITTLE FUN IF WE JUST
LET GO ENOUGH NOT
TO SCREW IT UP."

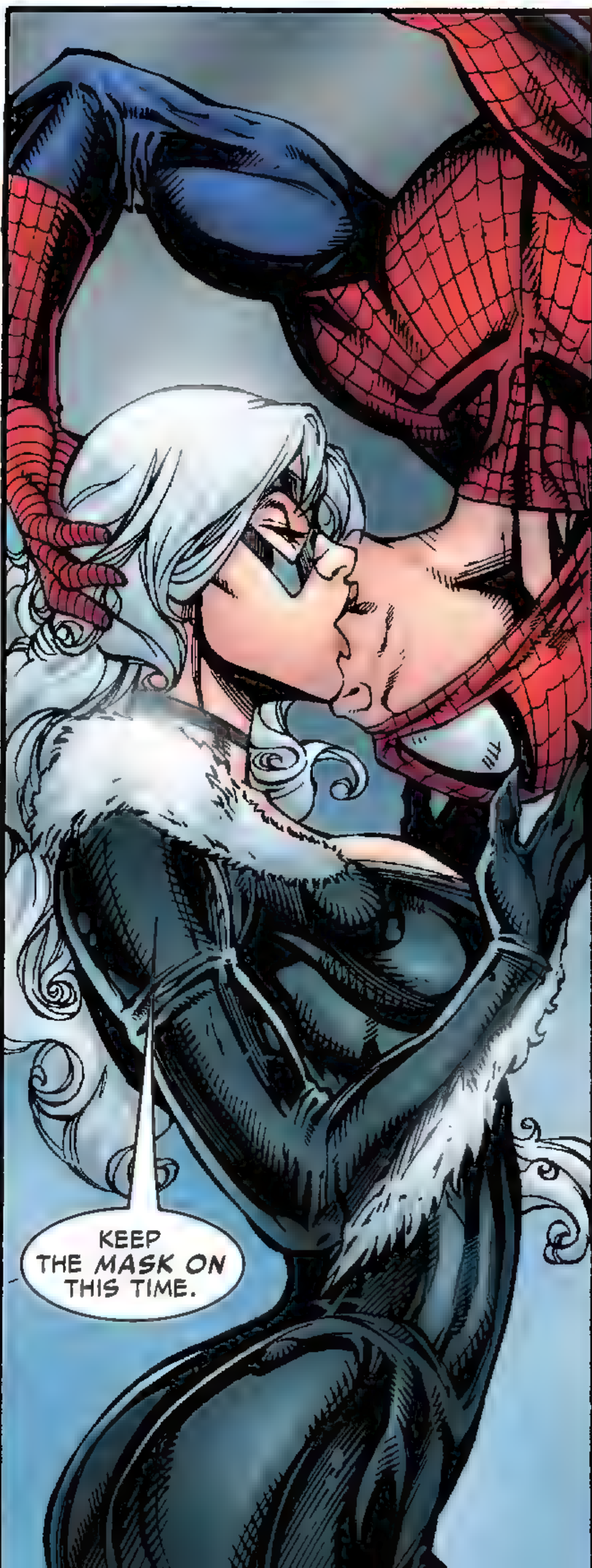
"AND HOW
DO WE DO
THAT, MISS
RELATIONSHIP
EXPERT?"

"JUST BE WHO WE
ARE. TWO CONSENTING
SUPER HEROES WITH
A LITTLE HISTORY
HAVING A LITTLE FUN
ONE NIGHT AT A TIME...

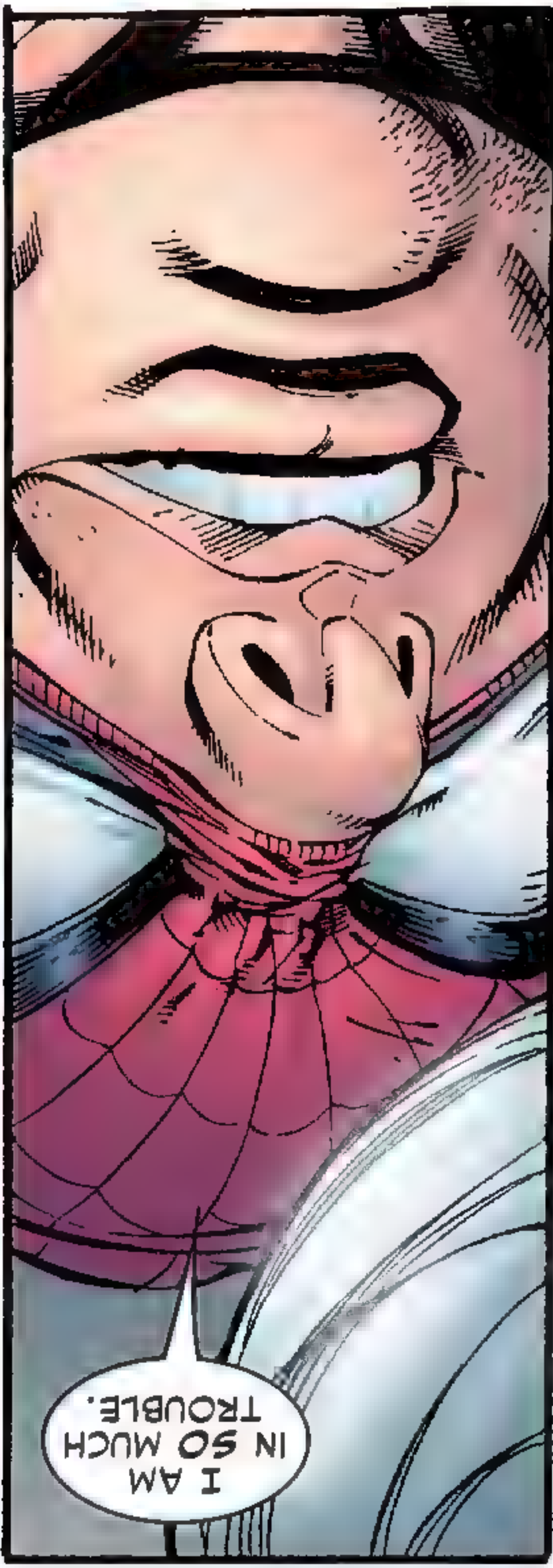
"MAYBE
AN AFTERNOON
IF WE'RE NOT BUSY
PUNCHING SOMEONE
IN THE FACE. NOTHING
MORE. NOTHING
LESS."

"YOU MAKE
IT SOUND SO
EASY."

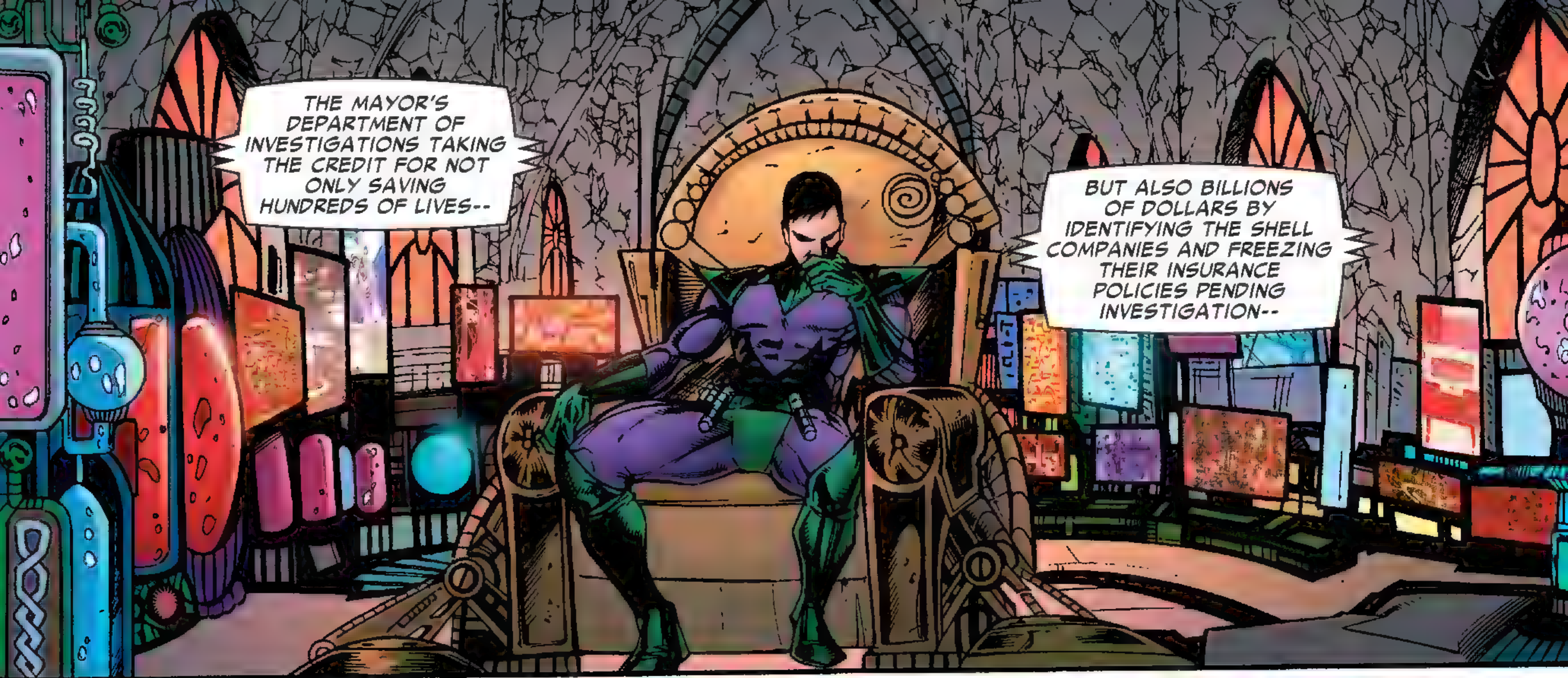
"IT IS EASY, SPIDER.
EASY AS FALLING,
BABY. JUST DO ME
A FAVOR..."



KEEP
THE MASK ON
THIS TIME.



I AM
IN SO MUCH
TROUBLE.



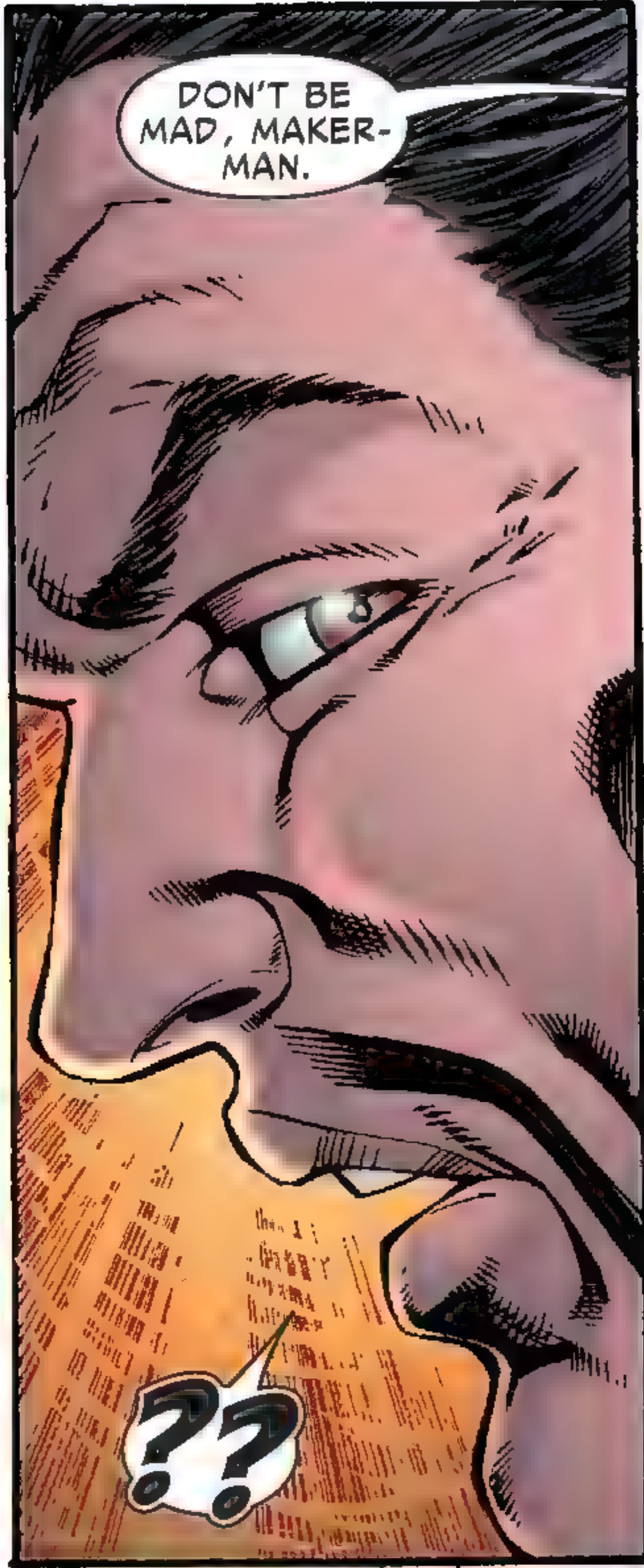
THE MAYOR'S
DEPARTMENT OF
INVESTIGATIONS TAKING
THE CREDIT FOR NOT
ONLY SAVING
HUNDREDS OF LIVES--

BUT ALSO BILLIONS
OF DOLLARS BY
IDENTIFYING THE SHELL
COMPANIES AND FREEZING
THEIR INSURANCE
POLICIES PENDING
INVESTIGATION--



YEEAAGH!

KRASH



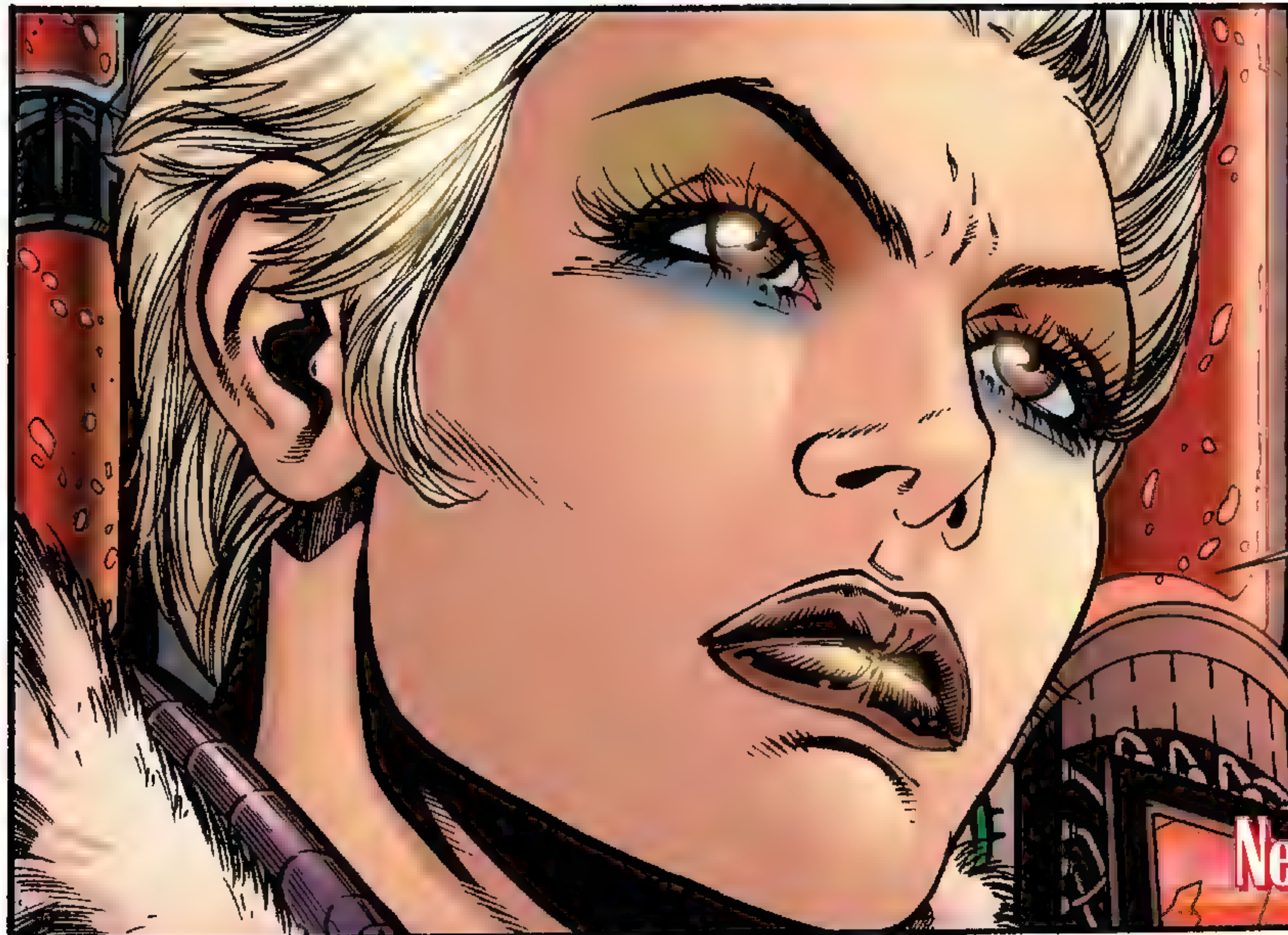
DON'T BE
MAD, MAKER-
MAN.

??



SOMETIMES LIFE
DOESN'T FOLLOW
SIMPLE EQUATIONS...
SOMETIMES OUR BIG
DREAMS FALL DOWN.
BUT AS THE
WEAVER LIKES
TO SAY...

"SO LONG
AS THERE'S
LIFE...THERE'S
HOPE."



I THINK
IT'S THE OTHER
WAY...IF YOU
HAVE HOPE...MAYBE
YOU CAN MAKE
LIFE.

MY NAME
IS ANA
KRAVINOV.

MY
MOTHER
WOULD VERY
MUCH LIKE TO
TALK TO
YOU.

Next: Who Was Ben Reilly?

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL



TOM BRENNAN ASST. EDITOR **STEPHEN WACKER** EDITOR

TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR **JOE QUESADA** EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER **ALAN FINE** EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

What a week here at the Spidey home offices in dank, rainy downtown New York. Children of editors starting school, corporate buyouts, competing publishers resigning, Brennan commenting wryly about current events with his pal in collections John Denning. How exciting.

And you knuckleheads out there in the reader-sphere don't stop writing. Apparently opinions are just like encounters with Brevoort's beard...everyone's had one and they all—HEY! There's a cheese sandwich stuck in that beard! Must be Thursday.

So with that, let's see what's on your mind.

Good day to thee, Spider-Mail-handlers,

(Wacker note: This is the LAST time I allow "Renaissance Faire Speak" in one of my columns. Don't do it again or else I'll have Slott drop Spidey down a well and this book will just become the adventures of me making lists of Duran Duran songs while trying on corduroy pants. Action ("Wacktion"?) in the Mighty Marvel Manner!)

I just put down American Son Part 1, and I have to say: Best. Story. Yet.

It's nice to see that Spider-man once again has a sole nemesis that he will have to best. I mean, I've been reading Spider-Man since the mid-'90s, and the likes of Traveller, The Jackal, After-First-Death-Normie and all that was what really made Spider-Man interesting for me. I cannot wait to see how this turns out!

I was a bit let down by the lack of a strong story arc with BND, but the change of pace and mood was definitely appreciated, given the dark theme of OMD and the Civil War. I look forward to an excellently long series and long read.

Make Mine Marvel!

Jonathan Sim
Via e-mail



Dear Spidey-office,

I'm a longtime reader, but I've never taken the time to write in before. (Well, that's not true. I wrote in once when I was about eight. I put the letter in the mailbox but I forgot a stamp. And I think I mailed it to the wrong place anyways. It was just a letter filled with spelling errors and pleas to tell me who Jack O'Lantern was.)

I'm now 20 years old. I've been reading Spider-Man comics for about as long as I have been able to read. I own all the Essential Spider-Man volumes, and plenty of back issues. Needless to say I'm a big fan.

I'm in the Army stationed in Germany right now and I've been really homesick with everything being so different from Southern California. All the comic shops carry is Spider-Man in German (who woulda thought?) and they are six months old anyways. Even though I have to spend about ten bucks when I buy them off the internet, it's worth it. Getting my weekly copy of Amazing Spider-Man is the one thing that makes me feel like I'm home again.

Anyways, on to the thing that compelled me to write in after all these years of silence: Amazing Spider-Man #596. Not because Pete's finally taking it to Norman (though I've been saying he needs to go after him hard way before Character Assassination), but because the scene of Pete talking to a grave. I figured it'd be Uncle Ben...AGAIN...sigh. But this time it was Gwen Stacy's grave! And then he said he loved her! I was so excited. I always said that if I ever got to write Spider-Man, I'd make it be 100% clear that his true love was Gwen.

I never liked Mary Jane. I've always felt

she was just Pete's second choice and that if Gwen had actually come back (and not a clone), he would have picked her. So to make a long story short, I just want to say thank you for that, and most of all, thank you for putting out your wonderful weekly mag that never fails to make me feel better.

Real quick though, can you guys please, please, bring back Dr. Octopus. Please bring him back, and make him really sock it to Spidey. Again thanks for everything.

Anthony Sinibaldi
Somewhere in Germany

Anthony I know you're a few issues behind so I'm happy to tell you that your wish indeed comes true in issue #600 with the return of Doctor Octopus. In the story, we find out that Gwen is back and never actually liked Pete. She marries Doc Ock and they move to Germany and start a mail order comic book business. Hope you like it!



Dear Steve and Brennan,

I just read ASM #598, and three letters and one word came to mind: W-O-W! It was very suspenseful trying to see Norman unmask Spider-Man. The big reveal, with Norman being the father was great.

There was one thing bugging me though. Peter said that Harry is Norman's only son. However, there is a certain Gabriel Stacy who shares a father with Harry. With Gab not being seen since his escape in Sins Remembered, he is still around somewhere. However he may be in Avenger Tower! The name above one of the test subjects was "G Stacy." Is that Gabriel Stacy?

It makes sense that Norman would have his other son as a backup in case Harry says. "no". Plus, Norman can spin this in the media by saying that he loved Gwen Stacy and had kids with her. Then he would pin Gwen's death on Spider-Man. Definitely something Norman would do. Am I close?

Georgios Zavolas
Via e-mail

Spider-People,

Is that Gabriel Stacy in the tube behind Harry's head on page 13 of #598? I was hoping with the One More Day storyline all that Norman/Gwen garbage never really happened. It never made sense that Gwen would have a fling with a nut job like Norman. Beautiful young girl. Crazy, old, bad-hair guy. Next thing you know, we'll find out Norman had the real Gwen all along and the one that died in 121 was actually a clone. He'd been keeping her hidden all that time to bring her out at a later date to screw with Pete. When Mephisto changed the time line in One More Day, Norman suddenly found himself with a captive Gwen, but couldn't remember why. She's been stuffed away in a closet all this time. Yeesh.

Actually, you guys could probably figure out some way to make the above farce sound plausible. Bring back Gwen! Sorry. Lost it there for a moment.

Rob Shelor
via e-mail

Sorry to break it to you, Rob, but those stories still happened. There have been dozens of Spidey stories over the years that were as controversial as they were effective – the kinds of stories people debate decades after they see print – and we're pretty sure, Sins Past will still be talked about years from now, both positively

and negatively.

And that tube you're referring to just said "G. Stacy." We ain't saying who ...or *what*... is in it...yet.

Spidey-Office,

I just have one question: Why did it take this long to get Joe Kelly to write Spider-Man? We had to go through Deadpool, then X-Men (which was good, but again, he was meant for Spidey). Then it was Steampunk with perfect Spidey collaborator: Chris Bachalo. But then, no Kelly-written Spidey except for the 3 issue tease in Web-Slingers several years back. Flashforward to his long run at DC. All good stuff--but come on now!

So like, what? 10+ years and only now you guys get it? As we enjoy the current story arc, let's still be vigilant and not miss the boat like last time.

Steve Grzesik
Via e-mail

This is surprising to me. I had no idea Joe Kelly even wrote comics before I found him in Union Square in a curry splattered, oversized Mets jersey (no pants) selling pictures of himself posing angrily with aging hippies. Boy, ya think ya know someone. I'll check out some of these old Joe Kelly comics though. I like watching them mighty fall.



And finally a quick, friendly plug for a new television series written by Spidey Web-head Marc Guggenheim (author of the "Who Was Ben Reilly" 3-parter that starts next issue). It's called FlashForward and from everything Marc has told us, it sounds like it's going to be one of the most exciting new shows on TV this year (well, aside from Marvel's new Super Hero Squad cartoon). FlashForward is on Thursdays on ABC, so find your local channel, grab some popcorn and check it out.

Viva Templar!
Simperin' Steve

NEXT ISSUE:



W.W.B.R.!

MARVEL
608 .com

**GUGGENHEIM
CHECCHETTO
ROSS**

4/7

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

THE DB! FOR EVERY BRAND NEWS DAY!
THE DB!
 APRIL 23, 2008 WEDNESDAY
MAYOR JONAH JAMESON!!!



Mayor J. Jonah Jameson Yes THE J. Jonah Jameson is mayor of New York. How did it happen? When we last saw Jonah J., he was recovering from a heart attack and wondering what to do with his life now that his wife Maria sold the Daily Bugle out from under him to the king of slimeball journalism, Dexter Bennett. How did he turn it all around? Spidey couldn't tell you. He and the FF were busy quelling civil unrest in the Macroverse, a dimension who's time stream so differs from our own that a short mission cost them two months on Earth! And everyone knows two months in the life of Peter Parker ANYTHING can change. When Peter begrudgingly unmasked to the Fantastic Four. But the big problem remains clear - J. Jonah Jameson, former Stalin-esque boss to Peter Parker and archenemy to Spider-Man, is now Chief of New York City. It's time for Pete to make a statement.

UND
UND

What beg
unrelated gan
escalated to a
crime organizati
have



PETER PARKER'S P.O.V.

So a little while back, before my Aunt went and got herself hitched to J. Jonah Jameson's dad (also named J. Jonah Jameson, oddly enough), we had an enegagement party up in Boston and met my Aunt's distant family, the Reillys.

The Reillys have made my life very interesting, shacking up in my Aunt's place while she and her new hubby travel the globe. But that's the least terrifying story from the party. The big bad? Some costumed loon with Dinosaur powers calling himself Raptor had been stalking the Reillys in an attempt to track down Ben Reilly.

Who's Ben Reilly? He's me. Well, not exactly - he's my clone, created years ago by the Jackal in an attempt to kill me. He broke free from the Jackal and went on to live his own life, one I assumed was full of unicorns and rainbows and puppy dogs. Seems instead he ran into this Raptor character, formerly a scientist named Damon Ryder. Ryder claimed Ben killed his family, before disappearing into the night.

I can't much help the guy - Ben Reilly died years ago. But the identical face/voice/all-around-handsome features we share make a hard sell. You'd think a dude with Dinosaur powers might believe a story about clones, but no.

So I've got my guard up for him. With my run of luck lately - Doc Ock and the Chameleon popping back on the scene, and my old sometimes-foe/sometimes-flame the Black Cat back on the scene, I can't imagine I'm getting a reprieve anytime soon...

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CHECCHETTO
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LUKE ROSS &
RICK MAGYAR
(pages 1, 13-15 & 20)

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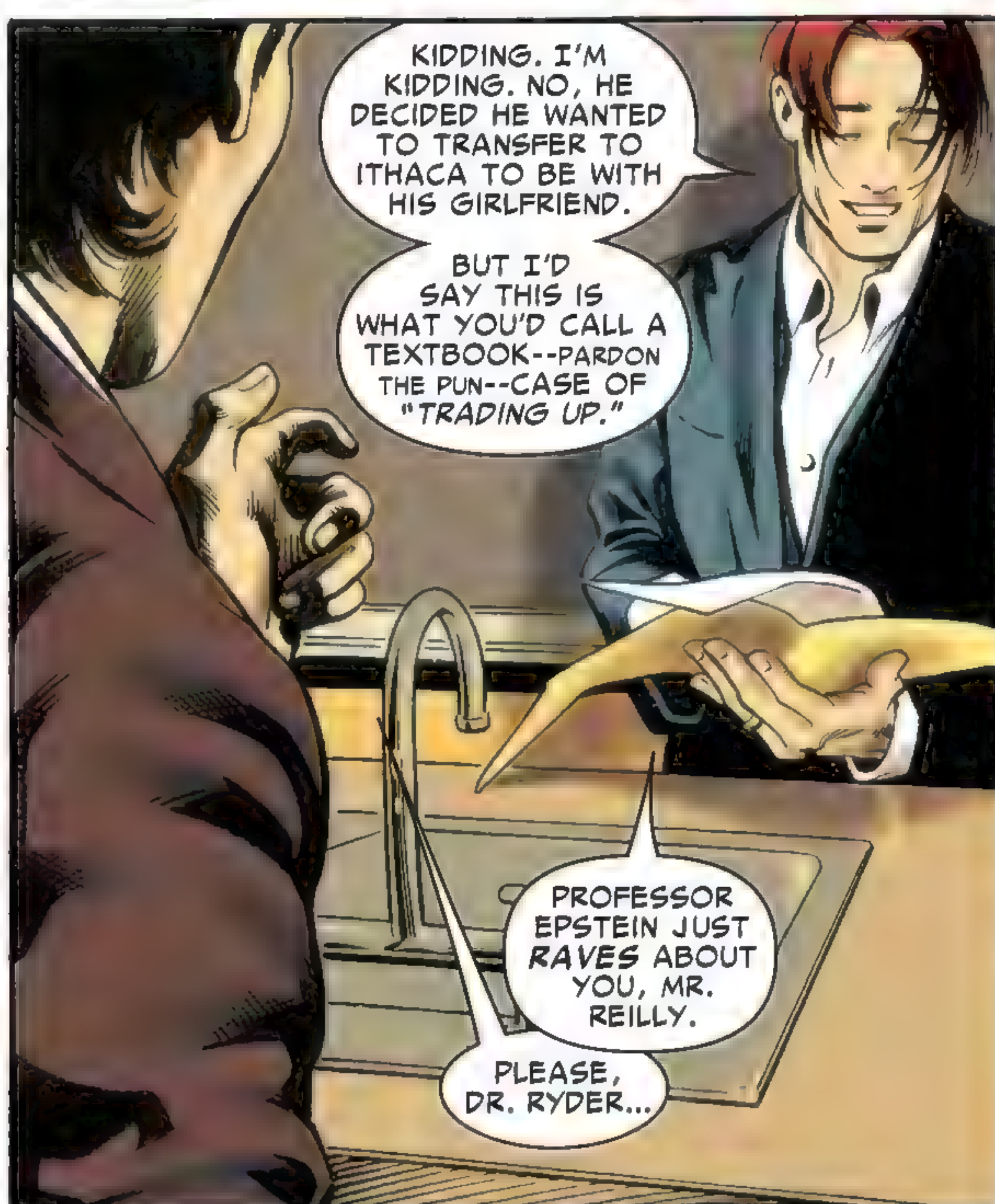
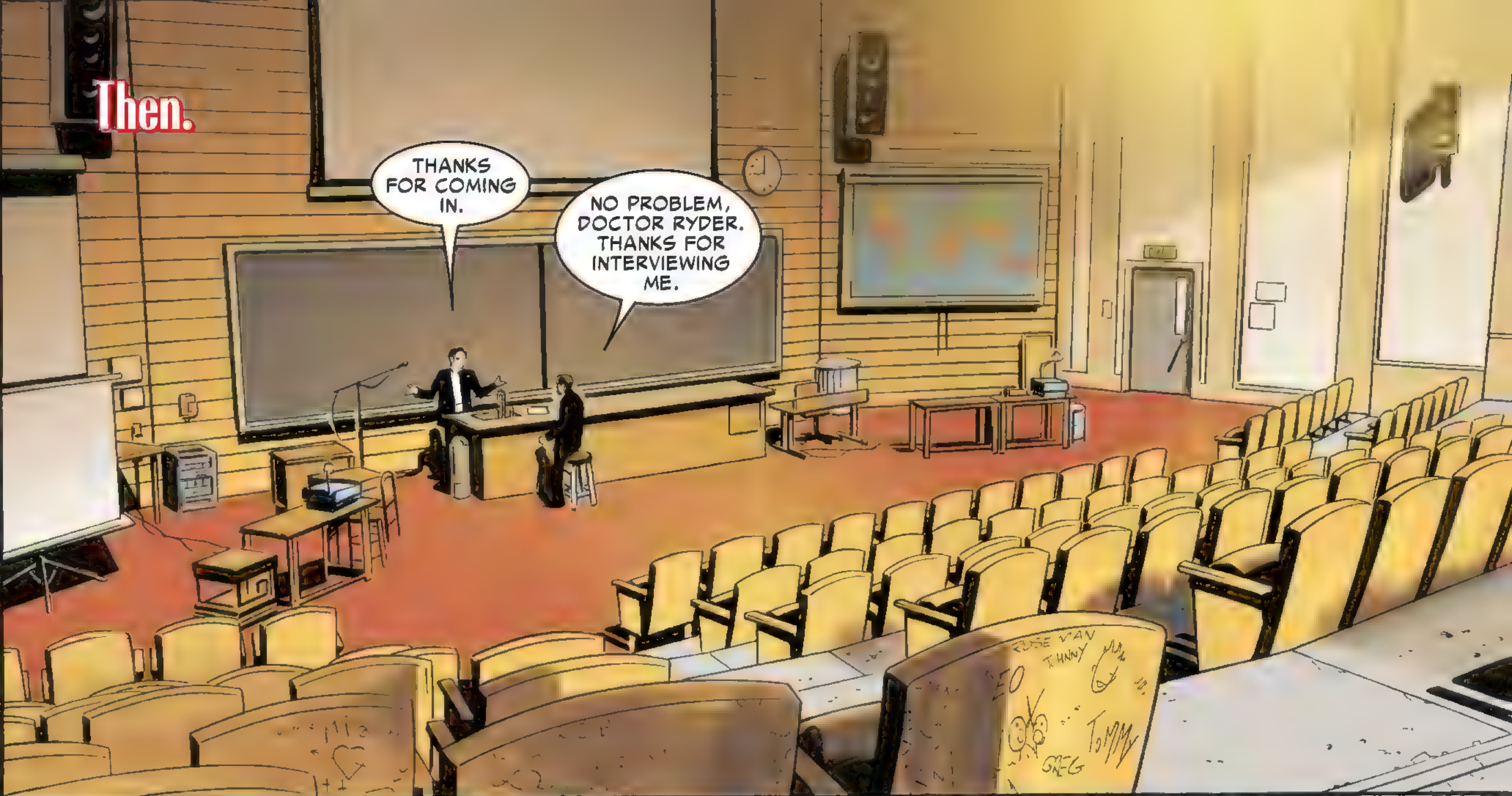
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& WELLS
Web-heads

DAN
BUCKLEY
Publisher

ALAN
FINE
Executive
Producer

Then.



Now.

NEW YORK FREAKIN' CITY! HOME OF 24-HOUR CHINESE FOOD. LAX ETHICAL STANDARDS FOR ASSISTANT EDITORS AND THE INTERNET-READY THRILL-SEEKING CRIMINAL!

SCREWBALL!

COULD WE PLEASE DO THIS AT STREET LEVEL? I'M SCARED OF HEIGHTS!!!

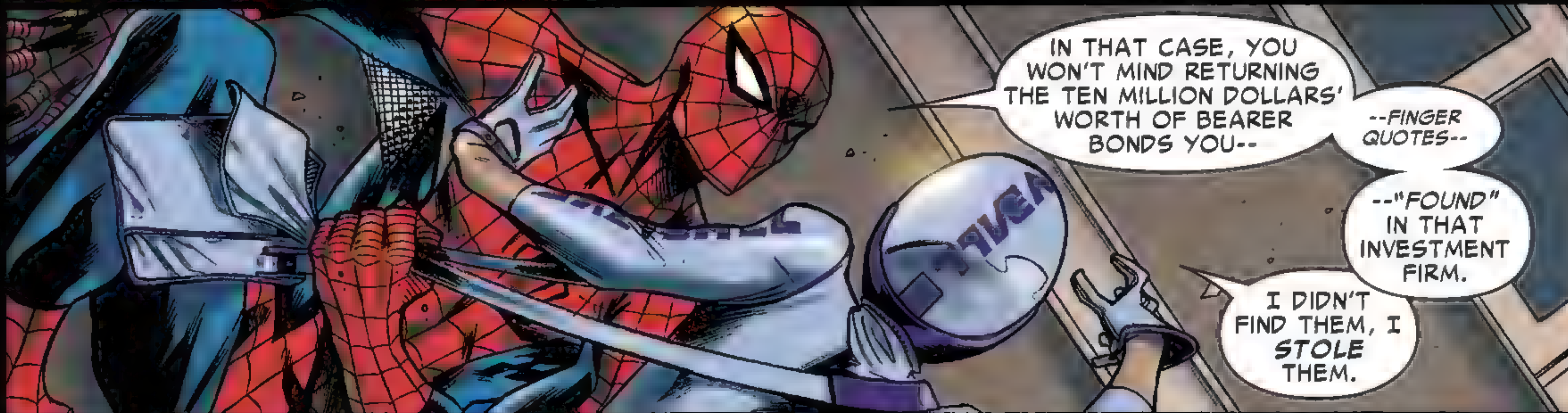
C'MON, YOU'RE SPIDER-MAN, HOW--?

I KID. I KID BECAUSE I LOVE.

CRACK

I HIT, HOWEVER, BECAUSE I'VE FOUND THAT'S GENERALLY THE BEST WAY TO TAKE OUT BAD GUYS.

I'M NOT A BAD GUY.



IN THAT CASE, YOU WON'T MIND RETURNING THE TEN MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF BEARER BONDS YOU--

--FINGER QUOTES--

--"FOUND" IN THAT INVESTMENT FIRM.

I DIDN'T FIND THEM, I **STOLE** THEM.



YES, THAT WAS THE GENERAL POINT I WAS TRYING TO MAKE.

IT'S CALLED **SARCASM**. I CAN'T BANTER WITH A BAD GUY WHO DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT IT.

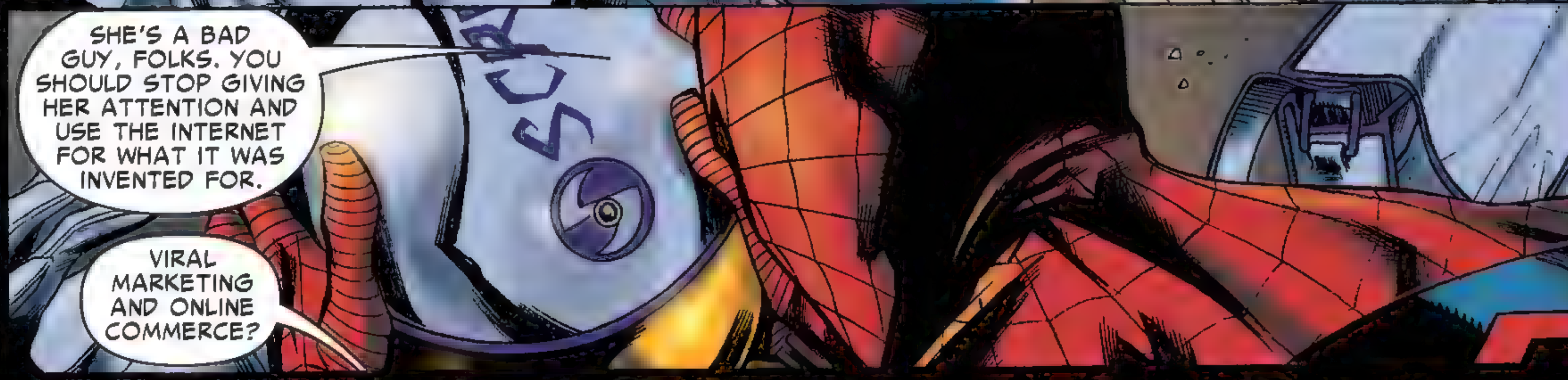
FOR THE GAJILLIONTH TIME, I'M NOT A "BAD GUY," I'M A **PERFORMANCE ARTIST**. THE WORLD'S FIRST LIVE-BLOGGING SUPER VILLAIN.

I HATE TO BE THE ONE TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT "SUPER VILLAINS" ARE BAD GUYS.



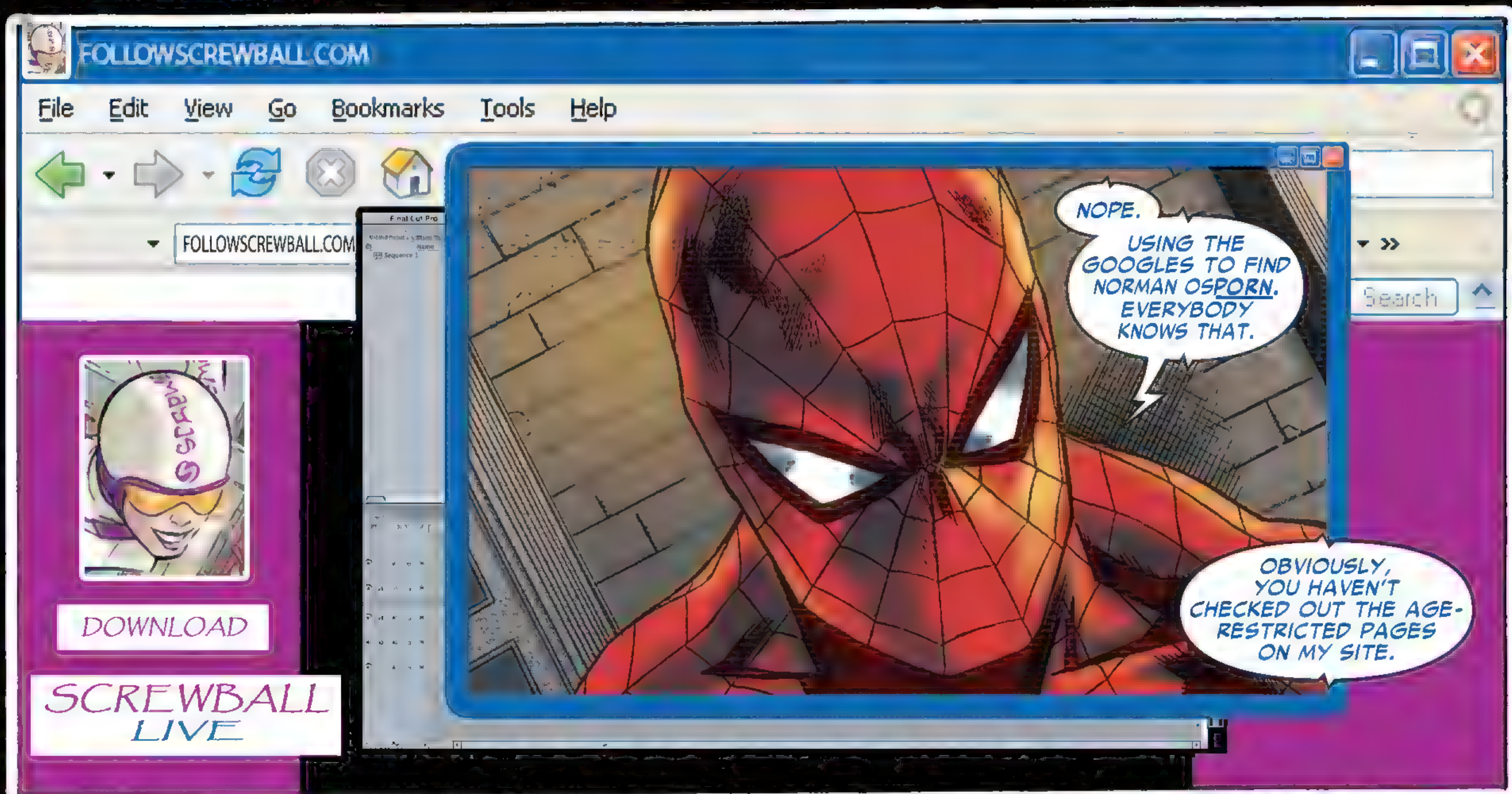
TELL THAT TO THE EIGHTEEN MILLION PEOPLE WHO SUBSCRIBE TO MY WEBSITE.

FINE.



SHE'S A BAD GUY, FOLKS. YOU SHOULD STOP GIVING HER ATTENTION AND USE THE INTERNET FOR WHAT IT WAS INVENTED FOR.

VIRAL MARKETING AND ONLINE COMMERCE?

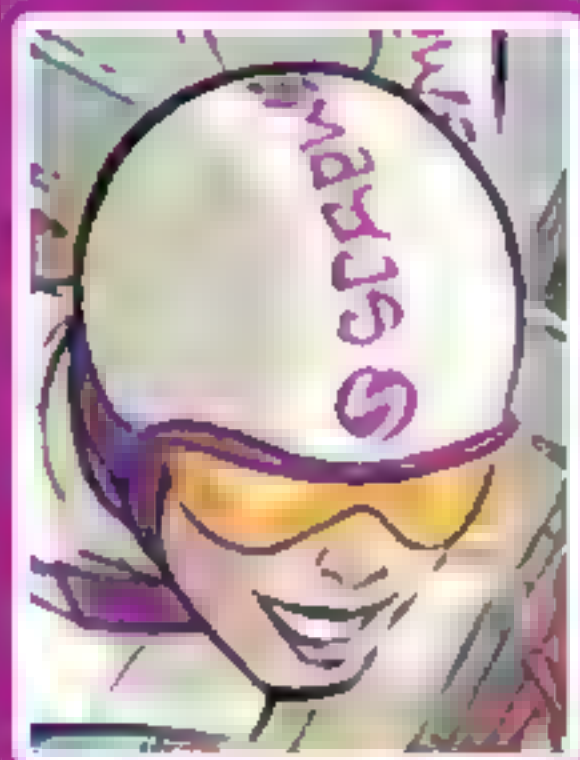


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SCREWBALL
LIVE

NOPE.

USING THE GOOGLES TO FIND NORMAN OSPORN. EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT.

OBVIOUSLY, YOU HAVEN'T CHECKED OUT THE AGE-RESTRICTED PAGES ON MY SITE.

AND HERE I THOUGHT MARRYING AUNT MAY WAS THE GROSSEST THING ONE OF MY SUPER VILLAINS COULD DO...

HEY, SPIDEY--
MIND IF I CALL YOU
"SPIDEY"?--I'VE GOT
A QUESTION: WHAT'S
MORE IMPORTANT,
CATCHING ME OR
RETURNING STOLEN
PROPERTY?

WHO SAYS
I CAN'T DO
BOTH?

JUST MY
GOOD OLD
FRIEND...

WHO?

GRAVITY!

WITH GREAT POWER
MUST COME GREAT
RESPONSIBILITY...
AND A LOT OF PAINS
IN MY WEBBED BUTT!

OH,
COME
ON!

I HATE MY JOB
SOMETIMES, I
REALLY DO.

I DUNNO,
PETER...

The Offices of Front Line.

THIS FIGHT BETWEEN
SPIDER-MAN AND
SCREWBALL'S ALREADY
ALL OVER THE 'NET.
IT'S GONE VIRAL.

WE GO TO
PRESS WITH
THESE, AND WE'RE
LITERALLY PUBLISHING
YESTERDAY'S
NEWS.



SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, URICH, IS, THAT'S A "NO" ON PAYING ME FOR THESE.

THINK OF IT MORE AS AN "OBJECT LESSON" IN WHY NEWSPAPERS ARE DYING--LOOK AT THE DB! AND HOW IT'S ON LIFE SUPPORT THESE DAYS.

AND MAYOR JAMESON PROBABLY WOULDN'T TAKE KINDLY TO YOU MOONLIGHTING.

THANKS, BUT OBJECT LESSONS WON'T PAY MY RENT. THE MAYOR'S OFFICE IS AS CHEAP AS THE MAYOR.



Y'KNOW, BEN, SPEAKING OF PRINT BEING DEAD, I HAD AN IDEA--NOW JUST GO WITH ME ON THIS--READY?--
NEWSPAPER INK.

NEWSPAPER INK THAT DOESN'T--WAIT FOR IT--RUB OFF ON YOUR HANDS. IT'S THE 21ST CENTURY, I THINK IT'S TIME.

I'M GONNA TAKE THAT UNDER ADVISEMENT, PETE.

YEAH, HE'S RIGHT OVER THERE.

THANK YOU, KINDLY.



HELLO, BEN REILLY.

OH, THIS ISN'T GOOD...



DAMON RYDER.

WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

HOW IS HE--?

LONG TIME. HOW'VE YOU BEEN?



PLAY THIS ONE REAL CAREFUL, PETEY.

RYDER DOESN'T KNOW THAT SPIDER-MAN UNMASKED HIM AS THE GUY WHO ATTACKED PETER PARKER IN BOSTON.



IN THE CLASSIC AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #36.
--GUGGENHEIM

IT'S NOT A CLASSIC.
MORE LIKE "RECENT."
--WACKER

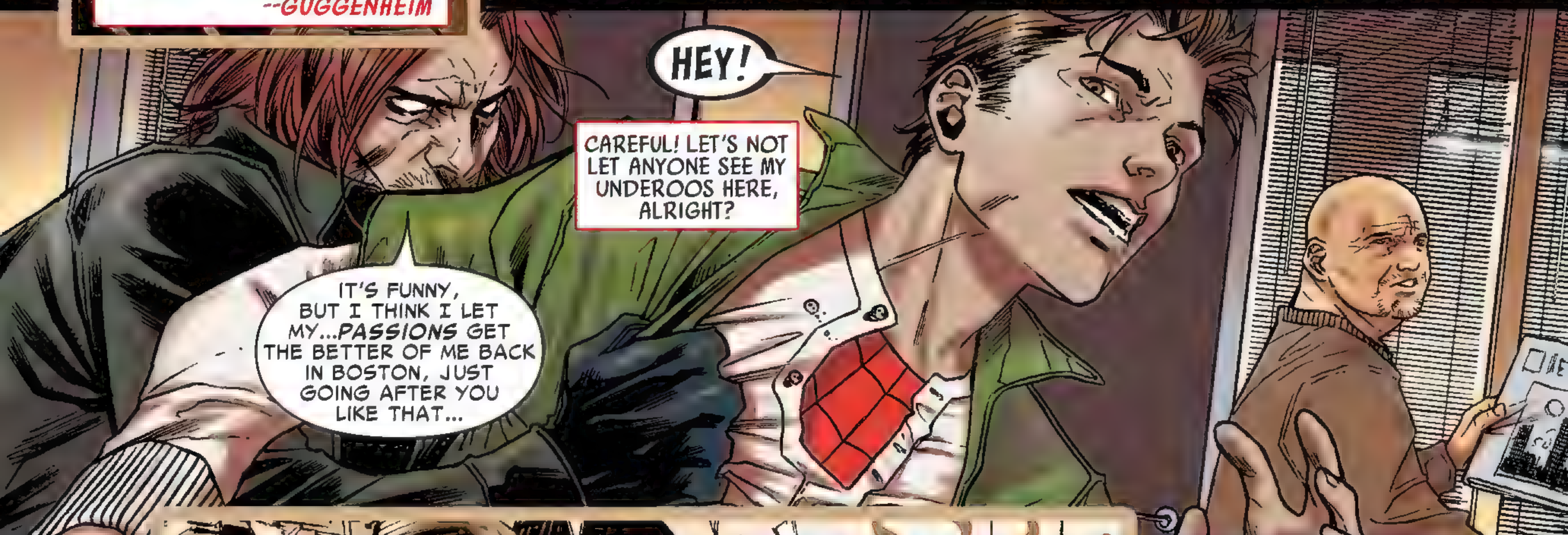
IN THE RECENTLY CLASSIC
AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #36.
--GUGGENHEIM



SORRY.
THINK YOU'VE
GOT ME MISTAKEN
FOR SOMEONE
ELSE--

NO, I
REALLY DON'T
THINK I DO,
BEN.

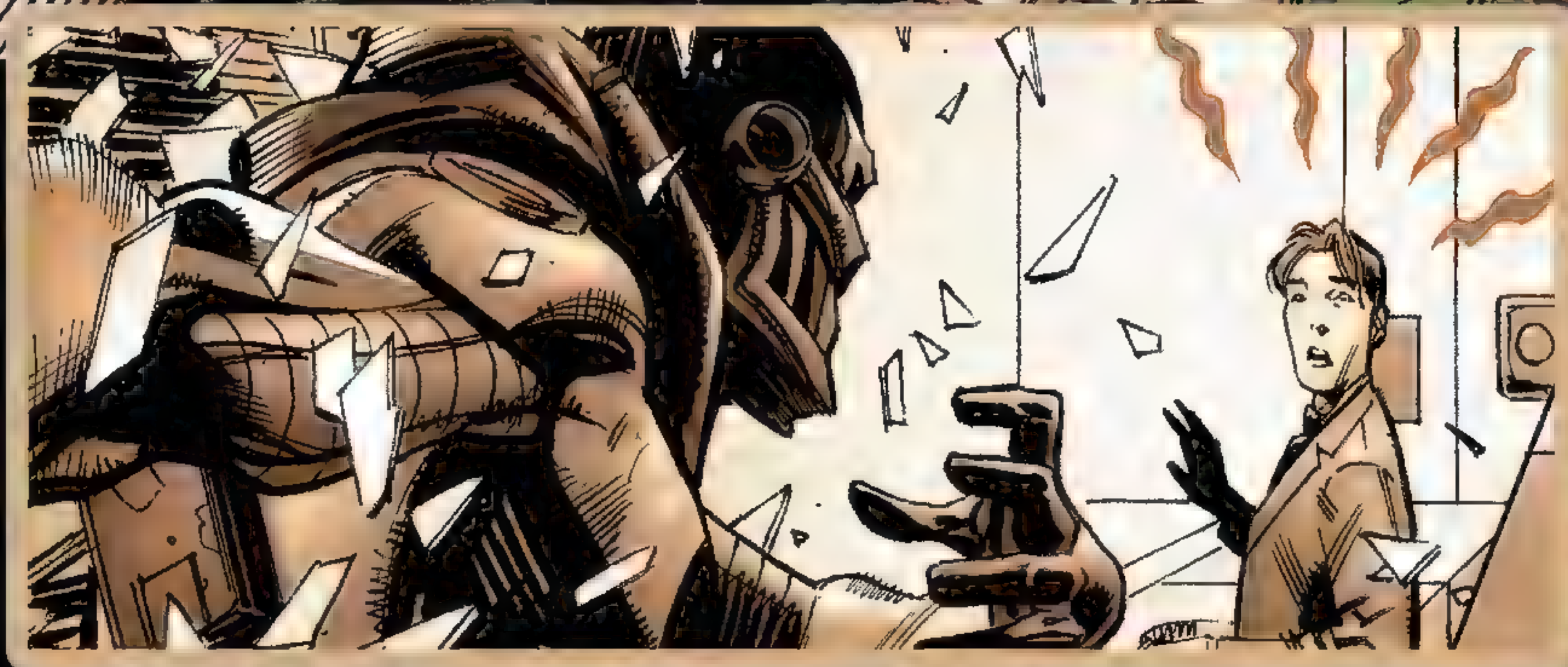
THE
ONLY "BEN"
AROUND HERE
IS URICH--



HEY!

CAREFUL! LET'S NOT
LET ANYONE SEE MY
UNDEROOS HERE,
ALRIGHT?

IT'S FUNNY,
BUT I THINK I LET
MY...PASSIONS GET
THE BETTER OF ME BACK
IN BOSTON, JUST
GOING AFTER YOU
LIKE THAT...



"...IN THE MEN'S
ROOM. THAT
WAS SLOPPY.
UNDISCIPLINED."

"THAT WAS IMPATIENCE
AT WORK. THE RESULT
OF YEARS WAITING FOR
YOU TO RESURFACE."

ALSO IN THE CLASSIC
AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
ANNUAL #36.--WACKER
(SON OF A SLOTT! NOW
HE'S GOT ME DOING IT...)



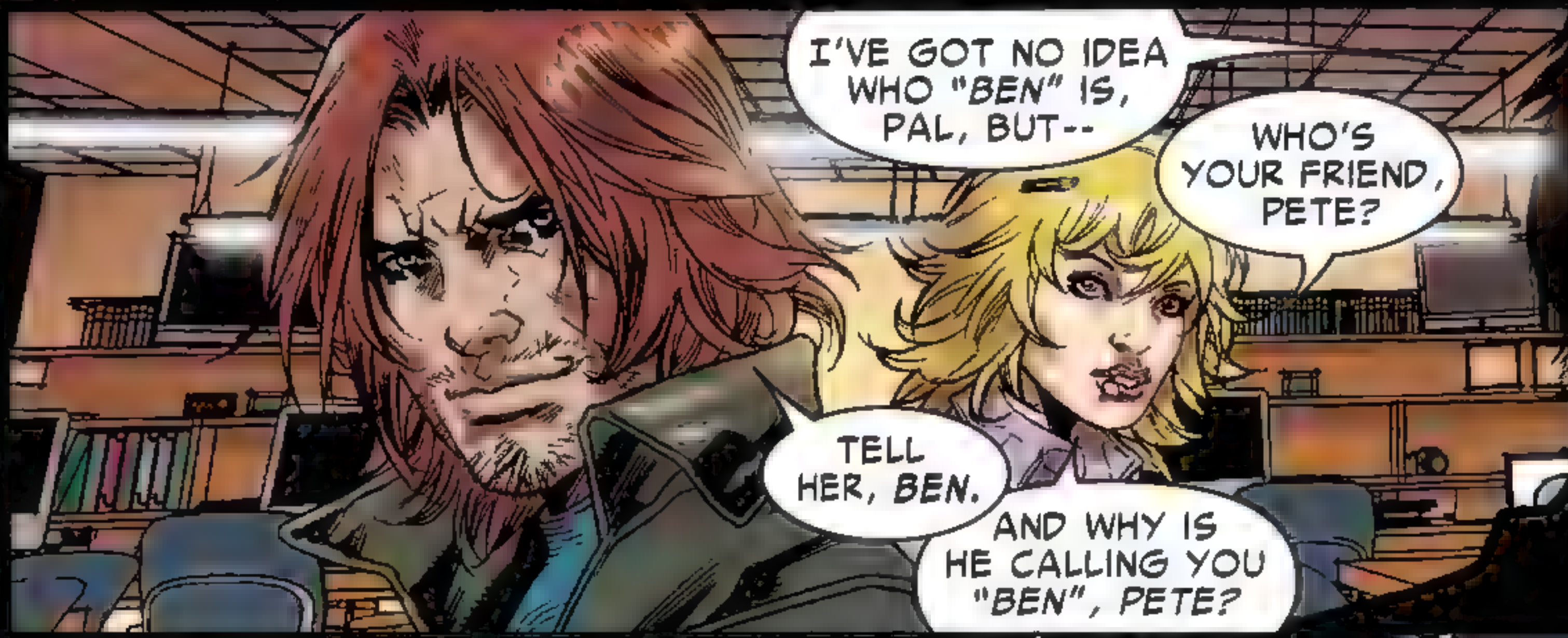
BUT NOW
THAT I'VE FOUND
YOU HERE IN
MANHATTAN--

--NOW THAT
I'VE SEEN THIS
NEW LIFE YOU'VE
MADE--

--I'M THINKING
IT MIGHT BE MORE
APPROPRIATE TO
TEAR IT APART, PIECE
BY PIECE, PERSON
BY PERSON,
FRIEND BY--

ENOUGH.

I DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU
ARE, BUT YOU SOUND
LIKE A GUY AUDITIONING
FOR A RESTRAINING
ORDER--



I'VE GOT NO IDEA WHO "BEN" IS, PAL, BUT--

WHO'S YOUR FRIEND, PETE?

TELL HER, BEN.

AND WHY IS HE CALLING YOU "BEN", PETE?



BECAUSE, NORAH, HE'S MISTAKING ME FOR MY DEAD CLONE.

COME AGAIN?



A FEW YEARS AGO, SOME WACKED-OUT MAD SCIENTIST MADE A CLONE OF ME.

TWO CLONES, ACTUALLY. BUT I DON'T THINK THAT'S IMPORTANT.



AND THIS GUY THINKS ONE OF THE CLONES--

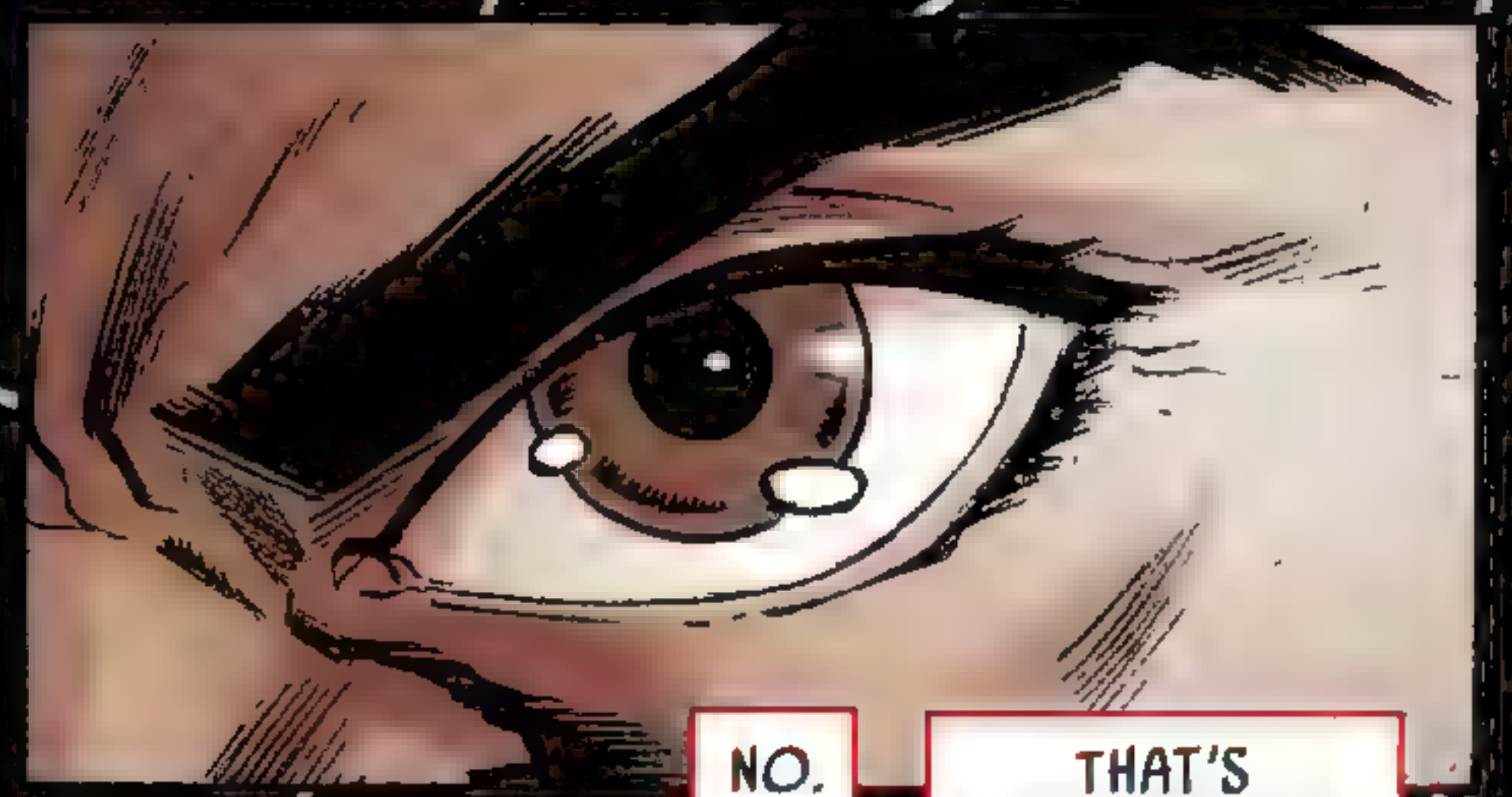
--WHO TOOK THE NAME BEN REILLY--

--KILLED HIS FAMILY.



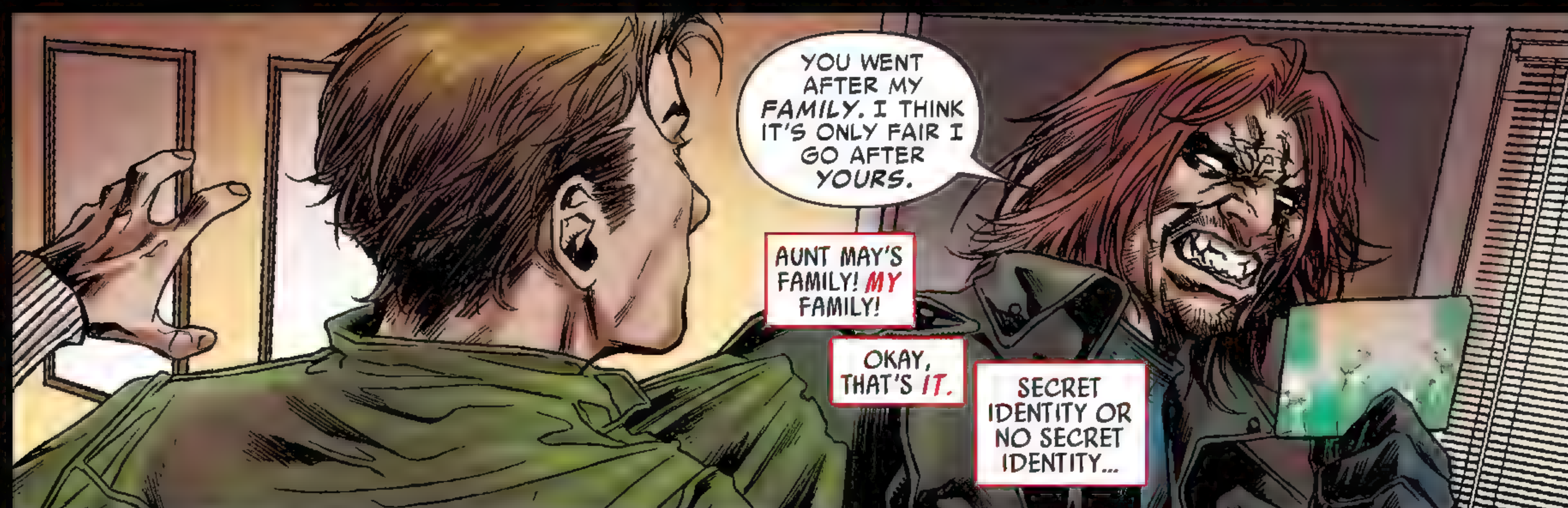
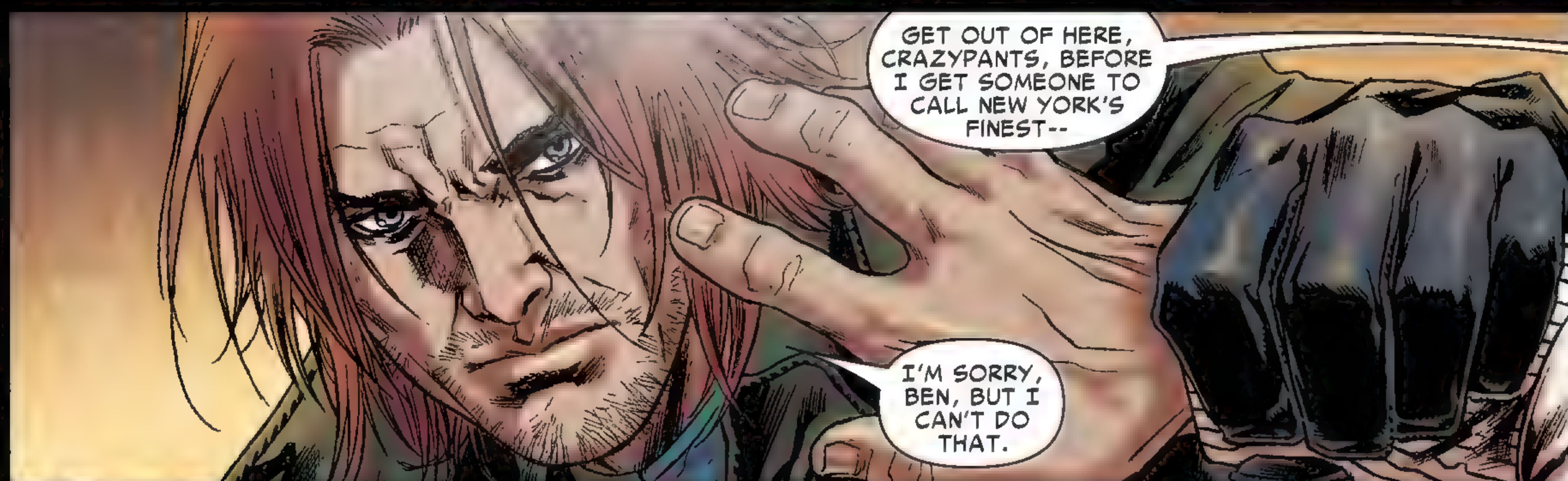
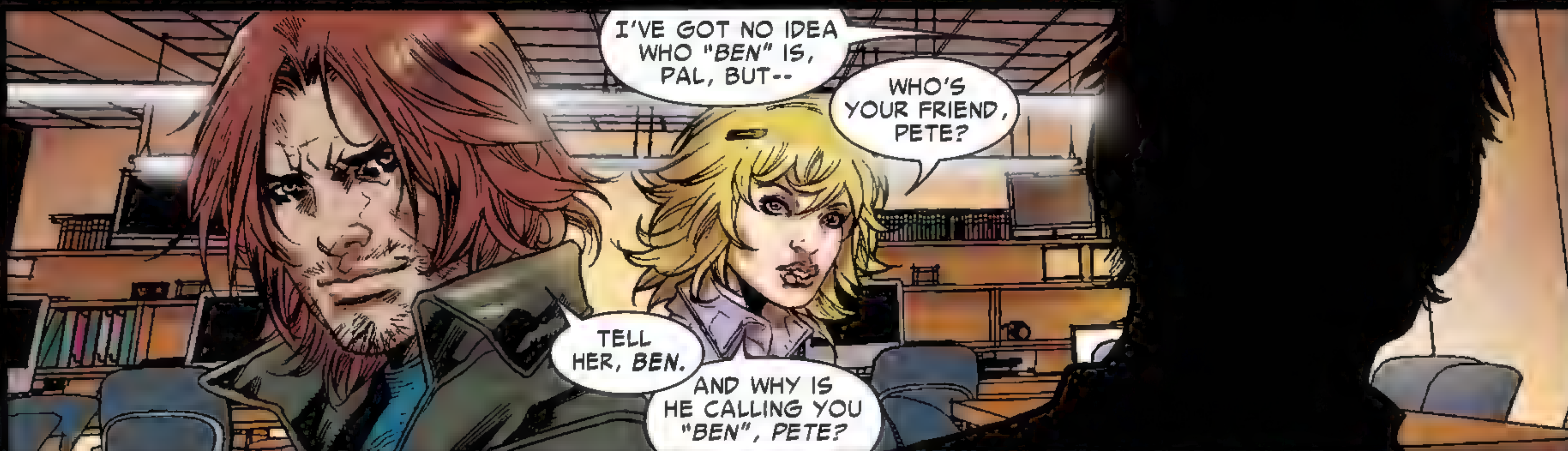
WHICH, OF COURSE, I'D NEVER DO. I MEAN, THE CLONED ME WOULD NEVER DO.

THE POINT IS, BEN DIED A FEW YEARS AGO, BUT THIS LOONY TUNE THINKS I'M BEN.

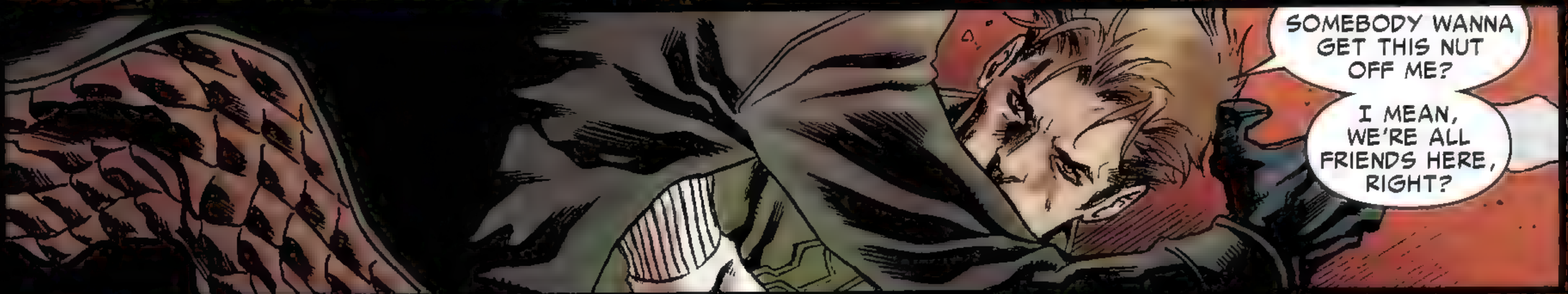
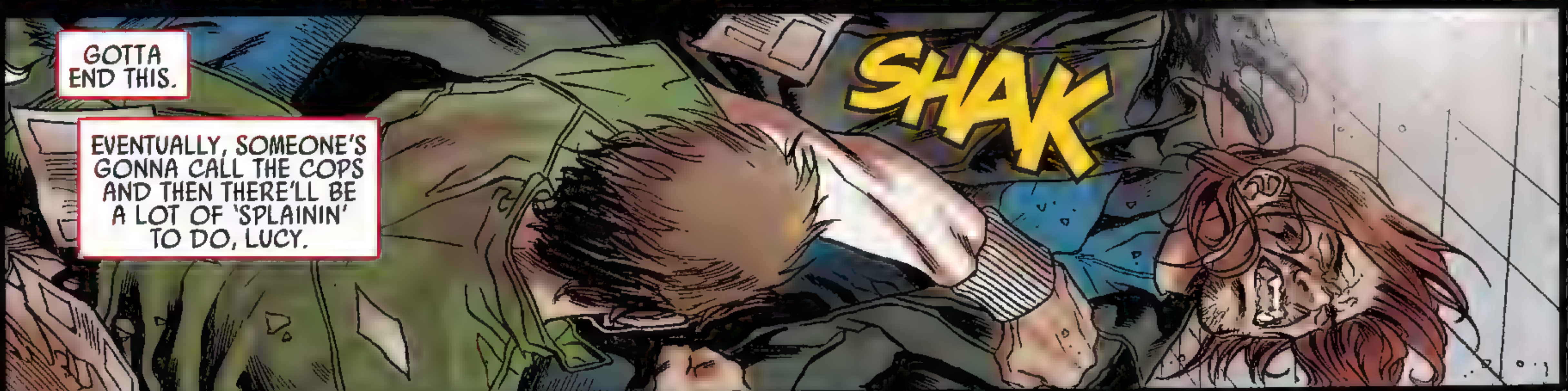


NO.

THAT'S PROBABLY NOT GONNA FLY.









YOU WANT TO TELL THEM, BEN? OR SHOULD I?



POLICE'RE ON THEIR WAY, MISTER--

I REALLY SHOULD BE GOING NOW, REILLY. BUT I'LL LEAVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY.

I CLENCH--READY TO SPRING--



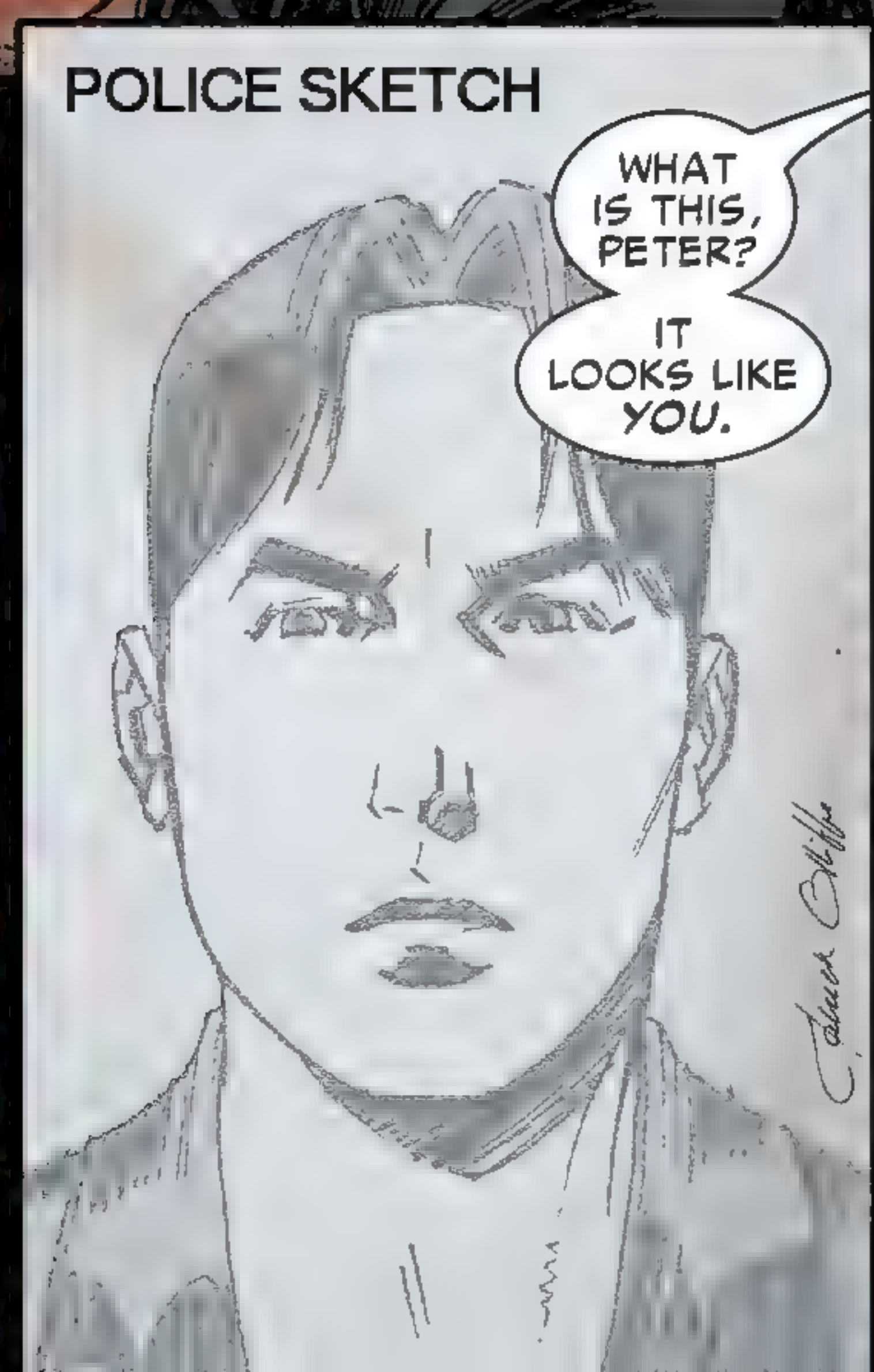
GUY'S GOT A FIREARMS FETISH AND IF HE'S PULLING A GUN--

HERE. AN OUT OF TOWN COMPETITOR YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN.

OKAY, SO NOT A GUN.



INSTEAD IT'S SOMETHING THAT COULD CAUSE A BIT MORE TROUBLE.



POLICE SKETCH

WHAT IS THIS, PETER?
IT LOOKS LIKE YOU.



STICK AROUND, HAIR BAND. COPS'RE GONNA WANT TO CHAT YOU UP A BIT.

SORRY. THINGS TO DO. PLACES TO BE.

YOU CAN'T JUST SAUNTER INTO PEOPLE'S OFFICES DRESSED LIKE IT'S 1993 AND START TAKING SWINGS AT THEM--

GOTTA COOL OFF NORAH AND FIND A WAY TO TRACK THIS GUY.



TAKE YOUR HAND OFF ME OR YOU'LL BE POLISHING A HOOK INSTEAD OF YOUR NAILS.

WHY YOU--

UH-OH!



GUYS, I'M GONNA NEED TO EXPLAIN ALL THIS LATER--

I'M SORRY, PETE, BUT YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO EXPLAIN IT NOW. GUY COMES INTO MY NEWSROOM, STARTS THROWING PUNCHES AND ACCUSATIONS--

AND HE'S GETTING AWAY--

AND GOOD RIDDANCE.



NOW HOW ABOUT SOME ANSWERS?

THIS POLICE SKETCH LOOKS LIKE YOU.

WHICH MEANS IT COULD JUST AS EASILY BE BRAD PITT--

ENOUGH! THE ARTICLE SAYS YOU BURNED DOWN SOMEONE'S HOME.

NO, IT SAYS THE GUY IN THE SKETCH--I.E., NOT ME--BURNED DOWN SOMEONE'S HOME.



SERIOUSLY, PETE, WHAT THE HELL'S THE STORY HERE?

"SO WHAT'S YOUR STORY, BEN REILLY?"



Then.

'SCUSE ME, DOCTOR RYDER?

I SAID I WANT TO HEAR YOUR STORY.

SPILL.



OH, NOTHING YOU HAVEN'T HEARD BEFORE.

I'M JUST THE CLONE OF A GUY WITH SPIDER-POWERS WHO'S NOW LIVING IN EXILE UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME.

SEE EVERY SPIDER-COMIC OF THE '90S-- OR JUST TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT. --SW.



STORY-WISE, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN KINDA PARTIAL TO "THE THREE LITTLE PIGS." MAYBE "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD" TO KEEP WITH THE BIG BAD WOLF THEME...

SERIOUSLY, BEN. YOU LIVE ALONE. UNIVERSITY HOUSING, NO LESS. NO FRIENDS, NO FAMILY I'VE HEARD YOU TALK ABOUT...

MY SITUATION'S A LITTLE... COMPLICATED.



I'VE GATHERED THAT. AND I'M SORRY IF I'M BEING A YENTA HERE, BUT...WELL, IT'S BEEN THREE MONTHS AND I CONSIDER YOU MORE THAN JUST MY LAB ASSISTANT.

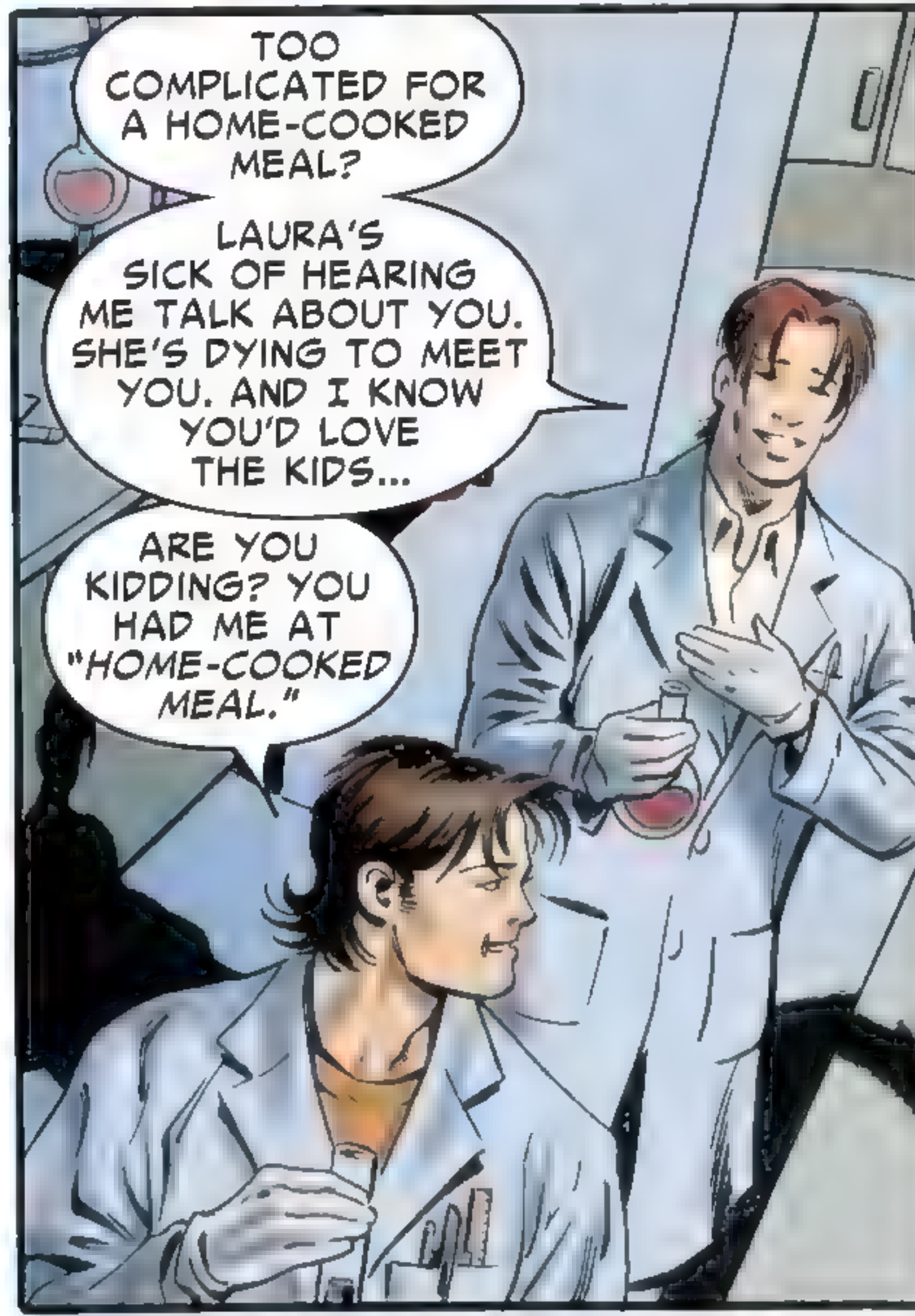
ALL DUE RESPECT, DR. RYDER, YOU'RE NOT MY TYPE.

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. I CONSIDER YOU A FRIEND. AND IT'S DAMON.



Y'KNOW, I APPRECIATE THAT. REALLY. AND I CONSIDER YOU A FRIEND, TOO.

IT'S JUST THAT MY "STORY" IS A LITTLE... COMPLICATED.



TOO COMPLICATED FOR A HOME-COOKED MEAL?

LAURA'S SICK OF HEARING ME TALK ABOUT YOU. SHE'S DYING TO MEET YOU. AND I KNOW YOU'D LOVE THE KIDS...

ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU HAD ME AT "HOME-COOKED MEAL."





I MEAN SERIOUSLY, DAMON. WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF FUNDING.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE FUNDING.

IT'S KINDA HARD NOT TO SINCE THAT FUNDING'S HOW I PAY MY RENT.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE FUNDING.

WHY SHOULDN'T I?



BECAUSE I'VE DONE IT.



ACTUALLY, YOU'VE DONE IT. TRIAL BATCH 896. THE MAINFRAME COMPILED THE DATA A FEW HOURS AGO.



THERE WASN'T ANY GENETIC CAPTURE WHEN I LEFT LAST NIGHT.

BE THAT AS IT MAY...

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE...

AND BE THAT AS IT MAY...

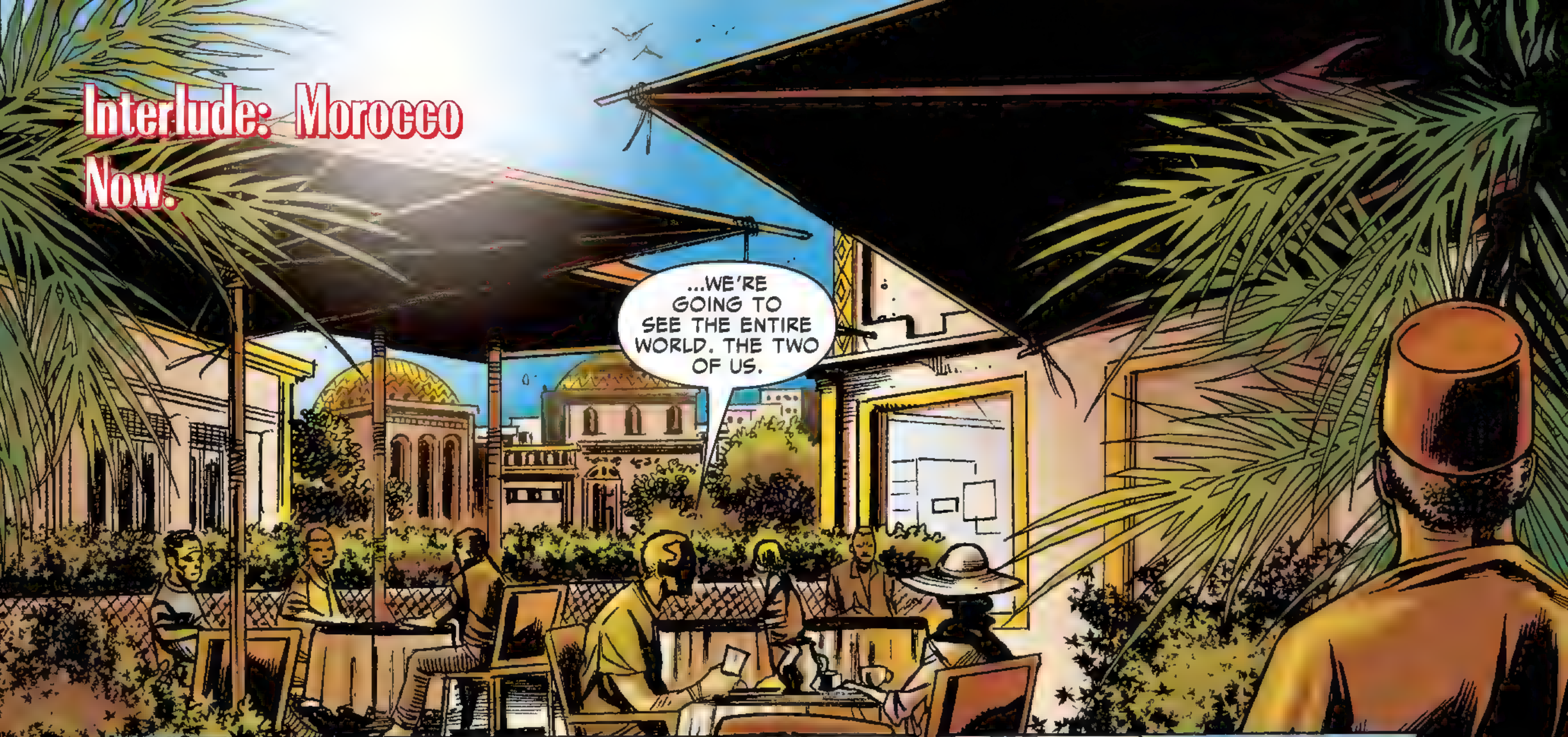
RIGHT NOW, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IN OUR LAB, WE'RE GROWING THE WORLD'S FIRST--AT LEAST, THE FIRST IN MILLIONS OF YEARS-- HUMAN/DINOSAUR HYBRID.



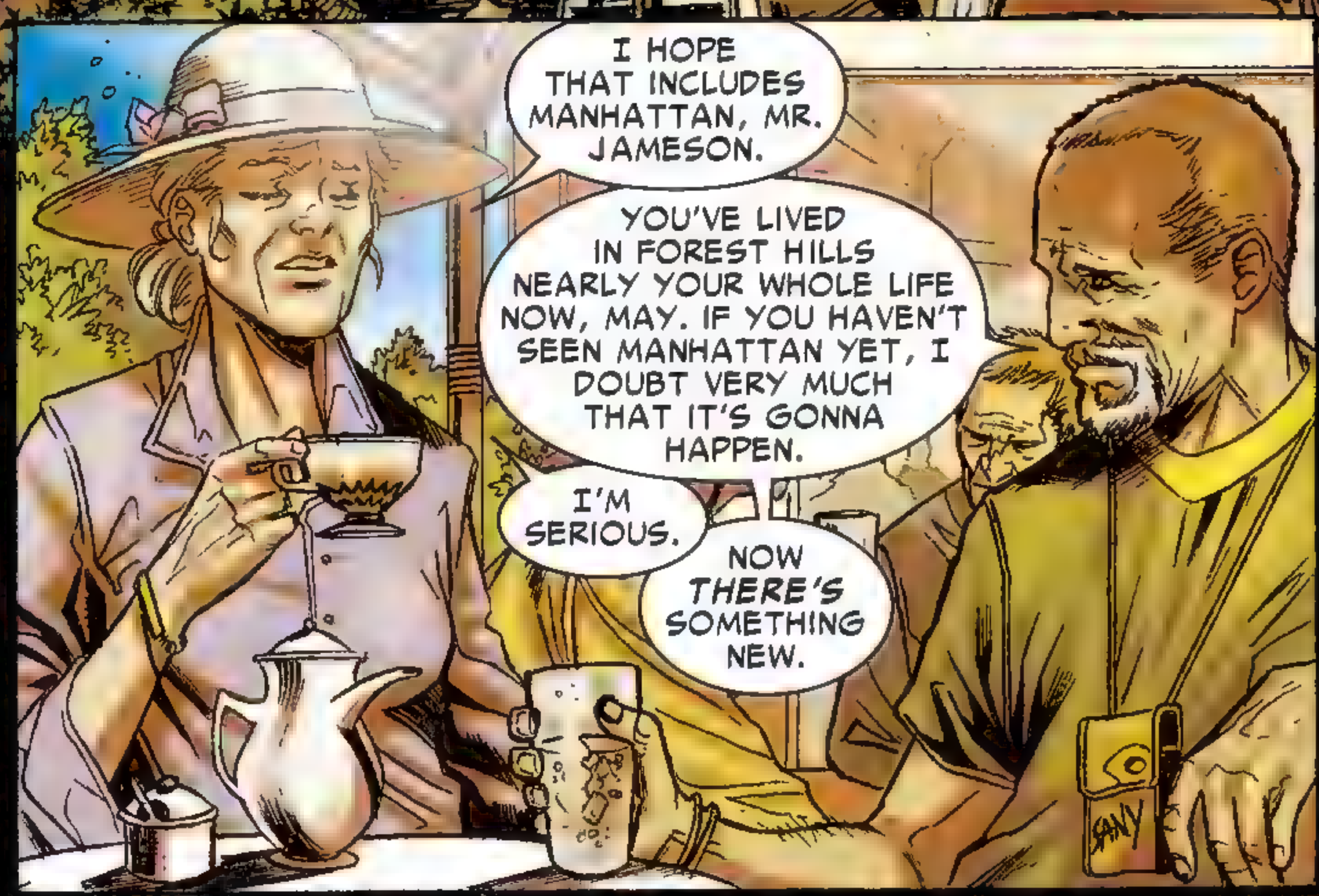
WE'RE GOING TO MAKE HISTORY, BEN. YOU AND ME.

"YOU AND ME, MRS. JAMESON."

Interlude: Morocco Now.



...WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE ENTIRE WORLD. THE TWO OF US.



I HOPE THAT INCLUDES MANHATTAN, MR. JAMESON.

YOU'VE LIVED IN FOREST HILLS NEARLY YOUR WHOLE LIFE NOW, MAY. IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MANHATTAN YET, I DOUBT VERY MUCH THAT IT'S GONNA HAPPEN.

I'M SERIOUS.

NOW THERE'S SOMETHING NEW.



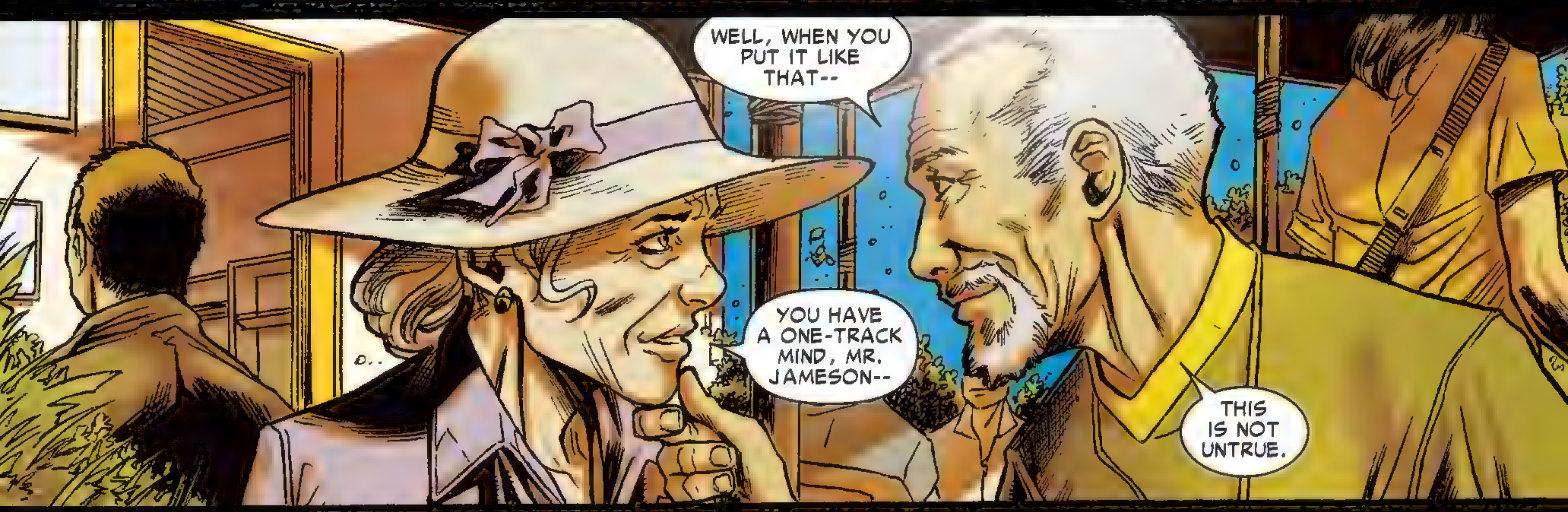
I MISS PETER. AND I MISS QUEENS.

WE ARE TALKING ABOUT THE BOROUGH HERE, RIGHT?

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THE END OF OUR HONEYMOON--

I HOPE NOT.

--JUST A LAYOVER.



WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT--

YOU HAVE A ONE-TRACK MIND, MR. JAMESON--

THIS IS NOT UNTRUE.



SO NEW YORK?

NEW YORK THEN VENEZUELA.

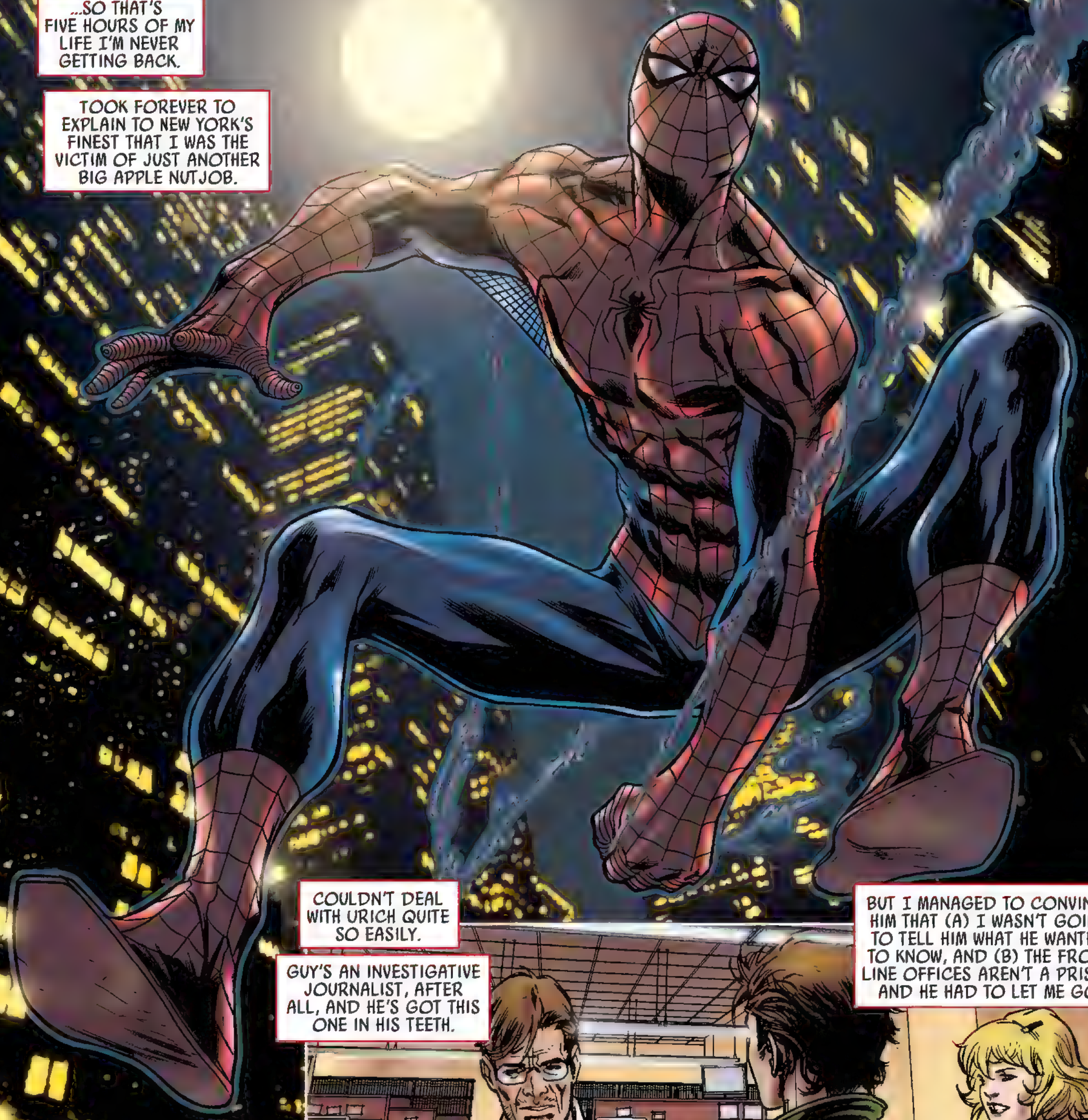
VENEZUELA?

EN ROUTE TO ANTARCTICA.

OKAY...

...SO THAT'S
FIVE HOURS OF MY
LIFE I'M NEVER
GETTING BACK.

TOOK FOREVER TO
EXPLAIN TO NEW YORK'S
FINEST THAT I WAS THE
VICTIM OF JUST ANOTHER
BIG APPLE NUTJOB.



COULDN'T DEAL
WITH URICH QUITE
SO EASILY.

GUY'S AN INVESTIGATIVE
JOURNALIST, AFTER
ALL, AND HE'S GOT THIS
ONE IN HIS TEETH.



BUT I MANAGED TO CONVINCE
HIM THAT (A) I WASN'T GOING
TO TELL HIM WHAT HE WANTED
TO KNOW, AND (B) THE FRONT
LINE OFFICES AREN'T A PRISON
AND HE HAD TO LET ME GO.

DOESN'T MEAN THE
CLEVER OLD CODGER
DIDN'T HAVE NORAH
TRY TO TAIL ME.

EMPHASIS
ON "TRY."



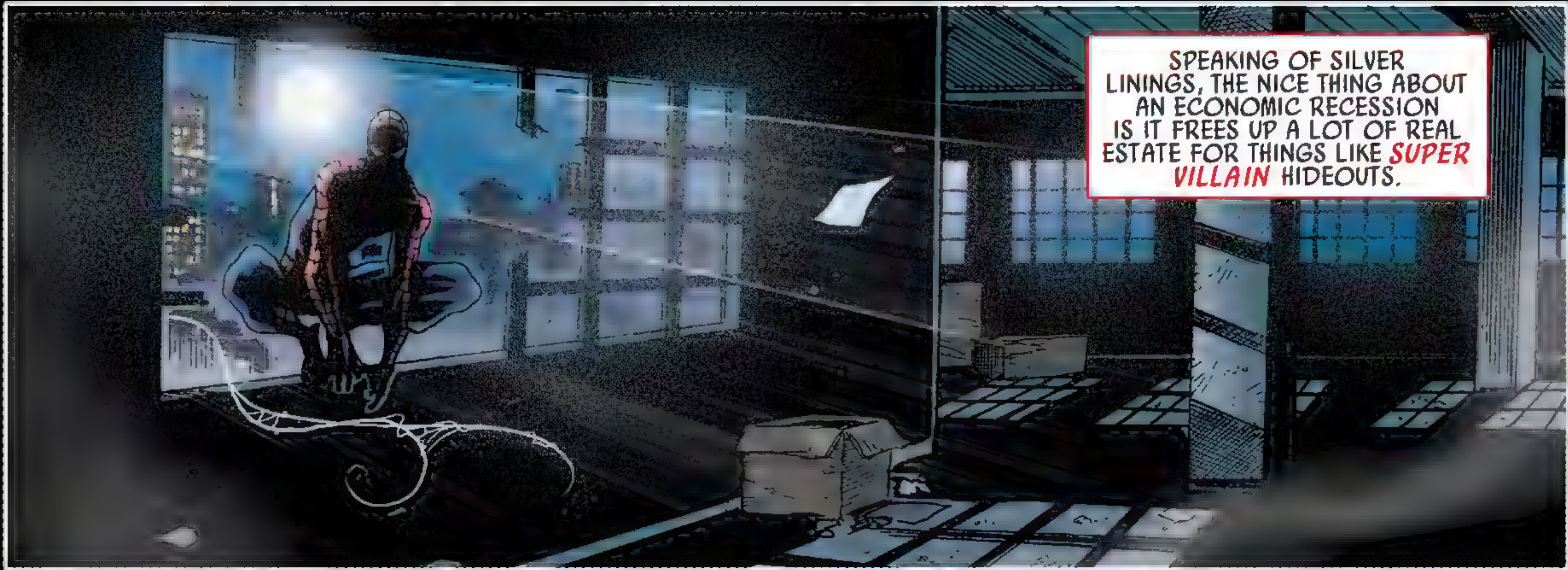
IF THERE'S A SILVER
LINING TO MY IN-THE-OFFICE
KERFUFFLE, IT'S THAT IT
GAVE ME A CHANCE TO LAY
ONE OF MY PATENT-PENDING
SPIDER-TRACERS ON
DR. RYDER.



WELL, NOT REALLY
PATENT-PENDING
'CAUSE OF, Y'KNOW,
THE WHOLE SECRET
IDENTITY THING.

IT'S TOO
BAD, REALLY,
'CAUSE IT WORKS
PRETTY WELL.

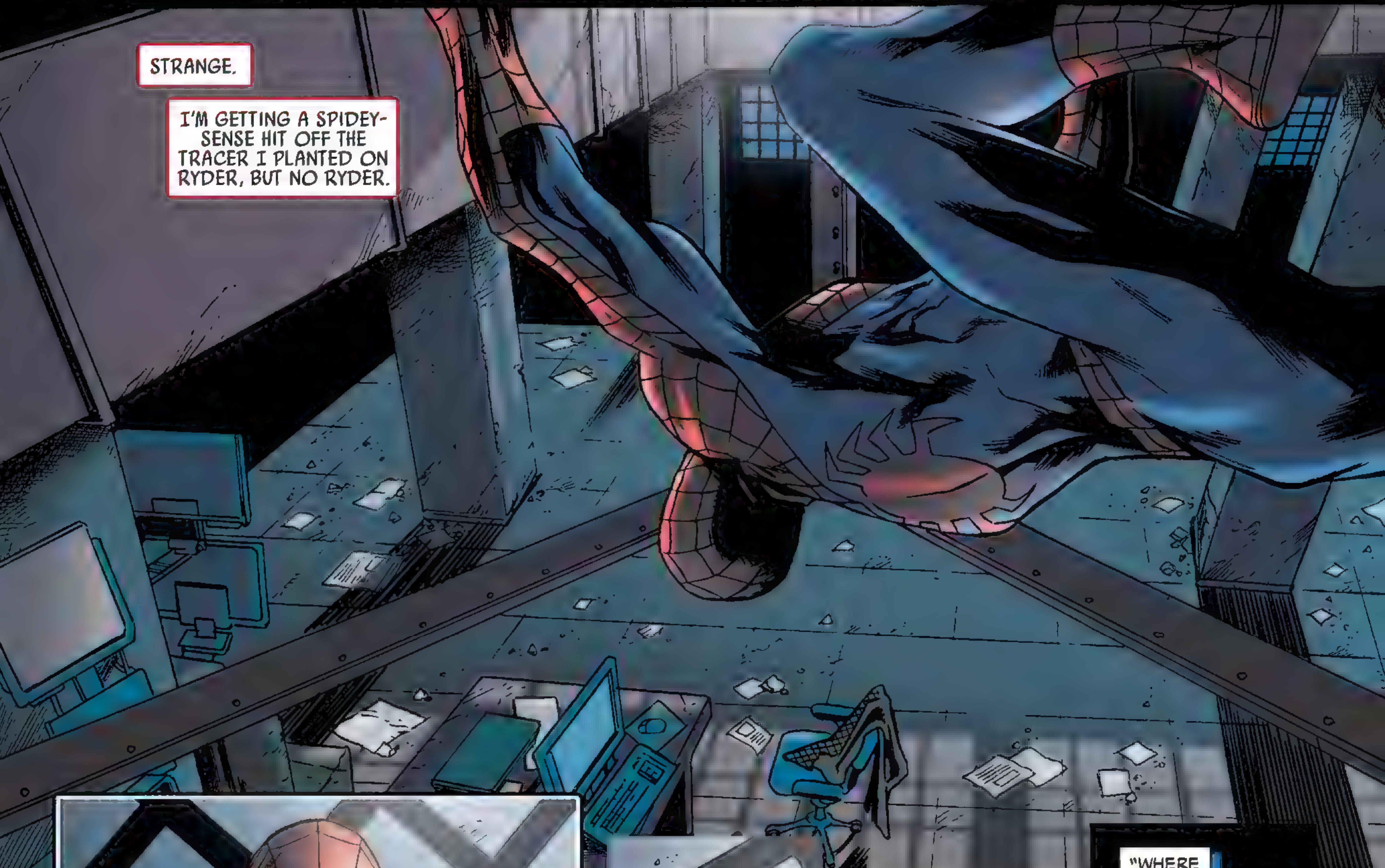




SPEAKING OF SILVER LININGS, THE NICE THING ABOUT AN ECONOMIC RECESSION IS IT FREES UP A LOT OF REAL ESTATE FOR THINGS LIKE **SUPER VILLAIN** HIDEOUTS.

STRANGE.

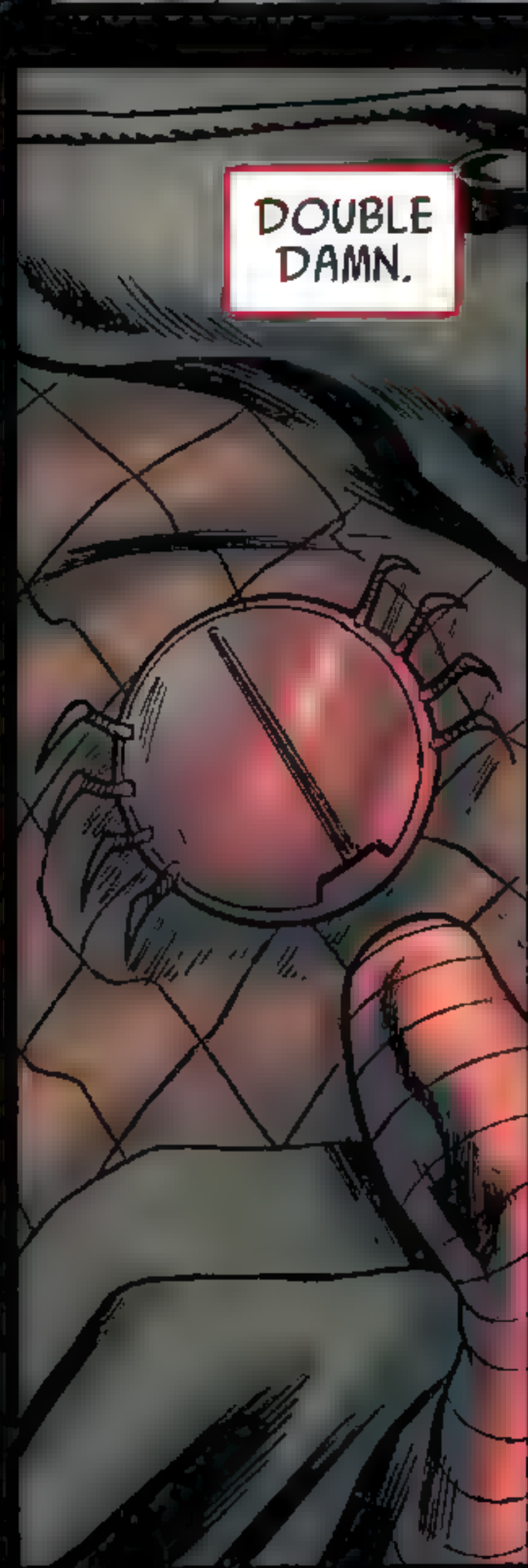
I'M GETTING A SPIDEY-SENSE HIT OFF THE TRACER I PLANTED ON RYDER, BUT NO RYDER.



DAMN.



DOUBLE DAMN.



"WHERE IS HE?"

HI.





CAN I HELP YOU?

HOPE SO. I'M DOCTOR RYDER.

YEAH?

DAMON RYDER? WHAT, PETE DIDN'T MENTION ME? TELL YOU I MIGHT BE STOPPING BY?



WE'RE A LITTLE COMMUNICATION-CHALLENGED.

YOU'RE MICHELE, RIGHT? HIS GIRL--

STOP RIGHT THERE. ROOMMATE.



WELL, I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF PETER'S.

HE REALLY DIDN'T SAY I'D BE VISITING?

I GUESS WE'RE A LITTLE COMMUNICATION-CHALLENGED AS WELL.

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, DAMON?



DID YOU JUST HAPPEN TO LEAVE YOUR COAT BEHIND?

OR DID YOU **SPOT** THE TRACER AND ARE SCREWING WITH ME NOW?



AND WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?



Now.

HOMICIDAL BAD GUYS
WITH A MAD-ON FOR
YOUR FRIENDLY
NEIGHBORHOOD YOURS
TRULY I CAN HANDLE.

THAT'S JUST
ANOTHER DAY AT
THE OFFICE.

BUT DAMON--OR RAPTOR
OR VELOCIRAPTOR OR
WHATEVER HE'S CALLING
HIMSELF--HE COULD CARE
LESS ABOUT SPIDEY.

HE'S
AFTER **PETER
PARKER.**

WELL, BEN
REILLY, REALLY.
BUT YOU SEE
MY POINT.

HOW DO I
FIGHT A GUY
WHO'S--

OH BOY.

URCH--

A full-page comic book illustration showing Spider-Man in his classic red and blue suit fighting Doc Ock. Doc Ock, with his long white hair and mechanical tentacles, is being thrown or caught by Spider-Man. The background features large windows with a grid pattern, suggesting a high-rise building. A speech bubble from Doc Ock is at the top center.

THIS
IS GONNA
HURT...

Next:

The Pain Of KAINNE

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL



TOM BRENNAN ASST. EDITOR **STEPHEN WACKER** EDITOR

TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR **JOE QUESADA** EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER **ALAN FINE** EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

This time out I want to lead off with a couple letters that follow up on something I wrote in the text page for last summer's record-breaking Amazing Spider-Man #600. My crack research system (made up of making Brennan dig up old copies of ASM and Brevoort constantly correcting my work) reprinted the names of the first readers to ever write into the Spider-Man letter column over 45 years ago, and lo and behold, we actually got responses from and about those fans. It was pretty interesting correspondence and really illustrates not only the longevity of Spidey but the passion all his fans feel for the character.

Anyway enough of my profane profundities. I'll shut my typing hole and get to the good stuff...

Hi Guys!

Thanks for the shout-out in ASM #600! I'm still here, though living in NYC now (have been since 1970). Nice idea of listing the letter writers. Wish I still had ASM #s 1-3 though! Be well.

Phil Leibfred
New York City

Our pleasure to show you some love, Phil. Thanks for the years of support. Sorry to hear you no longer have your issues. Oddly enough, Executive Editor (and former bully) Tom Brevoort says he scored his copies by tricking a kid named Phil back in 1964. Say the word and I will deliver a revenge wedgie.



Hi Steve,

Just came home from my local comic shop with a copy of the Amazing Spider-Man #600 and was surprised to see my name in the letter column -- especially since I haven't written in since issue #3. You asked if I'm still around, and yes, I still am.

My ambition when I wrote that letter as a 13-year-old was to be a writer, and that's what I am. At the time I thought I would write for comics and even came to New York in the summer of 1963 as a 14-year-old and had meetings at DC (with Julius Schwartz and Mort Weisinger). I also was able to get an appointment at Marvel, but not with Stan. I do remember sitting with Flo for a while, which I enjoyed very much and it was only later that I learned I was not the only one to meet with Flo instead of Stan. I don't remember quite how she set this up, but she arranged for me to go over to Steve Ditko's studio and meet with him, which I did for about an hour. The memory is hazy and this was my first visit to New York, but I recall Steve's studio being in Chelsea.

I didn't end up writing for comics but I have made my living as a writer, after a stint at NBC in Burbank as a publicist, where I worked on many different series, including "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century," "The Bionic Woman," "Man from Atlantis," "The Powers of Matthew Starr," "Voyagers!" and the animated "Star Trek." I wrote the final episode of the animated "Star Trek" series (under the name John Culver because NBC considered it a conflict of interest) and eventually left the network to write full-time. I wrote two episodes of "Star Trek: The Next Generation" with Susan Sackett. I currently write two annual TV specials, the American Music Awards and "Dick Clark's New Year's Rockin' Eve with Ryan Seacrest," as well as other TV shows and series. I wrote a weekly column for Billboard magazine for 16 years and have authored four books about music, including "The Billboard Book of Number One Hits." That work led to three guest appearances on "American Idol" over the last

eight years.

And it all started with that letter in ASM #3. Who knew?!

Sincerely,
Fred Bronson
(no longer in Culver City, but:)
Studio City, Calif.

Fred, I have so much to say I hardly know where to start.

First of all, your resume sounds like every show young Stevie Wacker used to circle in the TV Guide.

Second, it sounds like you went on to do some pretty cool things. Let Fred be an example to all you unwashed Spidey fans (looking at you, Brennan and Caramagna): sometimes working on Spidey can get you something more than a police record (looking at you, Guggenheim and Slott...and Waid...oh and van Lente back in 1979. NOT looking at you, Joe Kelly. Your face makes my eyes throw up. And you, Bob Gale... what are you staring at?)

{Also to those readers who don't know the Flo Fred references, that is Marvel's own living legend *Flo Steinberg* -- the dream girl of many Marvelites -- who still works on our books proofreading them week after week and pointing out how painfully unamusing my letters columns are. With any luck, she's reading this very column and marking it up in red right now.}

And finally Fred, your job is to get a picture of Seacrest holding an issue of Spidey looking bemused. Don't let Marvel's Assembled down (the way you let a certain comic book editor down when *Voyagers!* was cancelled!)



ONWARD!



Next week marks the debut of our new monthly sister title, *Web Of Spider-Man*. The first issue's lead feature gives you all the background you need on the guy choking Spidey on page 22 of this very issue. His name is Kaine...and he knows Peter Parker better than almost anyone. Plus in every issue, you get another chapter in the ongoing adventures of *The Spectacular Spider-Girl!* Future issues of *Web* are going to give you details on some of Spidey's deadliest villains as they make their comebacks in the pages of *Amazing* this fall. It's all a part of this fall's big Spidey blockbuster called: *The Gauntlet!* For every rise, someone must fall. More on this next month!



And since I'm in the pluggin' mood, don't miss issue #2 of our new *Anti-Venom* mini by web-head Zeb Wells with art by Paulo Siqueira and Chad Hardin. It's *Anti-Venom* vs. the Punisher...of course it is.

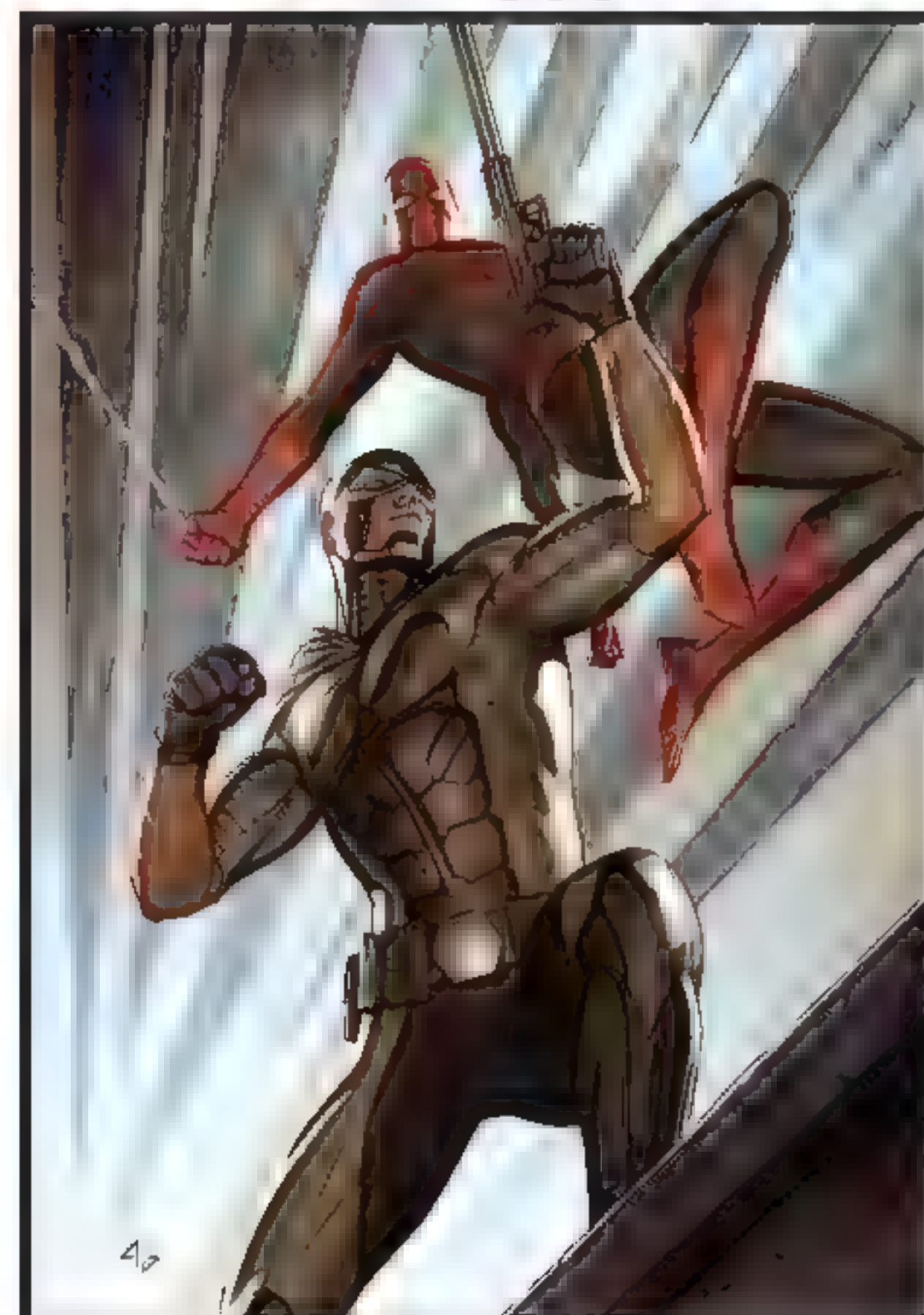


This month we also heard from: Mike Keenan; Bart Hamilton of Athens, AL; Steve Greszik; Frank Bergdoll of Calgary, Alberta; Josh Olejarz; Jacob Lee; Jason Jacoby of Bernville, Pa.; John Sacino of New Jersey (my sympathies, John); Laurence Smith; David Carey of Elizabethtown, Ky.; Phillip Frangules (who sent a too-long-to-print, but well-thought-out letter letting us know he's not too happy with the way we've handled Norman and Harry's relationship); Will Emmons of Richmond, Ky.; Alun Rundle; Eric Klee of Charlotte, NC; and Patrick Kelly of Brampton, Ont. (Sorry if I missed your name, but there's a lot of mail and I gotta get books out at some point! It's not like this in the Ultimate office where I can just get two books out a month and spend the next four weeks poolside with Loeb!)

All right, break's over. Move 'em out, Easy!

Viva Templar!
Simperin' Steve
9/15/09

NEXT ISSUE:



W.W.B.R.!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

THE DB! FOR EVERY BRAND NEWS DAY!
THE DB!
 APRIL 23, 2008 WEDNESDAY
MAYOR JONAH JAMESON!!!



of Jonah Jameson's
May Reilly Parker

**UNDER
 UNDER**
 By Ben



PETER PARKER'S P.O.V.

So that hairy dude holding me by the throat? His name's Kaine. He's one of my clones. Yeah, that's right, I've got more than one clone. You'd think they'd be useful, but no, mine always seem to try to get me killed. Name's Parker. Peter Parker. And I really despise anyone who looks exactly like me.

Years ago, my other clone, Ben Reilly (not the hairy guy), was working as a lab assistant for a biogeneticist named Damon Ryder. Ryder claims Ben killed his family, but the Ben I knew was a hero. Ryder's out for Ben's blood, but Ben's been dead for some time. And Damon's not really inclined to believe my story about him being a clone.

Ryder's out of his mind. He's got some sort of Dinosaur DNA in his system and goes by the name Raptor. We first crossed paths at my Aunt May's engagement party in Boston. Nearly killed me and May's whole Reilly family (who thankfully survived to mooch off my Aunt's house, taking in my broke pal, Harry Osborn).

Ryder came to Front Line's offices to publicly confront me, but Ben Urich called the cops on him. Still, people are getting suspicious. I tracked down Ryder's base of operations...and that's where I found my buddy, Kaine.

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 MARC GUGGENHEIM

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ALAN FINE
 Executive Producer



ONCE UPON
A TIME...

THERE WAS
A **BOY** WHO GOT
SPIDER POWERS.

AND THERE WAS ALSO
A **MAD SCIENTIST**
WHO WANTED TO
CLONE THE BOY.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT
DIDN'T GO TOO WELL
AND THE RESULT
BECAME THE **MONSTER** OF
THIS LITTLE FAIRY TALE.

HI,
KAINE.

HOW YOU
DOING?

WHAT THE
HOPPING HECK
IS **HE** DOING
HERE?

LONG
TIME, NO
SEE.

GET
IT?

REALLY
WOULD'VE LIKED
TO'VE KEPT IT
THAT WAY.

THWIP

THAT'S
REALLY, BY THE
WAY, NOT REILLY,
A NAME WHICH I
KNOW SETS
YOU OFF.

SPEAKING
OF MR. REILLY,
YOU DO KNOW I'M
NOT HIM,
RIGHT?

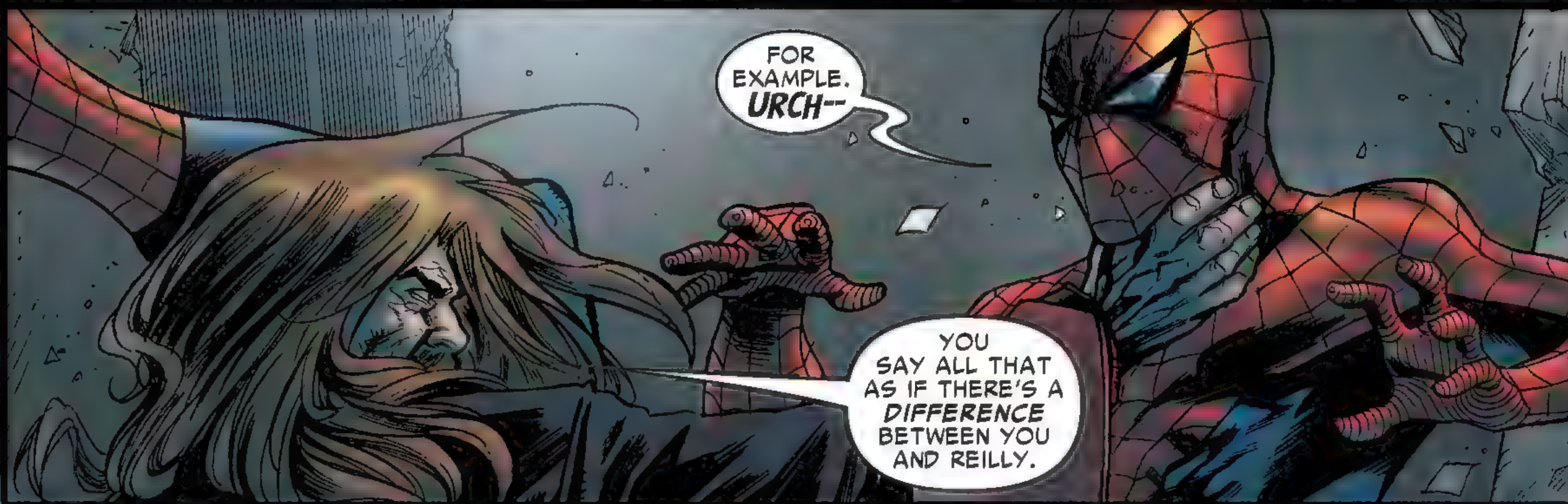
I KNOW WE
SHARE THE SAME
GOOD LOOKS AND
WASHBOARD ABS, BUT
ACTUALLY YOU CAN TELL
US APART BY THE FACT
THAT ONE OF US IS DEAD
AND THE OTHER *ISN'T*.



DAY'S
YOUNG.

THAT BURNING TOUCH
OF HIS STILL BURNS
THROUGH WEBS. AH,
MEMORIES.

SERIOUSLY,
I THOUGHT WE
WERE BUDS. WELL, NOT
"BUDS" EXACTLY, BUT
AT LEAST GUYS WHO
DON'T TRY TO KILL
EACH OTHER.



FOR
EXAMPLE.
URCH--

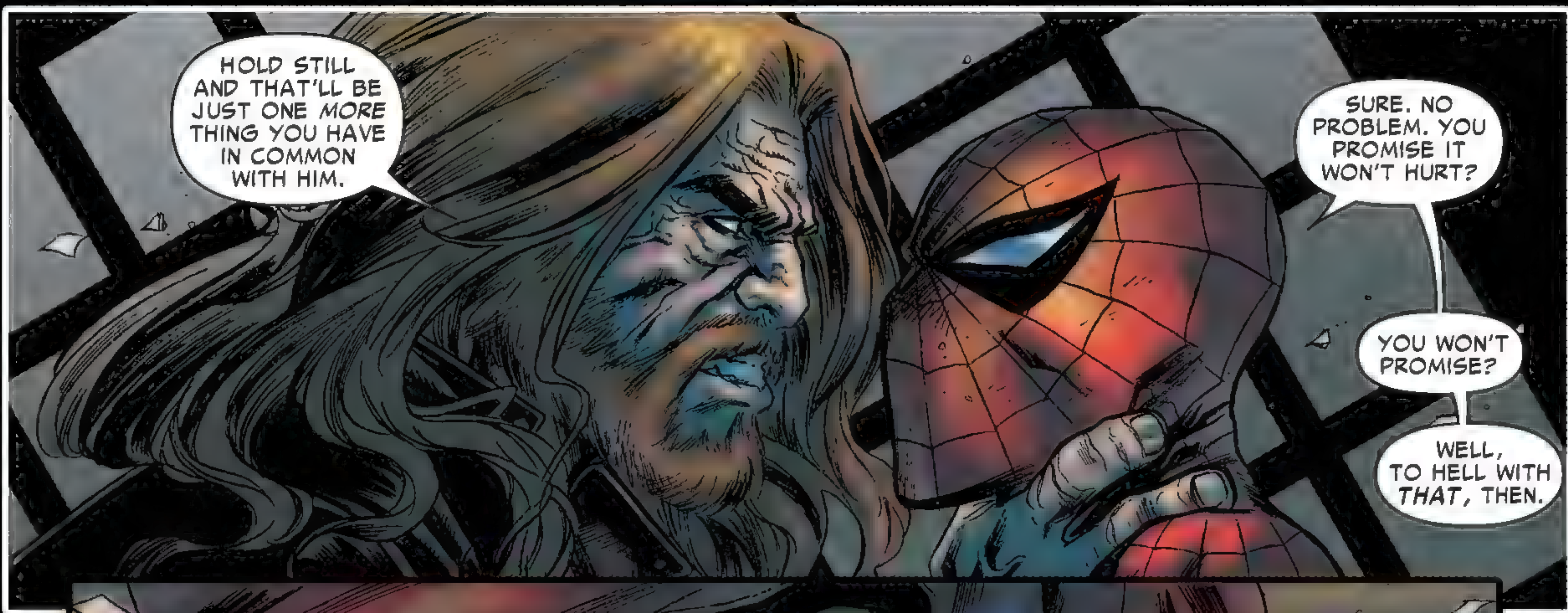
YOU
SAY ALL THAT
AS IF THERE'S A
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN YOU
AND REILLY.

THE GUY'S
DEAD. HOW BIG A
DIFFERENCE DO
YOU WANT?

YOU WERE
IDENTICAL IN EVERY
WAY THAT MATTERS.
YOU'VE NO BUSINESS
LIVING ANY MORE
THAN HE DOES.

I MENTIONED
THAT HE'S
NOT LIVING,
RIGHT?

THWAM!



HOLD STILL
AND THAT'LL BE
JUST ONE MORE
THING YOU HAVE
IN COMMON
WITH HIM.

SURE. NO
PROBLEM. YOU
PROMISE IT
WON'T HURT?

YOU WON'T
PROMISE?

WELL,
TO HELL WITH
THAT, THEN.



CHAK

NOT EXACTLY
THE REUNION I
WAS HOPING FOR,
KAINE. MAKES
ME SAD.

JUST HELP
ME OUT WITH
SOMETHING: WHAT
BRINGS A MURDEROUS
PSYCHO LIKE
YOU BACK?

I'M BETTING
IT'S NOT A
COINCIDENCE YOU COME
BACK INTO MY LIFE THE
SAME TIME DAMON
RYDER SHOWS UP WITH
A MAD ON FOR
BEN REILLY.

I'M
NOT "BACK
IN YOUR LIFE."
I'M HERE FOR
RYDER.

SO YOU
CAN OFFER HIM
MEMBERSHIP IN THE
"WE WANT TO KILL
BEN REILLY EVEN
THOUGH HE'S
ALREADY DEAD"
FAN CLUB?

YEAH, WELL
I NEED A VIDEO
MUSIC AWARD, BUT
YOU DON'T SEE
ME ATTACKING
TAYLOR
SWIFT.

WHICH
REMINDS ME...
IF I DON'T TAKE
DOWN KANYE...
WHO WILL?!

MY BODY...
IT'S BREAKING
DOWN. I'M DYING,
ONE CELL AT
A TIME.

AND THIS
HAS TO DO
WHAT WITH
RYDER?

HE CAN
STOP IT.

CRACK

**I NEED
HIM.**

NOT A COINCIDENCE?
CLEARLY SPIDER-MAN
IS NOT FAMILIAR WITH
GUGGENHEIM'S WRITING.
--WACKER**

SLOTT YOU,
STEVE, I'M QUITTING
THIS BOOK AFTER
NEXT ISSUE.
--GUGGENHEIM



"HE CAN
SAVE MY
LIFE."

Then.

CARE
TO REPEAT
THAT,
REILLY?



HAPPY
TO. WHAT
ARE YOU DOING,
EXPERIMENTING
ON YOURSELF?

ACTUALLY,
LET ME REPHRASE
THAT: WHAT
ARE YOU DOING,
INJECTING YOURSELF
WITH ENGINEERED
DINOSAUR
DNA?

ARE YOU
TRYING TO KILL
YOURSELF?!



NO.

THAT'S TOO
BAD, RYDER,
'CAUSE YOU'RE
DOING A DAMN
GOOD
IMPRESSION
OF IT.

DO I
LOOK DEAD
TO YOU,
BEN?

WE DON'T
KNOW WHAT
THAT GENETIC
MONSOON'S DOING
TO YOUR
BODY--

I DO.



INCREASED
ENERGY.

HEIGHTENED
SENSES.

ENHANCED
STRENGTH--

DAMON--

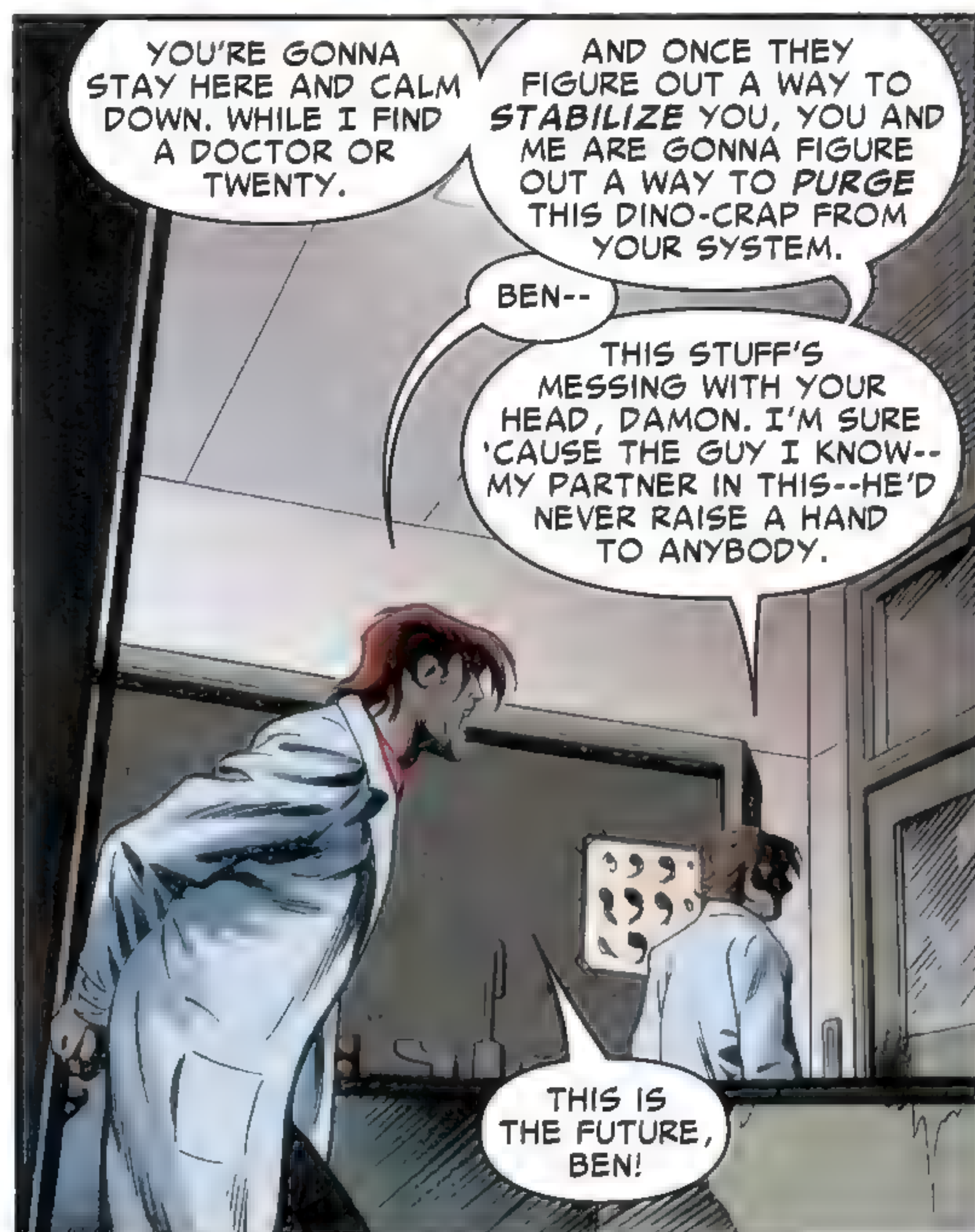
THIS ISN'T A
RESEARCH PROJECT
ANYMORE, BEN. THIS
IS NO LONGER SOME
QUIXOTIC ATTEMPT TO
PROVE A DINOSAUR/MAN
HYBRID'S THE
MISSING LINK.

THIS HAS
MEDICAL
APPLICATION. MILITARY
APPLICATION. THIS IS
PHARMACEUTICALS
FOR THE TWENTY-
FIRST CENTURY
AND BEYOND.



THIS IS
TWO TRILLION
DOLLARS A
YEAR--

THIS IS
YOU OUT OF
CONTROL,
DAMON!



...BUT IF
YOU THINK I'M
GONNA LET YOU
RUN AROUND
LOOSE--

--EVEN IF
IT'S TO HARASS
QUIRKBALLS LIKE
DAMON--

--YOU'RE
COMPLETELY
NUTS.

THOUGH
THAT PROBABLY
DOESN'T BOTHER
YOU SINCE YOU
ACTUALLY ARE,
Y'KNOW,
NUTS.

THWIP

THWACK

THWIP

THWACK

INSANITY,
LIKE BEAUTY,
IS IN THE EYE OF
THE BEHOLDER,
PETER.

"PETER"? GUESS
IT MAKES SENSE THAT
MY OWN CLONE WOULD
REMEMBER MY IDENTITY
AFTER EVERYONE ELSE
FORGOT.

SKERCRUNCHICH

IF YOU
WERE ME,
YOU'D REACT
TO A LIFETIME
OF TORMENT
EXACTLY THE
SAME WAY.

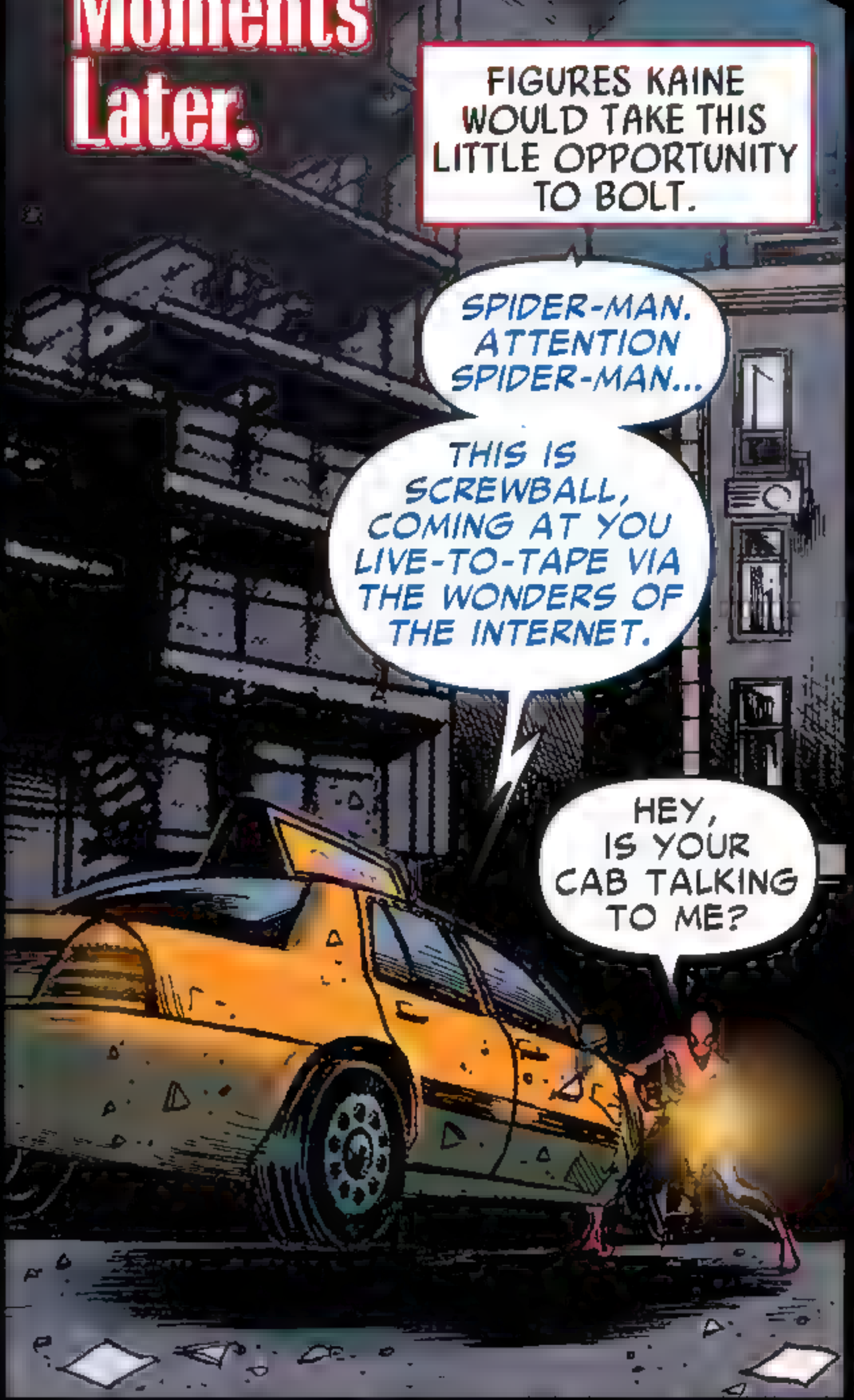


...THAT
IT'S NEARLY
IMPOSSIBLE TO
CATCH A CAB IN
THIS CITY.

**Moments
Later.**



HERE WE
ARE. DON'T
FORGET TO CHECK
YOUR BELONGINGS
AND ASK FOR
A RECEIPT.



FIGURES KAINE
WOULD TAKE THIS
LITTLE OPPORTUNITY
TO BOLT.

SPIDER-MAN.
ATTENTION
SPIDER-MAN...

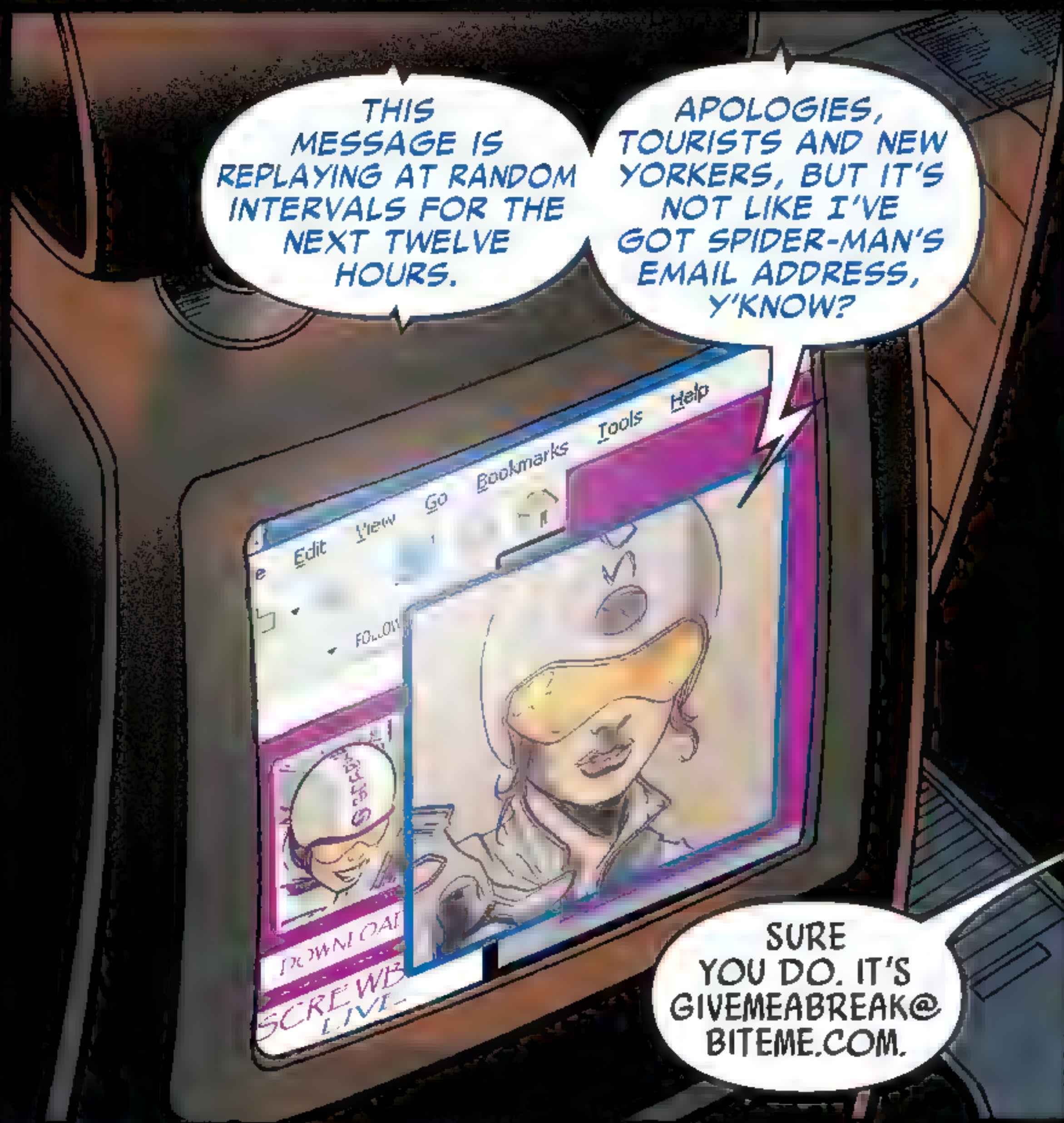
THIS IS
SCREWBALL,
COMING AT YOU
LIVE-TO-TAPE VIA
THE WONDERS OF
THE INTERNET.

HEY,
IS YOUR
CAB TALKING
TO ME?



I'VE HACKED
INTO NYC'S GYPSY
CAB FLEET TO BRING
YOU THIS SPECIAL
ANNOUNCEMENT...

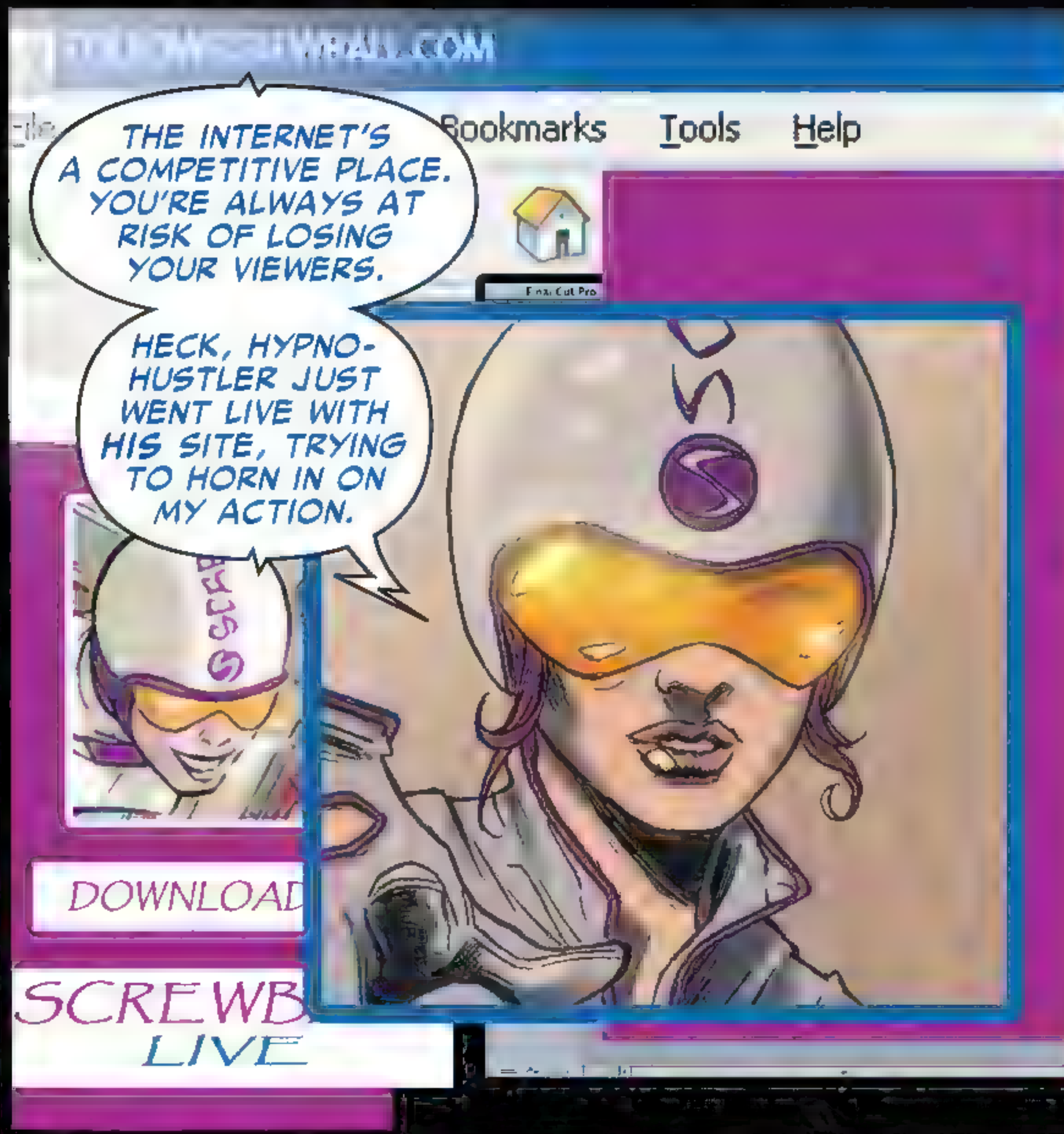
OH, YOU HAVE
SO GOT TO BE
KIDDING ME
WITH THIS...



THIS MESSAGE IS REPLAYING AT RANDOM INTERVALS FOR THE NEXT TWELVE HOURS.

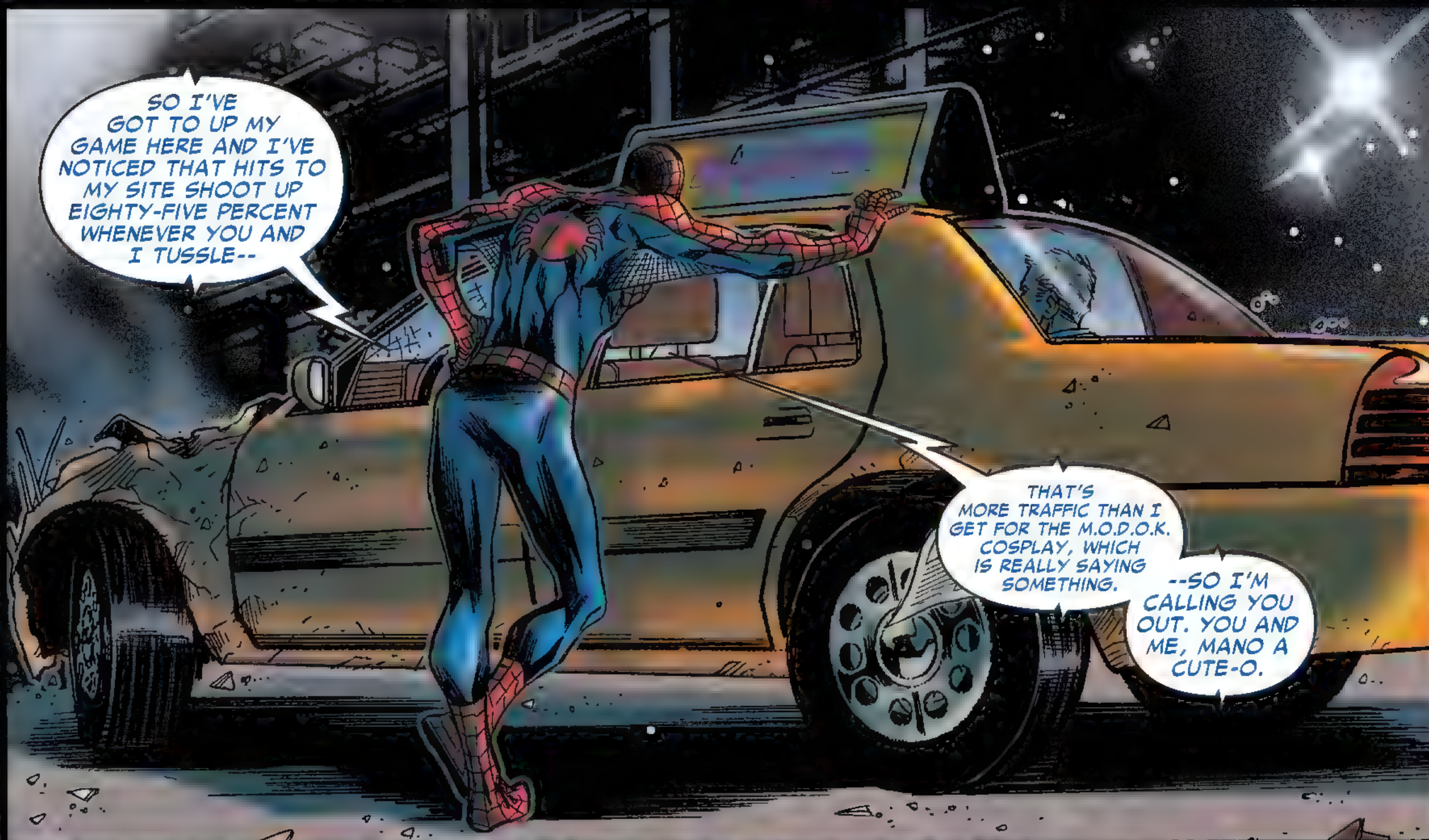
APOLOGIES, TOURISTS AND NEW YORKERS, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE I'VE GOT SPIDER-MAN'S EMAIL ADDRESS, Y'KNOW?

SURE YOU DO. IT'S GIVEMEABREAK@BITEME.COM.



THE INTERNET'S A COMPETITIVE PLACE. YOU'RE ALWAYS AT RISK OF LOSING YOUR VIEWERS.

HECK, HYPNO-HUSTLER JUST WENT LIVE WITH HIS SITE, TRYING TO HORN IN ON MY ACTION.



SO I'VE GOT TO UP MY GAME HERE AND I'VE NOTICED THAT HITS TO MY SITE SHOOT UP EIGHTY-FIVE PERCENT WHENEVER YOU AND I TUSSE--

THAT'S MORE TRAFFIC THAN I GET FOR THE M.O.D.O.K. COSPLAY, WHICH IS REALLY SAYING SOMETHING.

--SO I'M CALLING YOU OUT. YOU AND ME, MANO A CUTE-O.



IS THIS FOR REAL?

UMM...I... REALLY WOULDN'T KNOW...

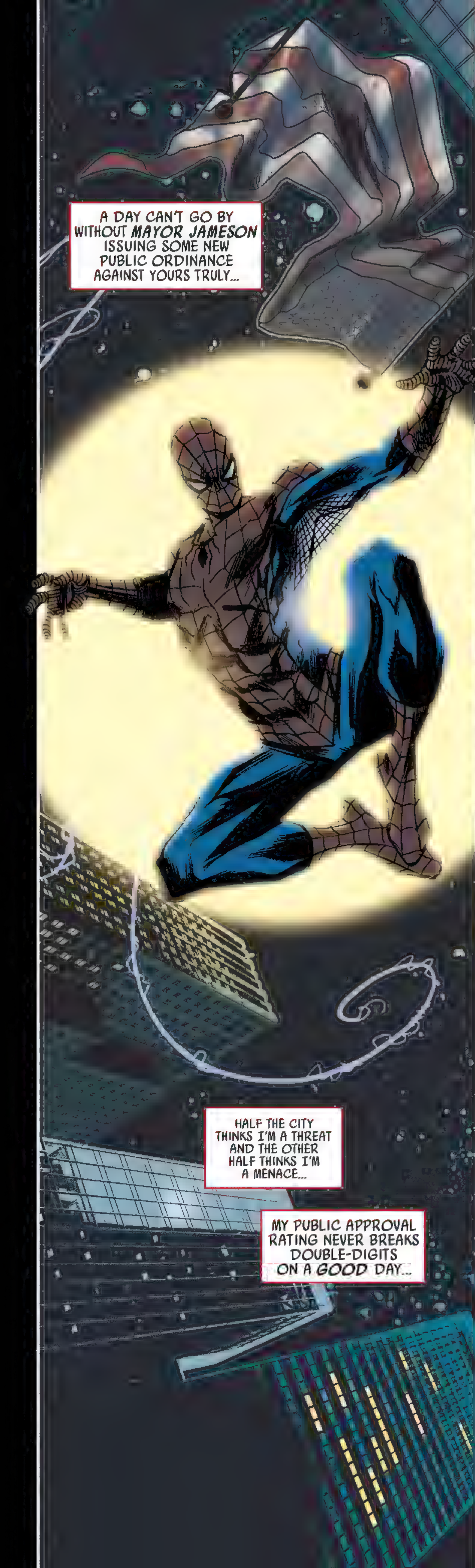
THIS IS FOR REAL.



IT MAY SEEM DESPERATE, BUT WITH THE ECONOMY IN THE TOILET, ROBBING BANKS ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE AND, WELL, I'VE STILL GOT ADVERTISERS TO SATISFY, Y'KNOW?



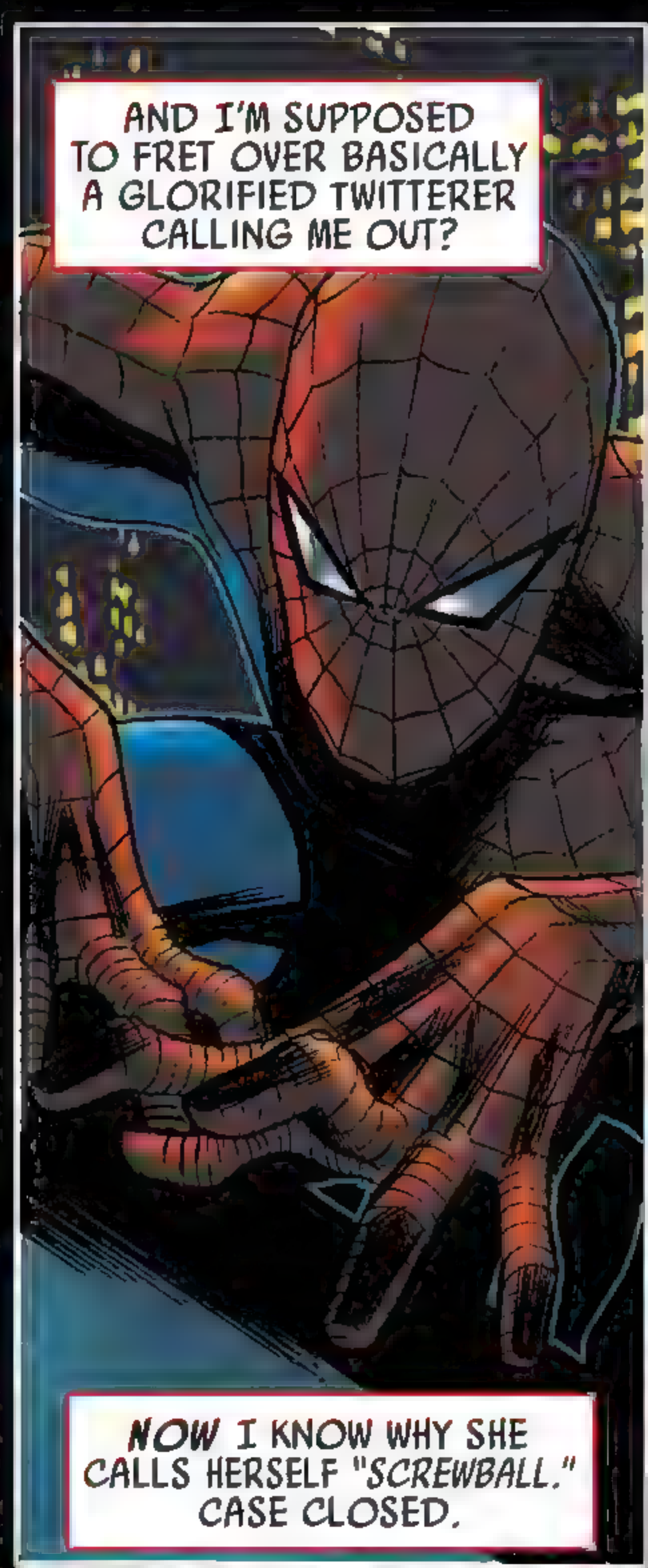
SO LET ME SEE IF I'VE GOT THIS RIGHT...



A DAY CAN'T GO BY WITHOUT **MAYOR JAMESON** ISSUING SOME NEW PUBLIC ORDINANCE AGAINST YOURS TRULY...

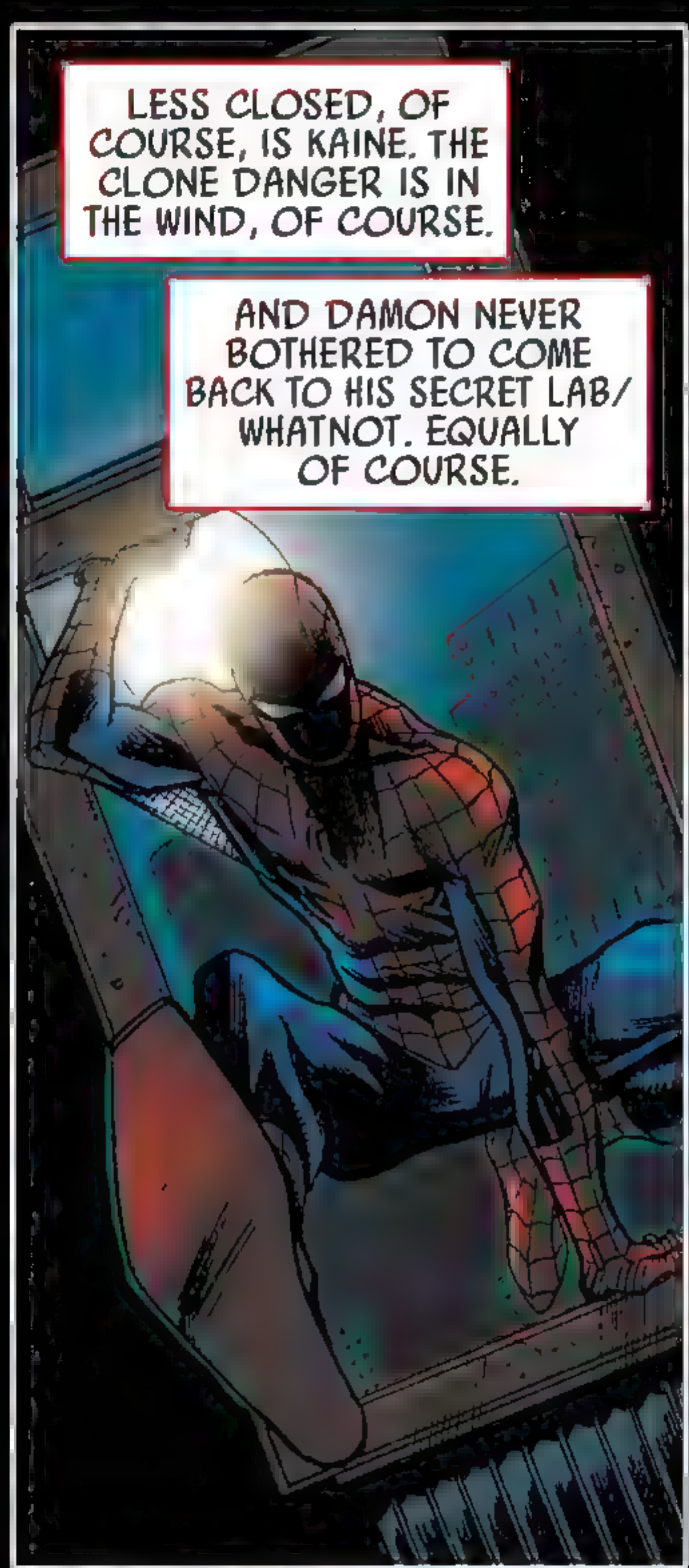
HALF THE CITY THINKS I'M A THREAT AND THE OTHER HALF THINKS I'M A MENACE...

MY PUBLIC APPROVAL RATING NEVER BREAKS DOUBLE-DIGITS ON A GOOD DAY...



AND I'M SUPPOSED TO FRET OVER BASICALLY A GLORIFIED TWITTERER CALLING ME OUT?

NOW I KNOW WHY SHE CALLS HERSELF "SCREWBALL." CASE CLOSED.



LESS CLOSED, OF COURSE, IS KAINE. THE CLONE DANGER IS IN THE WIND, OF COURSE.

AND DAMON NEVER BOTHERED TO COME BACK TO HIS SECRET LAB/WHATNOT. EQUALLY OF COURSE.



WHICH BEGS THE QUESTION: EXACTLY WHERE IS--HE--?



HEY, I'M HOME. PLEASE WARN ME IF YOU'RE GOING TO HIT--

WHAT'S THIS?

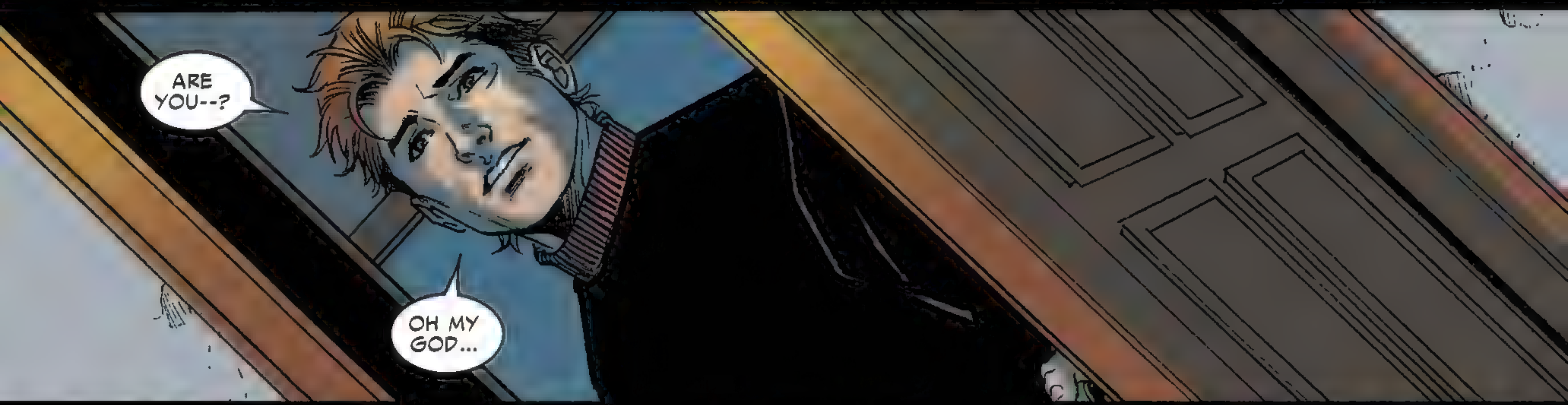
THE PORTLAND NEWS. THIS IS THE SAME--THIS IS THE SAME ARTICLE RYDER WAS WAVING AROUND THE FRONT LINE OFFICES--

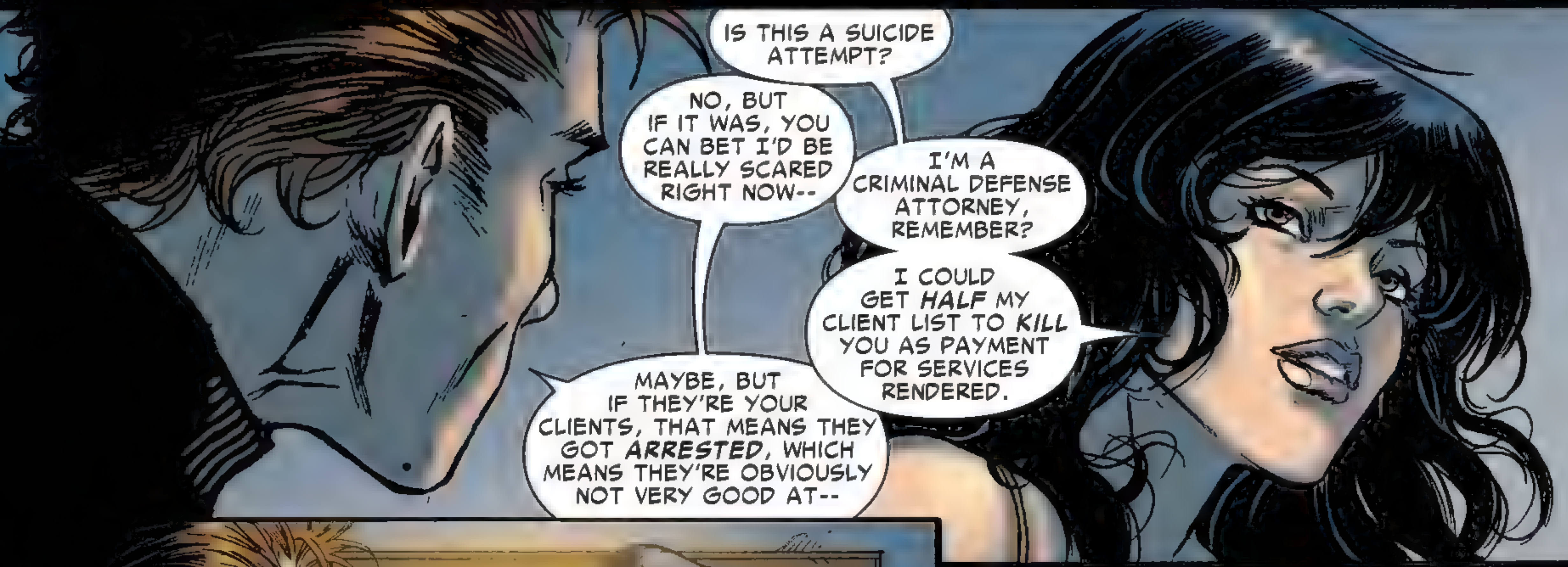
MICHELE!

LAST ISH.
--WACKER

IF RYDER--

MICHELE!





IS THIS A SUICIDE ATTEMPT?

NO, BUT IF IT WAS, YOU CAN BET I'D BE REALLY SCARED RIGHT NOW--

I'M A CRIMINAL DEFENSE ATTORNEY, REMEMBER?

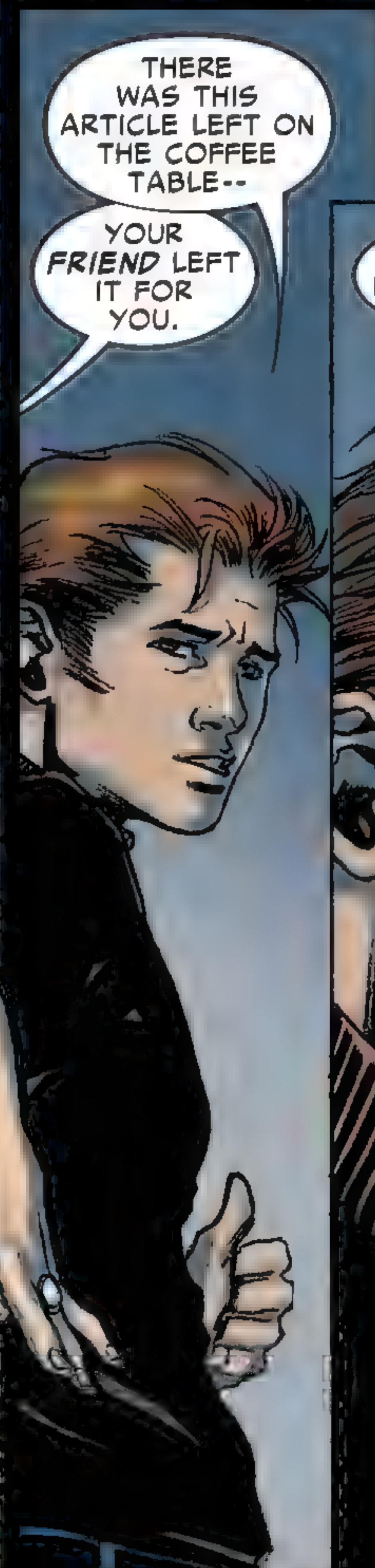
I COULD GET HALF MY CLIENT LIST TO KILL YOU AS PAYMENT FOR SERVICES RENDERED.

MAYBE, BUT IF THEY'RE YOUR CLIENTS, THAT MEANS THEY GOT **ARRESTED**, WHICH MEANS THEY'RE OBVIOUSLY NOT VERY GOOD AT--



YOU'RE RIGHT. FORGET THEM. THERE'S A STEAK KNIFE IN THE KITCHEN THAT'LL DO JUST FINE.

WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING, STORMING INTO MY ROOM-- VIOLATING MY PRIVACY--



THERE WAS THIS ARTICLE LEFT ON THE COFFEE TABLE--

YOUR FRIEND LEFT IT FOR YOU.



MY FRIEND?

YEAH, I WAS SURPRISED. HE ADMITTED IT, TOO.



WHAT, DID HE LEAVE IT BECAUSE YOU LOOK LIKE THE GUY IN THE SKETCH OR SOMETHING?

SOMETHING.

HE SAID YOU'D KNOW WHY HE LEFT IT.

YOU TALKED TO HIM?



LOOK, DRAMA QUEEN, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THE JEALOUSY I'M SENSING HERE?

DID HE HURT YOU?



WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, PARKER?

YOU'RE OKAY--

BETTER THAN YOU.



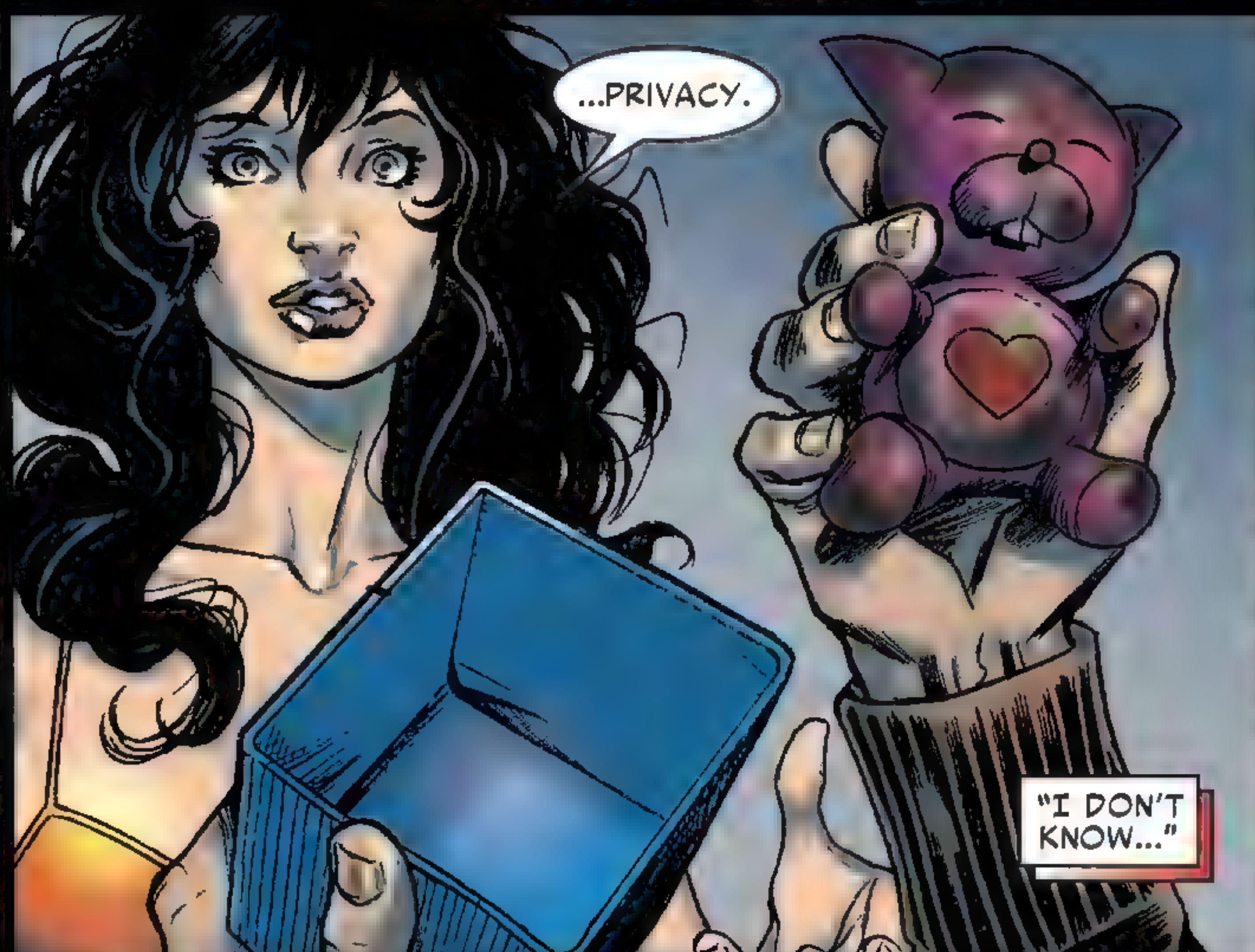
HERE. YOUR FRIEND LEFT THIS FOR YOU.



WHAT IS IT?

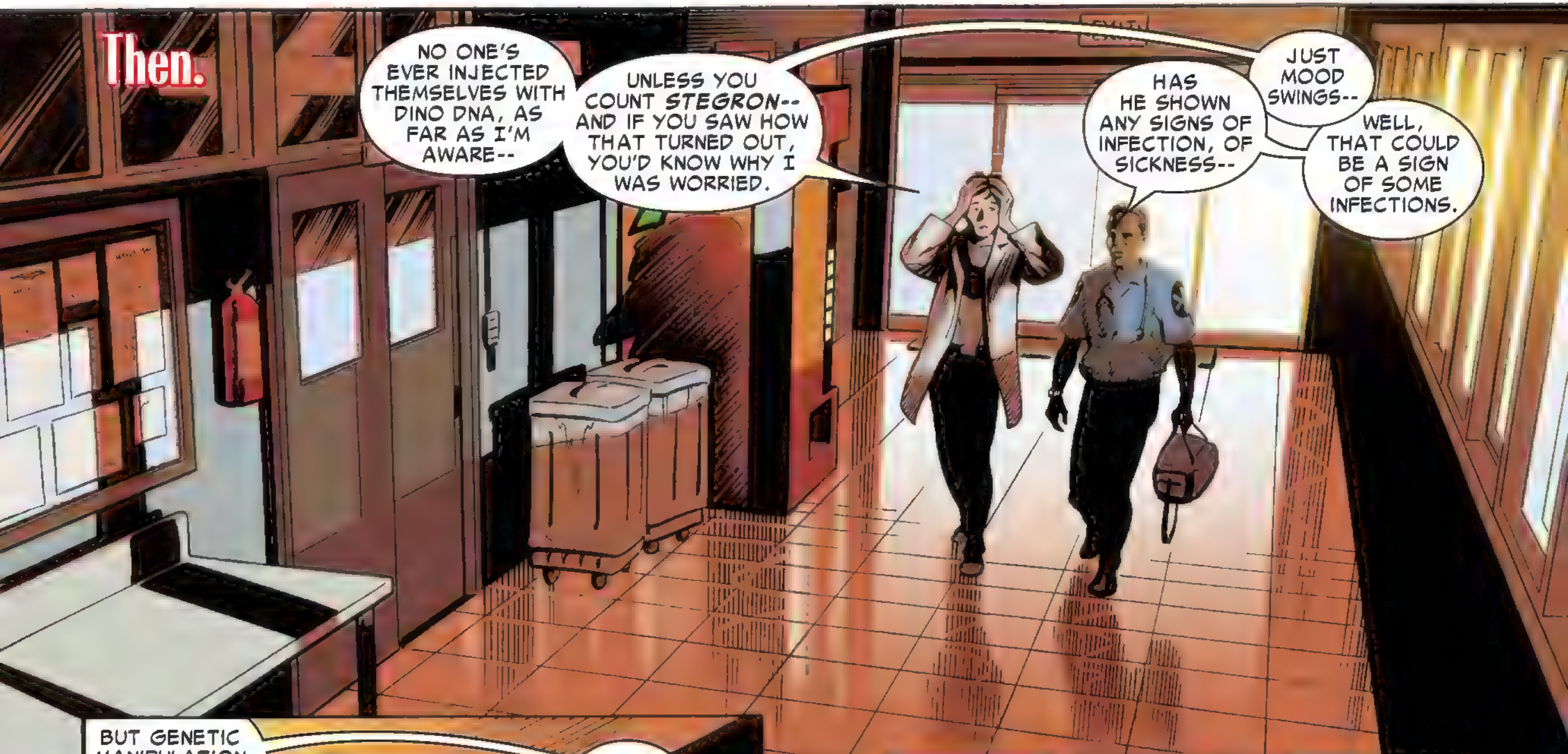
I DON'T KNOW...

I ACTUALLY RESPECT PEOPLE'S...



...PRIVACY.

"I DON'T KNOW..."



Then.

NO ONE'S EVER INJECTED THEMSELVES WITH DINO DNA, AS FAR AS I'M AWARE--

UNLESS YOU COUNT **STEGRON**-- AND IF YOU SAW HOW THAT TURNED OUT, YOU'D KNOW WHY I WAS WORRIED.

HAS HE SHOWN ANY SIGNS OF INFECTION, OF SICKNESS--

JUST MOOD SWINGS--

WELL, THAT COULD BE A SIGN OF SOME INFECTIONS.



BUT GENETIC MANIPULATION WOULDN'T PRESENT AS AN INFECTION.

THEN WHAT DO YOU NEED ME FOR?

TO SEDATE HIM.

ONCE HE'S CALMED DOWN, WE'LL NEED TO CHECK HIM FOR--

SO, MISTER REILLY...



...WHERE IS HE?

"WHERE DID HE GO, MICHELE?"



HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?

HE MUST'VE COME HERE LOOKING FOR ME. DID HE SAY HE'D BE BACK? DID HE SAY ANYTHING?



JUST THAT HE WAS GONNA PAY A VISIT ON YOUR COUSINS.

WHAT--?



HE SAID HE'S A LONGTIME FAMILY FRIEND OF THE REILLYS.

I TOLD HIM THEY WERE STAYING WITH YOUR PAL HARRY AT YOUR AUNT'S HOUSE--

NO, YOU DIDN'T--

PETER, YOU'RE REALLY WEIRDING ME OUT HERE--



I HAVE TO BORROW YOUR CELL--

ABSOLUTELY NOT--

SORRY. MY BATTERY'S DEAD--



HERE. DO ME A FAVOR. STAY IN A HOTEL TONIGHT.

NICE TRY, BUT--

MICHELE, PLEASE. I'M SERIOUS...



DON'T LET ANYONE IN. NOT EVEN ME.

WELL, I'M AHEAD OF YOU ON THAT--

THE GUY'S DANGEROUS. FRONT LINE DID A...UM...A STORY ON HIM AND HE'S NOT A HAPPY CAMPER.

JUST--HOTEL.

GO. NOW. PLEASE.

AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



"PETER--!"

NO ANSWER AT AUNT MAY'S HOUSE.

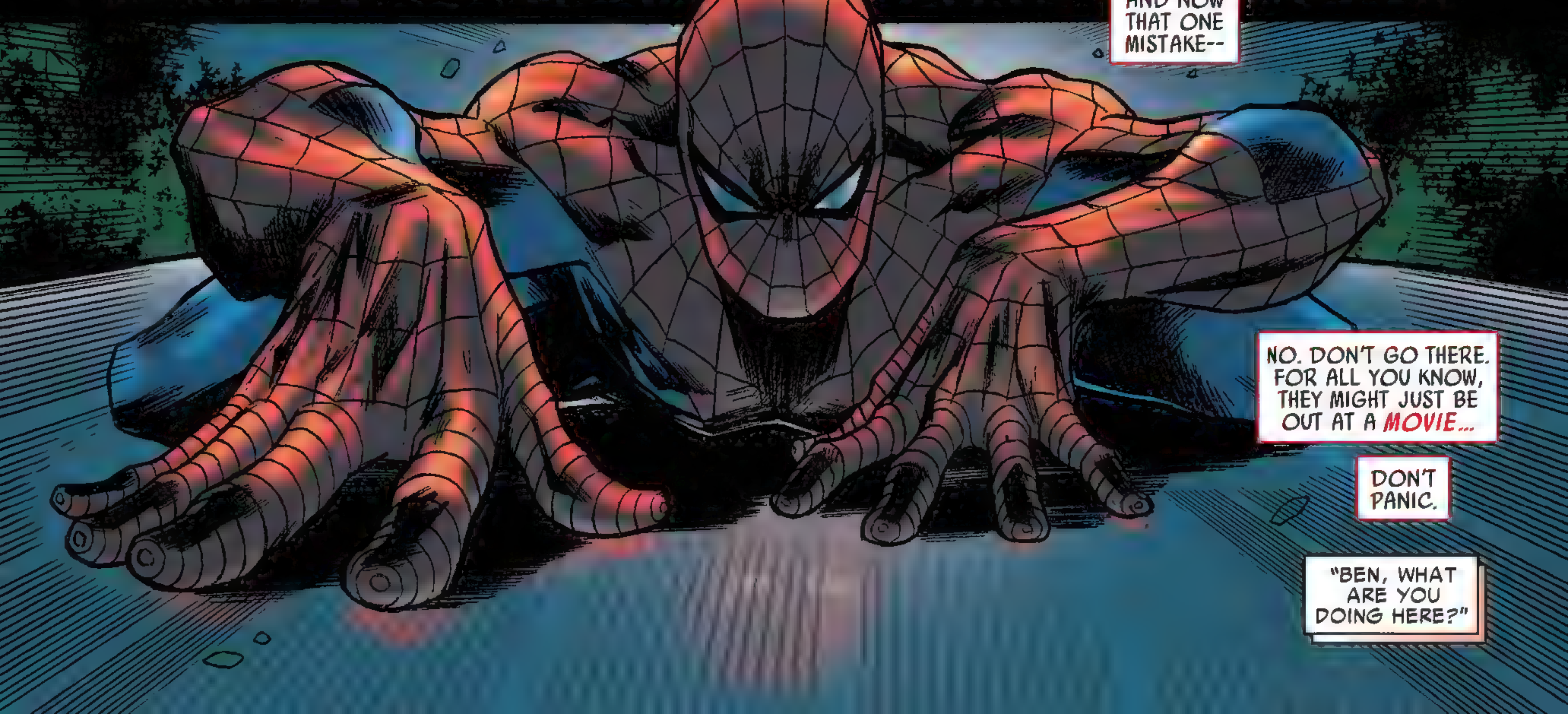
NO ANSWER ON HARRY'S CELL.

I SEND **ONE TEXT** MESSAGE AS AN INSURANCE POLICY BEFORE HEADING OUT TO FOREST HILLS.



FIRST THING I SHOULD'VE DONE WAS MAKE SURE THE REILLYS WERE ALRIGHT.

VERY FIRST THING.



AND NOW THAT ONE MISTAKE--

NO. DON'T GO THERE. FOR ALL YOU KNOW, THEY MIGHT JUST BE OUT AT A **MOVIE...**

DON'T PANIC.

"BEN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

Then.

I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER YOU AND THE KIDS, LAURA, BUT IS DAMON HOME?

YES, HE'S--

WHOA--
WHAT'S THE RUSH?

SORRY, I NEED TO SEE HIM. WHERE IS HE?

WHERE DO YOU THINK?

IN HIS STUDY. HE SAID HE WASN'T FEELING WELL. I TRIED TO GET HIM TO LIE DOWN, BUT HE SAID HE HAD WORK TO DO--

OKAY--

BEN, YOU'RE FRIGHTENING ME--

SORRY. EVERYTHING'S FINE. I JUST NEED TO TALK TO DAMON ABOUT... SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED IN THE LAB TODAY.

EVERYTHING'S FINE.

Now.

HELLO?!
HELLO?!

IT'S
PETE! I'M
COMING IN,
ALRIGHT--

HARRY--!

PETER...

PETER...
GET OUTTA
HERE. CALL
NINE-ONE--

HARRY--

IS THAT
"PETER"?

PLEASE,
MISTER OSBORN,
ASK YOUR
FRIEND TO
JOIN US.

AFTER
ALL...



...HE'S
THE GUEST OF
HONOR.

"DAMON..."

Then.

...DAMON,
IT'S ME. IT'S
BEN. I--

ACTUALLY,
I'M GLAD YOU'RE
HERE...

I THINK
SOMETHING'S
GONE AWRY
WITH MY LITTLE
EXPERIMENT.

THERE
YOU
ARE...

...REILLY.

"I PROBABLY DON'T
HAVE TO EXPLAIN
THIS, NOW DO I?"



I MEAN,
IT'S PRETTY
OBVIOUS,
ISN'T IT?

YOU KILLED
MY FAMILY
AND NOW I'M
GOING TO KILL
YOURS WHILE
YOU WATCH.

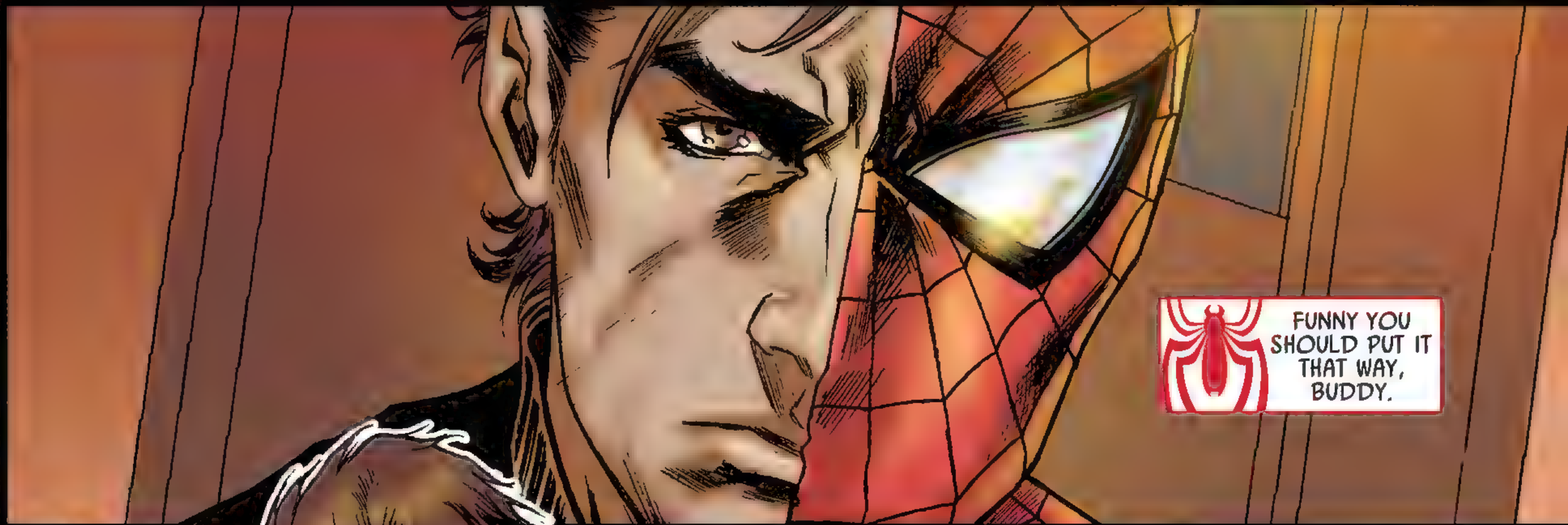


PETER--



YES...
"PETER?"

AND WHILE
WE'RE AT IT,
WHY DON'T YOU
TELL HIM WHO
YOU REALLY
ARE?



FUNNY YOU
SHOULD PUT IT
THAT WAY,
BUDDY.



BECAUSE IF THAT'S
WHAT IT TAKES TO SAVE
EVERYONE, THAT'S
WHAT I'M GONNA DO...

Next:
Secrets
No More!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL



TOM BRENNAN ASST. EDITOR **STEPHEN WACKER** EDITOR

TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR **JOE QUESADA** EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER **ALAN FINE** EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

The letters keep rolling in on ASM #600, so let's get to it.

Dear Spider-Mail

Cracked open ASM #600 and I gotta say I loved it! First off, a tip of the hat to Mark Waid. "My Brother's Son" knew how to tug at the heart strings, good job Waid!

Loved the art throughout the book (and those covers never meant to see the light of day? HILARIOUS!) and Slott powered through all those pages with an amazing wit that's classic Spidey. "Last Legs" was genius.

Why hasn't Parker been on a real date since the start of BND? Seriously, if readers had to survive the imagery of the pruny two-backed beast, we should be rewarded with SOMETHING. It's not like there's a shortage of characters, between Norah, Carlie and even Michele Gonzales, I'm sure Petey can at least get a short dinner comically interrupted by Shocker. Look forward to answers.

Mikie Acevedo
Chicago, IL

I am appalled that you would call 599's letter column "the last letter column in an issue of ASM whose issue number begins with a 5."

Let me tell you, sir, that I have faith that this series will one day make it to a starting digit of 5 again. Apparently you don't have the faith that I do in our beloved wall-crawler. Clearly you won't be around due to your lack of faith, but I'll write back to congratulate the team in charge of issue #5000 in about 122 years (assuming you continue to publish 3 per month).

Steve Clinton.
Mathematics Instructor
Roseville High School

An excellent point, Steve. The students at Roseville high school are clearly in good – if excessively picayune – hands.

However you are clearly unaware of the many decades of work on the MarketingDepartonium FictoNominals which hypothesize a radical departure from current numbering theoretics.

Simply put, in the future (if current Gregorian Calenderical models hold steady), numericals such as your "5" will be replaced in such a manner as to make every issue a single unit representative.

In other words, in 122 years every issue will be a number 1. (I can hear Jeph Loeb's accountant dancing from here).

This issue and the excellent "American Son" storyline has set me up to keep ASM on my pull list for a long time.

I have just one question: The joke made by Spider-Man when he was in the Fantasticar with Johnny where he says, "Wahhhh they had to call me in, remember?" is that in the spirit of Artie Lange?

Scott Dahl
Via e-mail

Baba BooeY.

Dear Spidey-makers,

I noticed a letter in the back of your book from a fellow named "Moe" and I have to agree that the lettering on the last few issues have been stellar, though every time I REALLY liked them, I noticed Chris Eliopoulos' name was listed in the credits.

He's AWESOMESAUCE! Much better than that Caramagna slouch. Is that the same guy who writes Lockjaw and the Pet Avengers? That is awesome as well. So please pass along my congratulations to Mr. Eliopoulos. In conclusion, Caramagna is overrated and Eliopoulos is the bestest in the whole wide world.

Sincerely,
Bliss Stupidopoulos

P.S. Boo, St. Louis Cardinals.

Thanks, Bliss. It's been hard keeping Chris employed with his recent jail time and his inability to spell his last name, but it's always a pleasure to help out doddering misanthropics when I can. (You too, Brevoort!)

Oh and no, the letterer who writes *Lockjaw and the Pet Avengers* is really Todd Klein working under a pen name. Hope that helps.

PS: Hope you don't mind I took the liberty of fixing the myriad grammatical errors and wiping the mashed chicken pudding off your letter (how'd you get pudding on an e-mail? Now THAT'S sloppy). Go Cards!

Hi All,

2009 has been a big year. In March, I visited Spidey's turf, NYC for the first time, on July 1 my son (and future Spidey fan) Elias was born. and now I have waited until ASM #600 to send in my first letter.

Like many I had been eagerly anticipating ASM #600. However, on the Saturday before the issue was to be released my family, including our 3 week old son was evacuated from our home due to a series of wild fires burning here in Kelowna.

Being evacuated with a newborn is a trying experience. We were evacuated for five days. It was emotional and exhausting. On the day that we were able to return home, I made a point of stopping into my local comic shop to pick up my copy of ASM #600 and I wanted to say thank you.

That night, after sleeping only a handful of hours in the previous week, I flipped through ASM #600. I've been collecting Amazing Spider-Man comics since I was a kid and over the years I have stopped at times but something has always drawn me back. I, like many, was confused and at times unhappy with the new direction of Spidey with BRAND NEW DAY and a few other storylines. I am one of the perhaps few that appreciated the marriage of Pete and MJ and was scratching my head when you wiped it clean. So as a wearily read ASM #600, a smile broke out as on the last page Mary Jane Watson was back. This is why I wanted to thank you. The Amazing Spider-Man is once again "amazing."

You were able to take me away from the trials of my own life helping forget

about the terrible week that my family had experienced. I hope that Pete and MJ get back together, for that is something that is simply meant to be. I hope that you print this letter so that I can show it to my son as I introduce him to the Amazing Spider-Man. Congratulations on 600 amazing issues. Thank you for the great stories over the years.

Jody Nimetz
Kelowna, BC, Canada

Very sorry about your bad week, Jody. I know firsthand the stress of bringing home a newborn and can't imagine what a rough time it must have been for your family. The boy sounds like he's in good hands though and the Spidey-office sends the Nimetzes its very best. (Well I do anyway, Brennan reminds me that he raised his seven kids in his backyard, giving them agility training by having them dodge lawn darts and bowling pins 12 hours a day. Wow, the things a 44-year-old assistant editor can teach you about raising a child.)



Speaking of "Temperate" Tom Brennan, Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade watchers can see the toupee'd one himself on TV this year as one of the handlers of the newly revamped Spider-Man balloon. Check your listings and find him. I'll try and post a picture here too afterwards.

I make light of Brennan a lot on this page...and in the office....and at home... and in my car....and with strangers... but this guy is all over New York doing exciting things on a daily basis, using the city as a treasure trove of events and collecting brand new experiences.

Amidst all he does, I don't know how he finds time to make my lunch, sit in with Letterman's band on the non-slide trombone and also run the Virtual Calligraphy lettering studio on top of all that. It's pretty inspiring and I'm glad to have him here.



The Spidey-Office also heard from: Harlie O'Neal; Ryan Pike from Calgary; Oliver Villar; Alex Walason; Skyland Fisher; Dylan Riley; Jeffrey Hart Peterson (Sorry you hate the Osborn hair. I think it's incredibly distinctive); Jason Jackson (who wants a Spidey Omnibus starting with issue #546—anyone else?); Francesco Vanagolli; Ken McFarlane; Lex Thompson; Marcelino Padrón Paláu; Kevin Nichols Davis; David Strickhouser; Jesus Feliciano, and Rodrigo Cano.



See you in a couple weeks for the conclusion of "Who Was Ben Reilly"!

Viva Templar!
Simperin' Steve
10/1/09 – Give 'em hell, Grandpa Clarence.

MARVEL
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the **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN**



**GUGGENHEIM
CHECCHETTO
ROSS
MAGYAR
D'AURIA**

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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



of Jonah Jameson's
May Reilly Parker



Mayor J. Jonah Jameson Yes THE J. Jonah Jameson is mayor of New York. How did it happen? When we last saw Jonah J., he was recovering from a heart attack and wondering what to do with his life now that his wife Maria said the Daily Bugle out from under him to the king of slimeball journalism, Dexter Bennett. How did he turn it all around? Spidey couldn't tell you he and the FF were busy quelling civil unrest in the Macroverse a dimension who's time stream so differs from our own that a short mission cost them two months on Earth! And everyone knows two months in the life of Peter Parker ANYTHING can change - his rent his love life even his circle of friends, a base slightly expanded when Peter begrudgingly unmasked to the Fantastic Four But the big problem remains clear - J. Jonah Jameson former Stalin-esque boss Peter Parker and arch-enemy in Spider-Man.

UN
UN

What be
unrelated ga
escalated to a
crime organizat



PETER PARKER'S P.O.V.

Years ago, a mad scientist named the Jackal cloned me, Peter Parker, in an attempt to duplicate my spider-powers and have his own Spider-Man. That guy had his own conscience and ran off. Took the name Ben Reilly and became a hero. He died a hero.

But apparently a few years before that, he worked for a scientist named Damon Ryder. Ryder was experimenting with dinosaur DNA and turned himself into some form of enhanced superhuman. What happened then is anybody's guess, but he claims Ben burned his house down and killed his family. He's after Ben. Problem is - I'm the only guy alive who *looks* like Ben.

He tried to corner me at Front Line after I'd finished trading punches with that dot-com-convict Screwball, but I managed to scare him off. I tracked him down to my Aunt May's house, where he'd taken my cousins, the Reilly girls, hostage, along with their roommate, my best pal Harry Osborn.

Worse, my first clone, Kaine, has broken out of prison and is after Ryder. Claims Ryder can help him fight a cellular degeneration. Whenever Kaine shows up, it's trouble...

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Then.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

ALRIGHT...

Now.

QUEENS, NEW YORK.

ALRIGHT...

**BEN REILLY AND
PETER PARKER!**
TWO SIDES OF THE SAME
COIN. ONE WHO WATCHED
A FRIEND GO MAD YEARS
AGO AND THE OTHER
FACING THAT SAME MADMAN
TODAY WHILE SURROUNDED
BY INNOCENTS AT HIS
AUNT'S HOME!

ONE OF THESE MEN
WILL SOON DIE HAUNTED
BY THE QUESTION:

**WHO WAS
BEN
REILLY**





SKRAAAAAASHHH





Now.

...BECAUSE
I'M NOT PROTECTING
THE OLD SECRET IDENTITY
AT THE EXPENSE OF
MY BEST FRIEND AND
MY NEWLY MINTED
COUSINS --

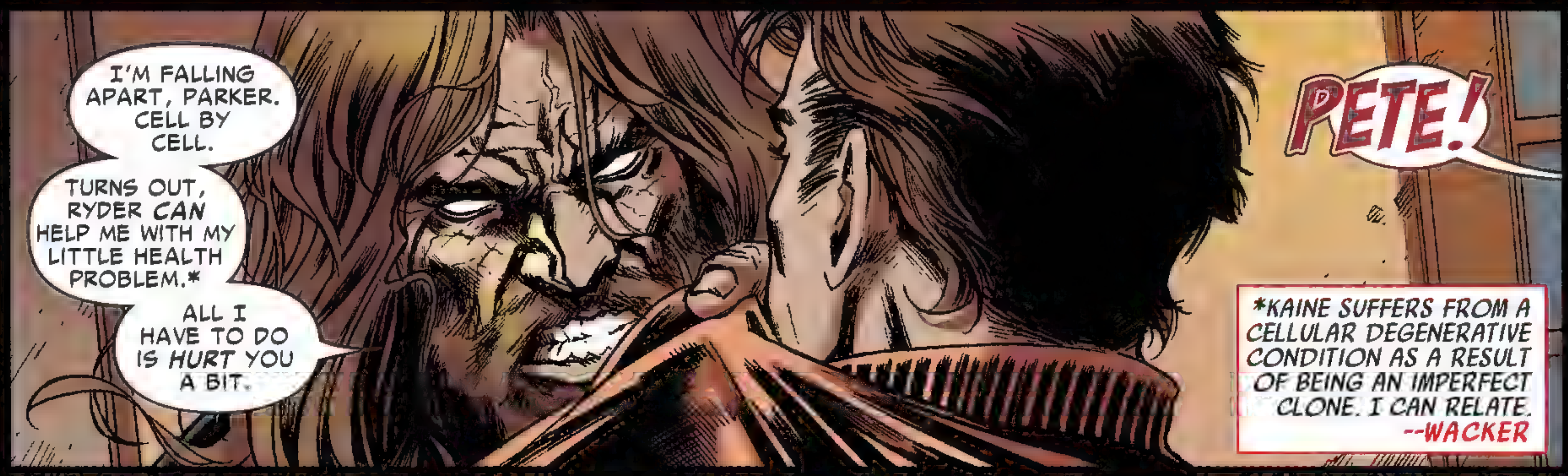
HELLO,
PETER...



...SO NICE
YOU COULD
JOIN US
ALL.

KAINE?!
WHAT THE
HELL IS HE
DOING HERE--

DAMON--
EXCUSE ME,
RAPTOR--INVITED
ME, THOUGHT
IT MIGHT
BE FUN.



I'M FALLING
APART, PARKER.
CELL BY
CELL.

TURNS OUT,
RYDER CAN
HELP ME WITH MY
LITTLE HEALTH
PROBLEM.*

ALL I
HAVE TO DO
IS HURT YOU
A BIT.

PETE!

*KAINE SUFFERS FROM A
CELLULAR DEGENERATIVE
CONDITION AS A RESULT
OF BEING AN IMPERFECT
CLONE. I CAN RELATE.
--WACKER



WHAT
THE HELL'S
GOING ON?! LET
HIM GO, YOU
LONGHAIR
FREAK!



UNF

DON'T
BE RUDE.

HARRY!

CRACK

"DON'T BEG,
REILLY."

HNK-
NO...

**SHUT
UP!**

WE'VE
GOT THE
SAME DNA AND I
KNOW FOR A FACT
YOU'RE MADE OF
STERNER STUFF
THAN THAT.

YOU'RE
AS SMART
AS EVER,
KAINE!

WHAT
I MEANT
WAS...

...THIS
REALLY ISN'T
A GOOD
TIME.

Y'KNOW,
NORMALLY
I'D SAY THAT
JOKE BROUGHT
THE HOUSE
DOWN...

...BUT I'M
NOT REALLY
IN A MOOD
TO SCREW
AROUND!

KSSH



FOOOOOOONK

YOU'RE MESSING WITH MY FRIENDS, KAINE...

...AND IT'S GETTING OLD!



RAAAAAAARRRR!

CAN I QUOTE YOU?



GRRR...

GOOD BOY. KEEP FOLLOWING ME WHILE I GET MY PRIORITIES IN ORDER.

FIRST OF ALL, I HAVE TO GET TO DAMON BEFORE HE HURTS LAURA OR THE KIDS...

YOU'RE GOING TO BURN, REILLY!

THIS NEW LIFE OF YOURS? IT'S GOING TO BURN!

WORST. TIMING. EVER.

KAINE-- DAMN YOU-- YOU RUIN EVERYTHING...

SHAK



...RYDER
NEEDED ME HERE
BECAUSE I
THINK HE WANTS TO
RELIVE A CERTAIN
EVENING IN
PORTLAND.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT,
KAINE.

ACTUALLY...

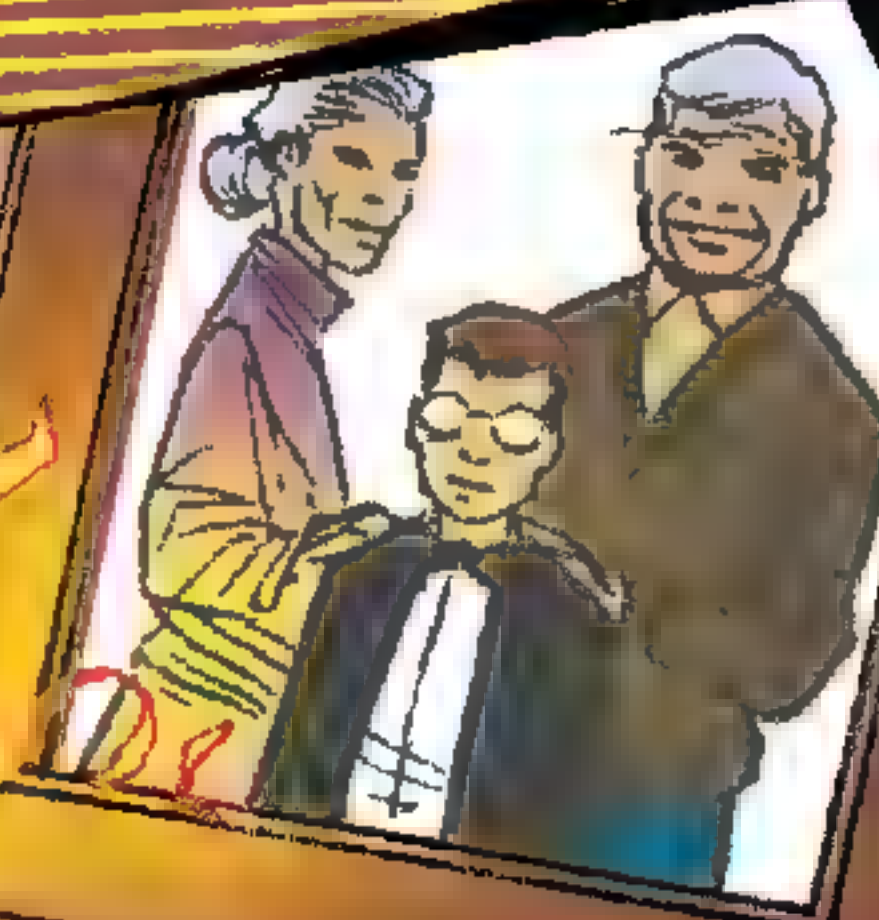


TEK

...I THINK
YOU DO!

FOOOOM

YOU'RE
GOING TO
WATCH YOUR
FAMILY BURN,
BEN.



FOOOOOOOOOOMP

YOU'RE GOING
TO EXPERIENCE EXACTLY
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LOOK
AT THE BODIES OF YOUR
LOVED ONES, THEIR FLESH
CRACKED AND CHARRED,
THEIR EYES FILLED
ONLY WITH ASH.

WELCOME,
REILLY...

"...WELCOME
TO MY
HELL!"

I TOLD
YOU THIS
WOULD HAPPEN,
DAMON! I WARNED
YOU!

DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND HOW
LUCKY YOU WERE,
DAMON?! YOU WON!
IT WAS ALL IN
YOUR HANDS!

THINGS SOME
PEOPLE SPEND
THEIR LIVES
SEARCHING
FOR!

GRRN--

DOESN'T IT
MEAN ANYTHING
TO YOU? YOUR
CHILDREN...YOUR
WIFE...

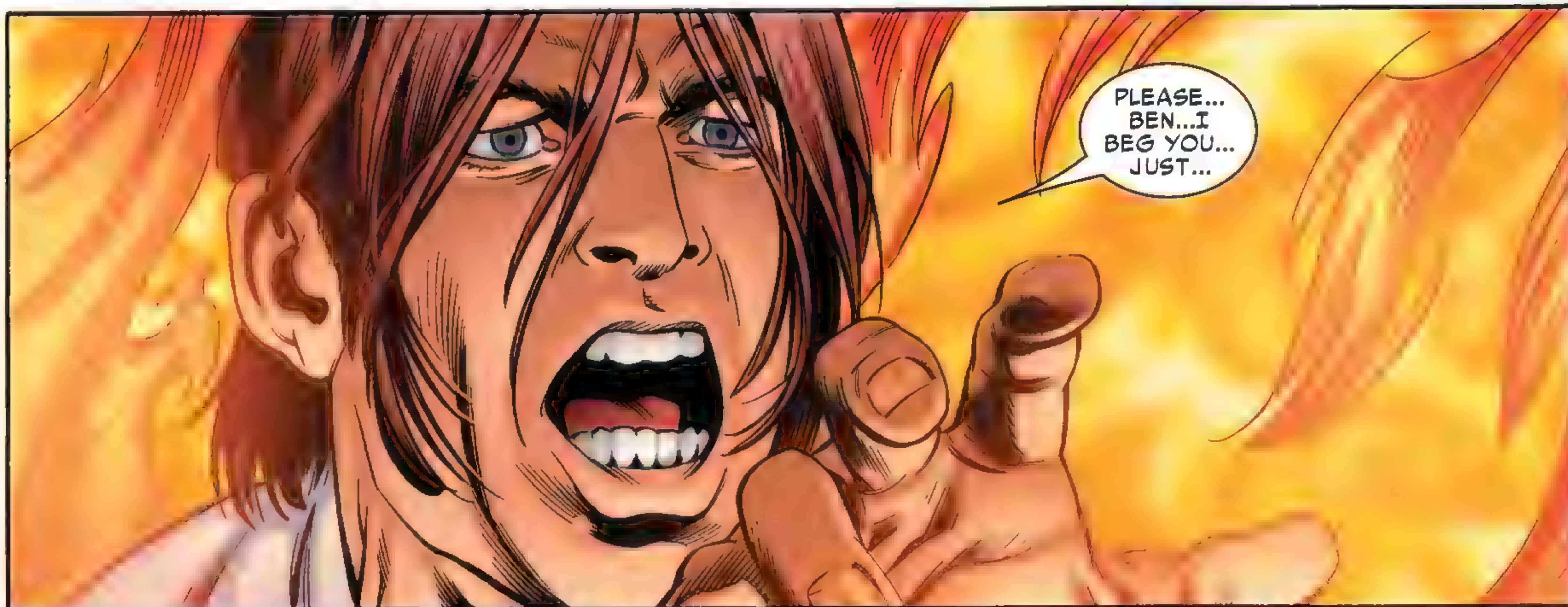
UNGH--LAU--
LAURA...

BEN!
NO--!!
GNF--

CHOK

DAMMIT!
WHY DIDN'T
YOU LISTEN
TO ME?

LAURA!
GET THE
KIDS OUT! GET
OUT OF THE
HOUSE!



PLEASE...
BEN...I
BEG YOU...
JUST...



...JUST LET
MY FAMILY
GO...



PLEASE...

DAMON...

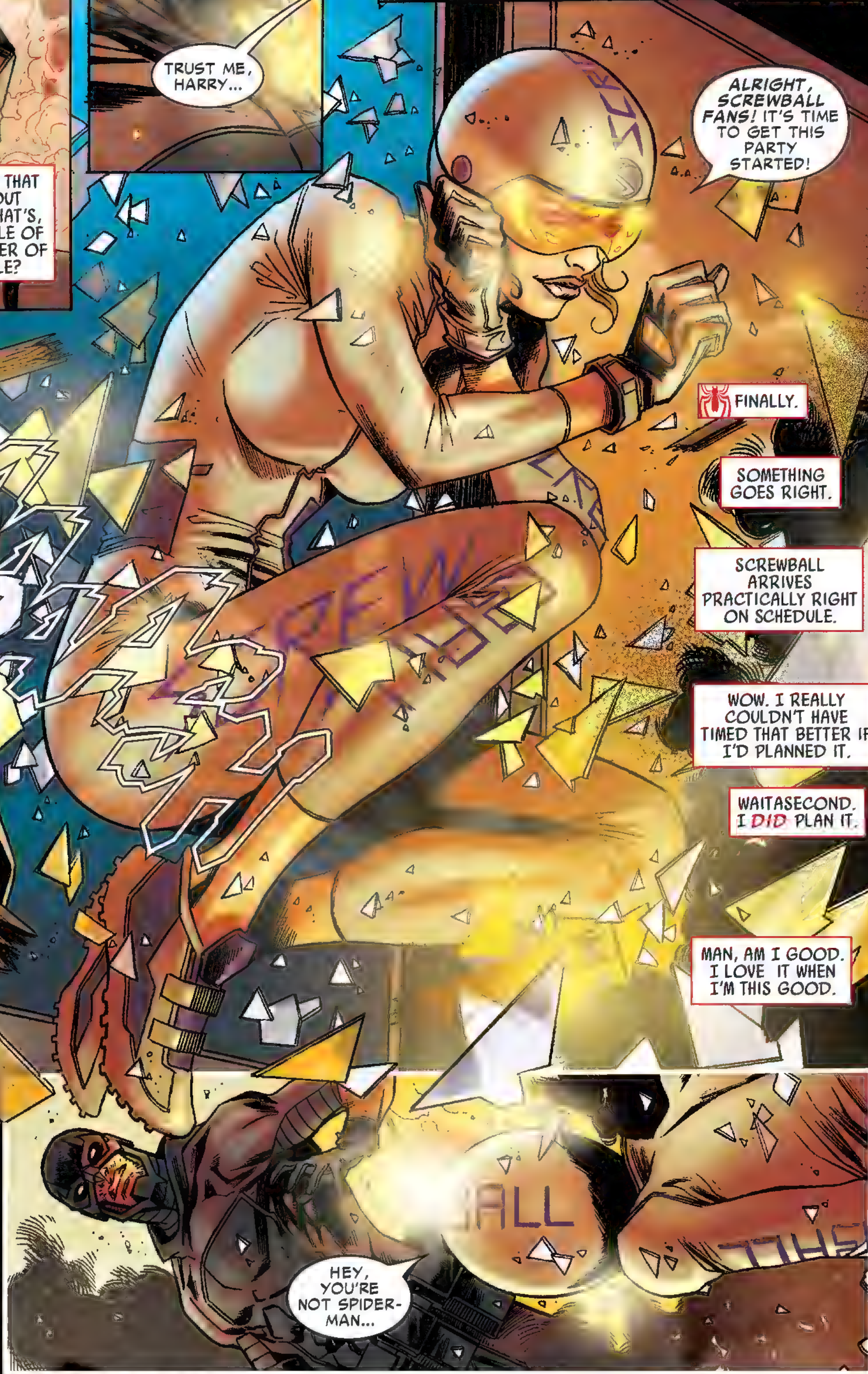
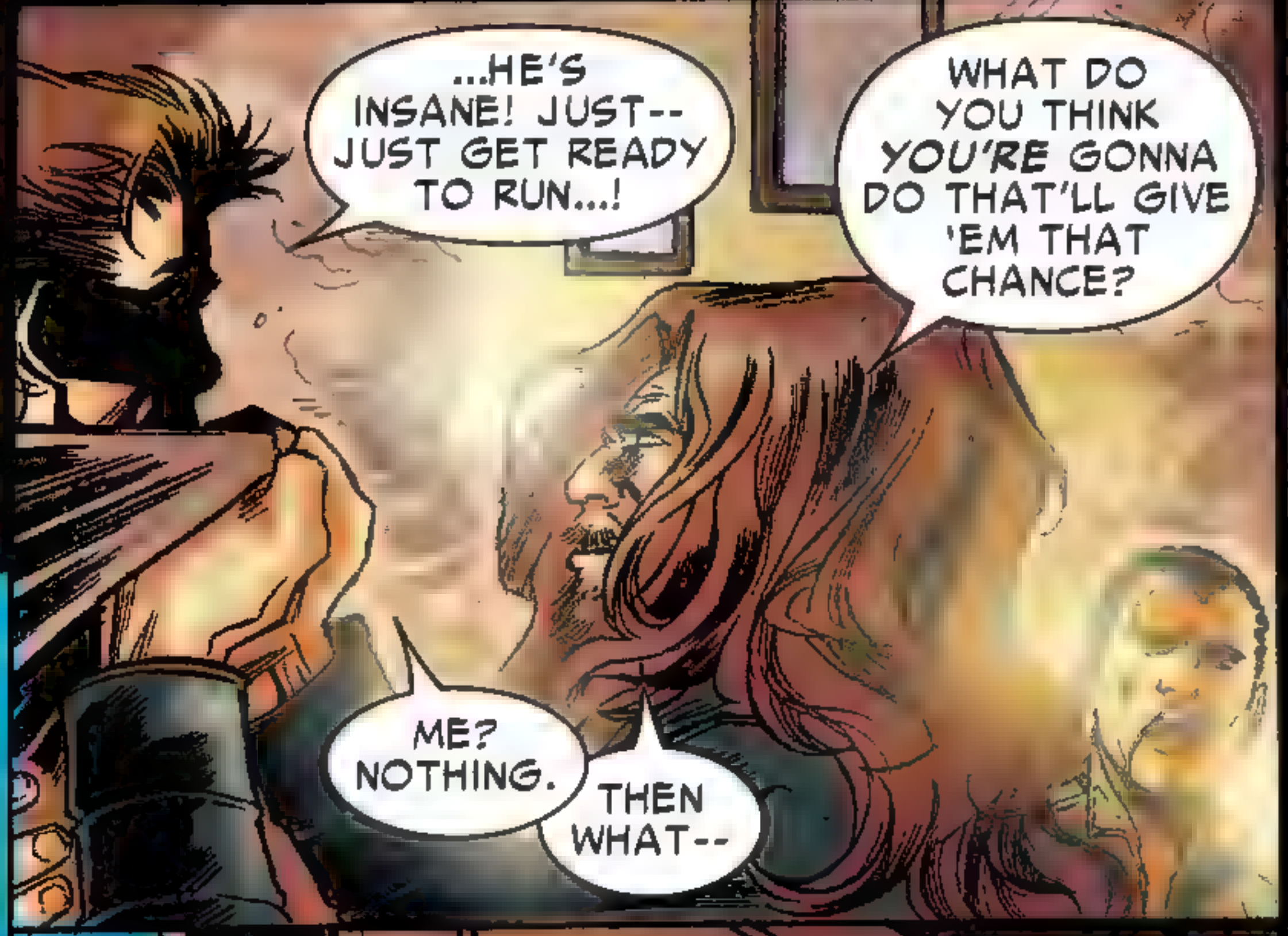


YOU SICK,
TWISTED
MONSTER...



YOU'VE
ALREADY
KILLED YOUR
FAMILY.

"WHAT THE
HELL IS THIS
MONSTER TALKING
ABOUT, PETE?"



PERCEPTIVE.

**BRATATAT
ATATATATAT
ATATATATAT**

WHOA! WHAT'S
WITH THE SHOOTIN,
TEX?! AND WHERE
THE HECK IS
SPIDER-MAN?!

RIGHT
HERE.

CRACK

SPIDER-MAN
ACCEPTED MY
CHALLENGE!*

I'VE GOT
SUBSCRIBERS
PAYING FOR THE
GENUINE ARTICLE,
NOT SOME CRACKPOT
WHO LOOKS LIKE HE
STEPPED OUT OF
THE NINETIES!

*REMEMBER THAT
TEXT SPIDEY
MADE LAST ISSUE?
--WACKER

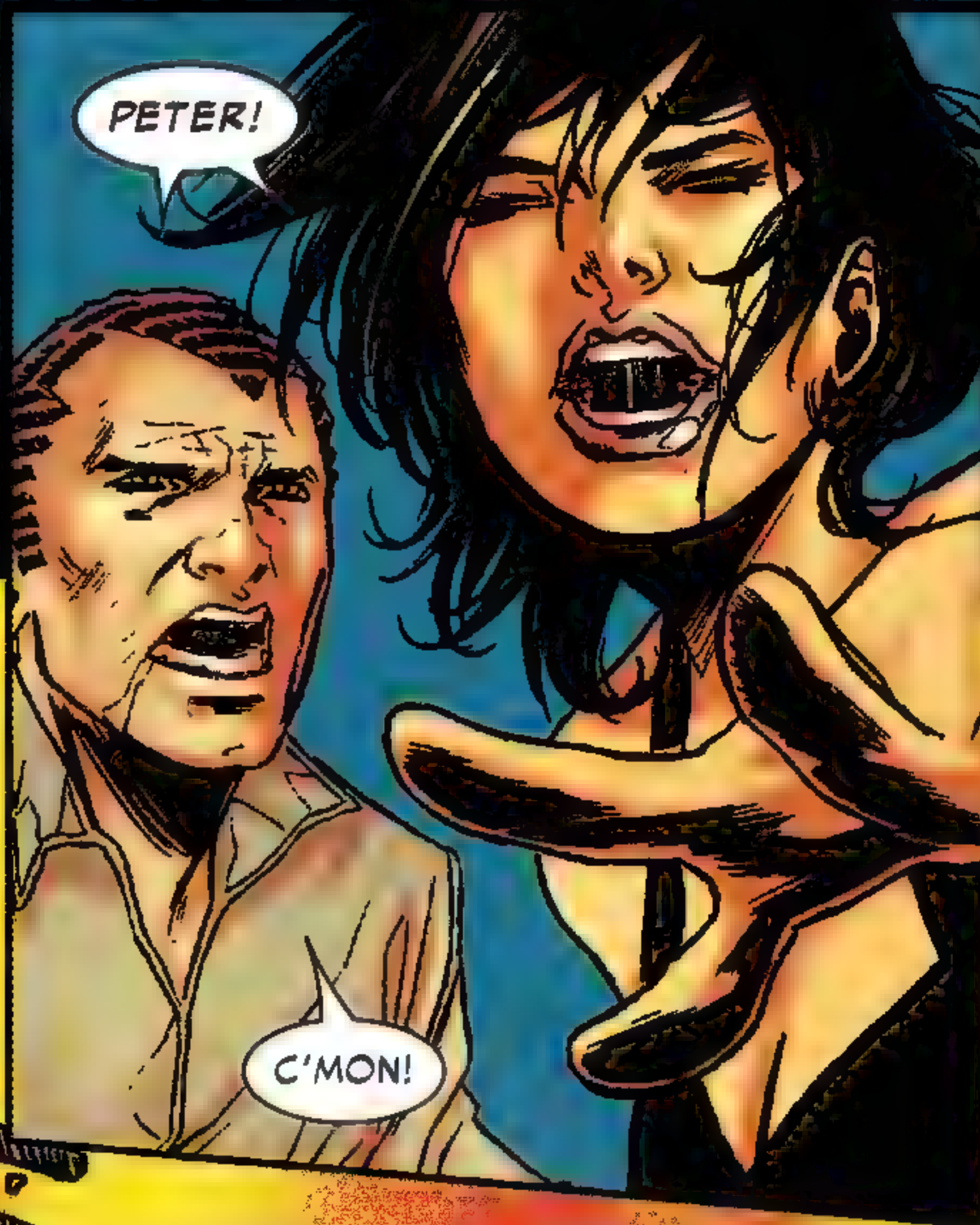
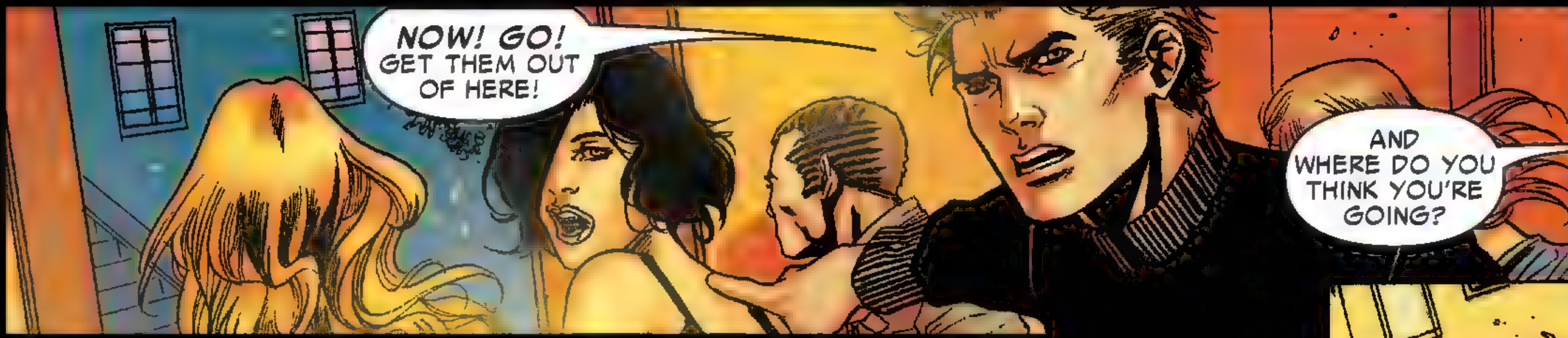
HARRY! GET
MY COUSINS
OUT OF HERE
AND CALL
THE COPS!

PETER!

IT'S
GONNA BE
OKAY...

WHO
ARE THESE
PEOPLE?

LONG STORY
FALLOUT FROM A STORY
I DID FOR FRONT LINE RISK
OF THE PROFESSION VERY
UNFORTUANTE SORRY YOU
GOT SUCKED INTO IT.



SSKRRRRN SHHHHHH

OH, BOY, *THIS* IS GONNA TAKE SOME MONEY TO REMODEL.

GLAD YOU MARRIED A RICH GUY.

COST OF DRYWALL... \$3,000.

COST OF LABOR... \$8,000.

COST OF KEEPING SECRET IDENTITY SECRET...

PRICELESS.

SPIDER-MAN!

YOU SHOWED!

OF COURSE I DID. BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE AS A *DISTRACTION*, I'M GOING TO KNOCK YOU UNCONSCIOUS AND THEN DEAL WITH BIGGER PROBLEMS.

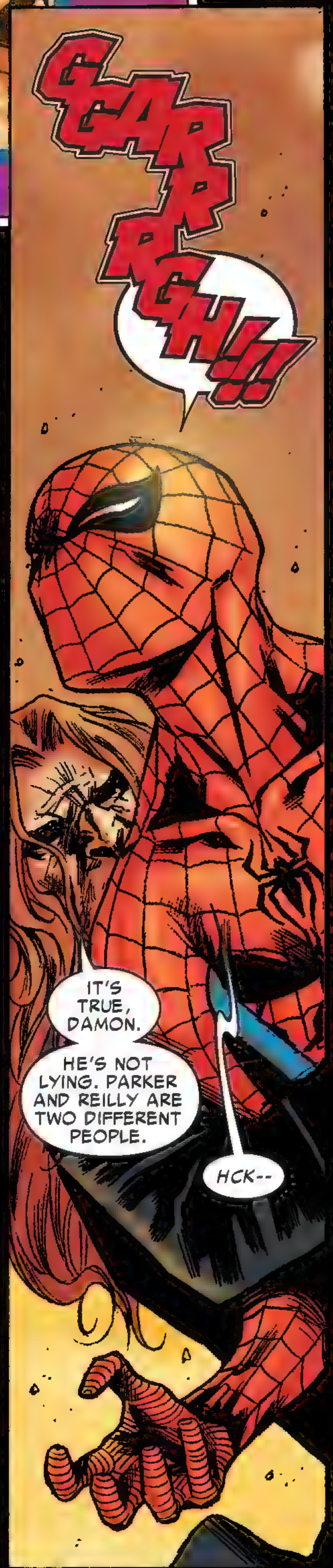
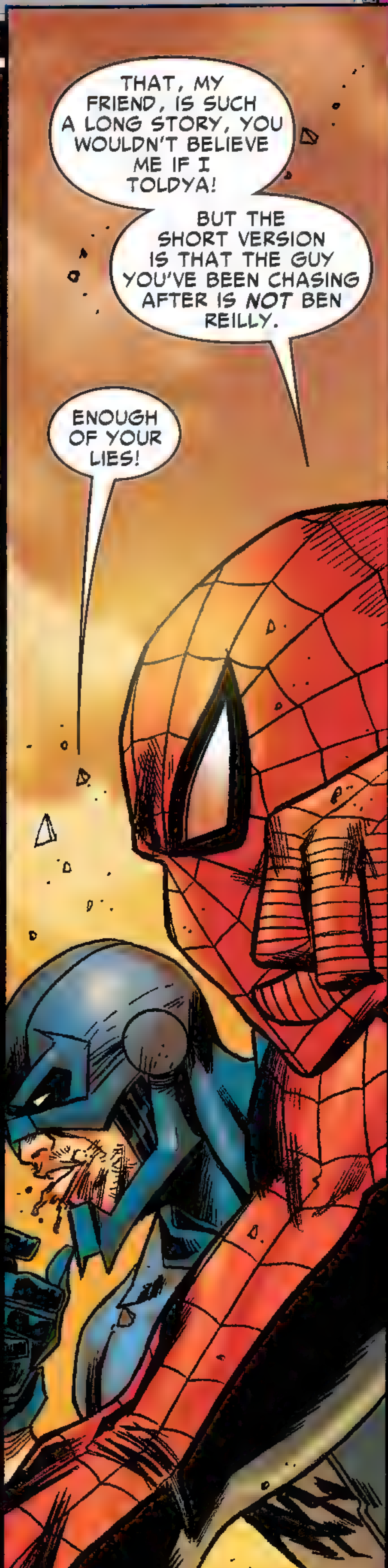
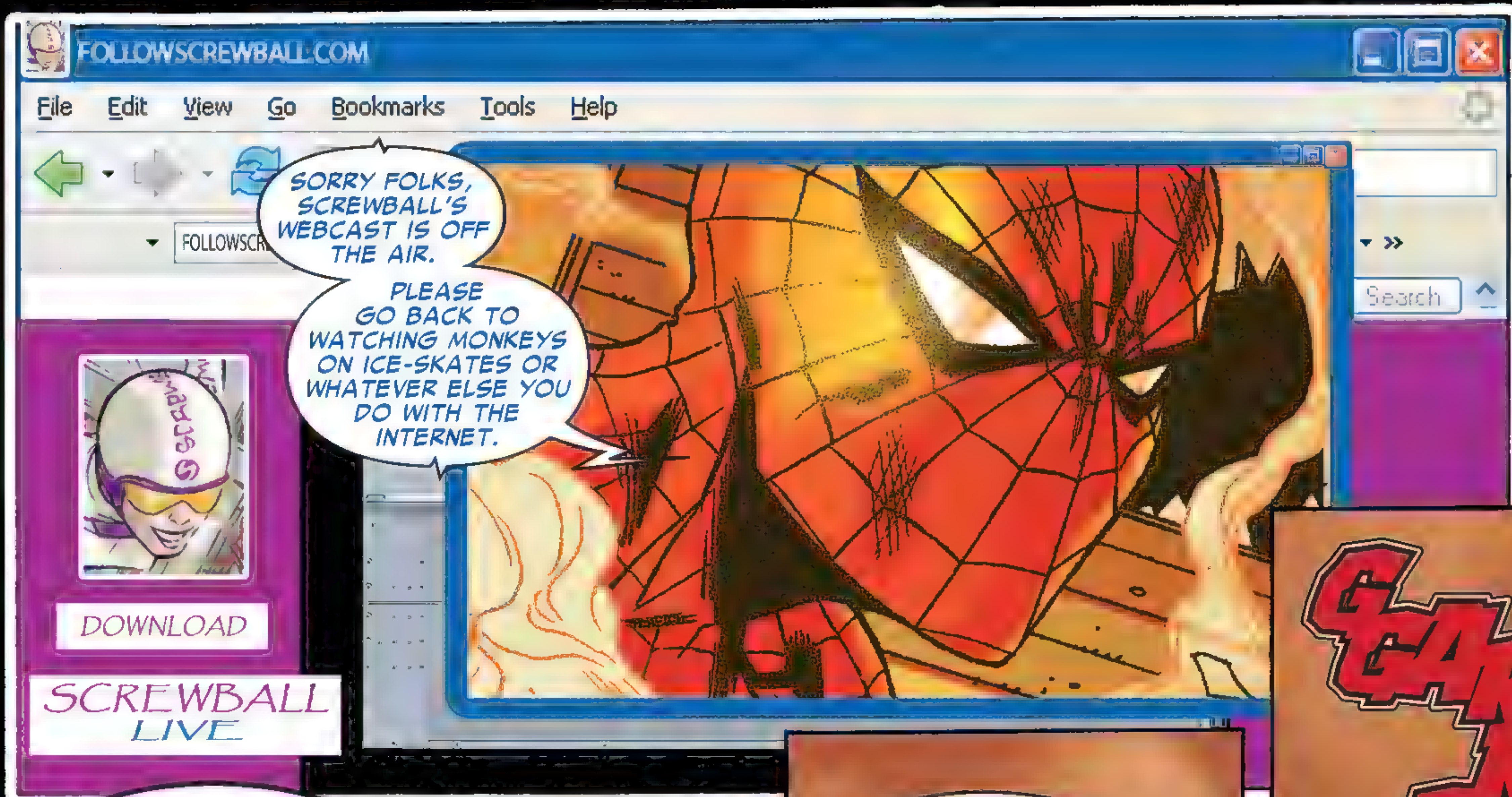
WHAT--?

SORRY. I THOUGHT WE WERE HAVING A STATE-THE-OBVIOUS CONTEST.

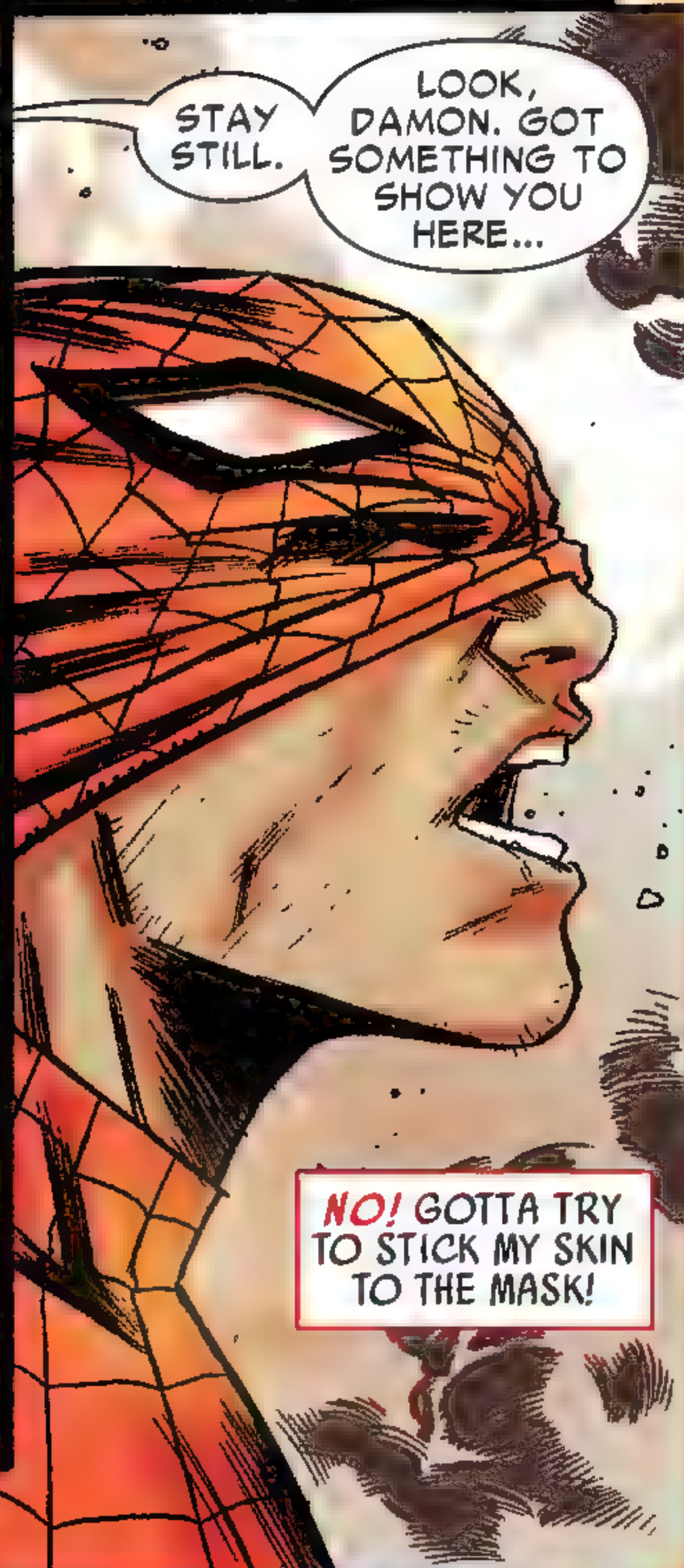
I WIN, BY THE WAY.

NGGH

SHRAK



*SPIDEY "CONVENIENTLY" SHOWED UP IN BOSTON TO COME TO PETER'S RESCUE BACK IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #36. --WACKER



"...WHATEVER REILLY'S CAPABLE OF, THIS GUY IS, TOO.

"REILLY KILLED YOUR FAMILY. BUT IT JUST AS WELL COULD HAVE BEEN *THIS* MAN.

"THERE'S REALLY NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO.

SHAKT

"IT'S LIKE THEY SAY, 'THE SINS OF THE FATHER ARE VISITED UPON THE SON.'

"SO TAKE YOUR JUSTICE WHILE IT'S STILL BREATHING."

 KAINE'S RIGHT.

IT'S WHAT'S ALWAYS BOTHERED ME ABOUT KAINE--WHATEVER BEN WAS CAPABLE OF...I AM, TOO.

"I AM HE AS YOU ARE HE AS YOU ARE ME AND WE ARE ALL TOGETHER."

THANKS LENNON/MCCARTNEY... THAT MAY JUST BE MY WAY IN!

WHICH REMINDS ME THAT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO REPLACE ALL AUNT MAY'S BEATLES ALBUMS AFTER THIS.

DAMON...

HE'S LYING.

BEN REILLY DIDN'T KILL YOUR FAMILY.

Then.

NO...

NO...

NO...

YOU'RE LYING, BEN!

YOU'RE LYING! I'D NEVER DO THAT! I'D NEVER HURT THEM!!! I'D NEVER HURT THEM! I'D NEVER--!

DAMON...

CRACK

...SHUT THE HELL UP.

WELL, ISN'T THAT INTERESTING...

HE BLAMES YOU FOR ALL THIS, BEN REILLY.

...AND ONE DAY IT WILL COST YOU DEARLY.



DAMON
SHOULDN'T BE
BLAMING ME FOR THIS.
YOU'RE THE REASON
THIS GOT OUT
OF CONTROL.

HE
SHOULD BE
BLAMING
YOU.

IN A
WAY, BEN,
HE IS.



MIGHT BE
INTERESTING TO
LET YOU BOTH
LIVE--FOR NOW--
SEE HOW THAT
PROGRESSES.



BECAUSE
YOU AND ME...
END OF THE DAY...
WE'RE THE SAME
PERSON.

YEAH, I
CAN TELL FROM
THE WAY YOU'RE
ALWAYS TRYING
TO KILL ME.

WELL,
MAYBE I'VE
GOT A BETTER
IDEA NOW.

YOUR FRIEND
HERE MAY BE
CRAZIER THAN ME,
BUT HE THINKS
YOU BUTCHERED
HIS FAMILY.



EITHER WAY,
I'M GONNA
ENJOY WATCHING
WHATEVER HAPPENS
NEXT.



OR YOU
COULD JUST
LEAVE HIM HERE,
UNCONSCIOUS. LET
HIM BURN TO DEATH
WITH THE WIFE
AND KIDDIES.

"THAT'S THE TRUTH,
RAPTOR. YOU CAN'T
BLAME ME OR
BEN REILLY."



LIES!

NO! BEN REILLY DIDN'T KILL ANYONE.

Kaine's right about one thing. I'm whoever Ben Reilly was.

AND I'M HERE TO TELL YOU...

HE'S NOT A KILLER.

HE NEVER WAS...

NEVER COULD BE...

AND I KNOW THIS BECAUSE...

I'M NOT A KILLER.

AND I KNOW THAT BECAUSE YOU'VE COME HERE, SET FIRE TO MY AUNT'S HOUSE, THREATENED MY BEST FRIEND, TERRORIZED MY FAMILY...

...AND I'M LETTING YOU LIVE.

YEAH, I'M GONNA WEB YOU UP NICE AND GOOD AND TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH YOU BEFORE THE--

POLICE!

--GET HERE. OH GREAT!



OKAY, SO IT
LOOKS LIKE HARRY
FOUND HIMSELF
A PHONE...

FREEZE!

NYPD!

FREEZE!

THWAP

THWAP

ON THE
FLOOR ON THE
FLOOR!!!



RAPTOR--

KAINE--

SCREWBALL,
TOO.

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THEM?

FELLAS,
I HATE TO
BREAK UP THE
BAND...



BUT I
GOT NOSE-
BLEED KNICKS
TICKETS!

I'LL TELL
YOU WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THEM...

HOLD
IT!

LET 'IM GO,
STONE...THIS
PLACE IS SHOT
UP ENOUGH.

--THEY DIDN'T
STICK AROUND TO
GET **ARRESTED**.

NOT A
BAD PLAN.



Epilogue. That Night.

SO NOW I'VE GOT A WHOLE NEW MESS OF WORRIES WITH A HOUSE I NEED TO GET REPAIRED AND A MANIAC OUT THERE WHO'S SEEN MY FACE.

BUT SO FAR, NO SIGN OF RAPTOR.

NO TRACE OF KAINE.

AND SCREWBALL REMAINS #1 ON GOOGLE TRENDS.

NEW YORK'S FINEST HAD NO LUCK TRACKING THEM.

AND I **COULDN'T**.

BECAUSE I HAD SOMEWHERE ELSE I HAD TO BE.

HE THREW YOU THROUGH A WALL? HOW IS IT YOU DON'T HAVE A FEW BROKEN BONES?

BECAUSE I ABSORBED MOST OF THE IMPACT WITH MY HEAD.

AND I KNOW ABOUT EIGHT DIFFERENT SECRET WAYS INTO THIS HOUSE.

THAT'S SOME GOOD THINKING.

I THOUGHT SO.

WHO WERE THOSE MEN, PETER?

"OH, JUST A BUNCH OF CRAZIES."

YOU SAID YOU COULD HELP ME!!!

YES...

I BELIEVE THAT'S WHAT'S CALLED A LIE.

YOU SEEMED SO EAGER TO KILL "PETER PARKER," IF I HADN'T TEMPTED YOU, IT WOULD'VE BEEN A WASTE OF PERFECTLY GOOD RAGE.

"IT'S FUNNY, BUT...THE LARGER ONE KIND OF LOOKED LIKE YOU, PETER."

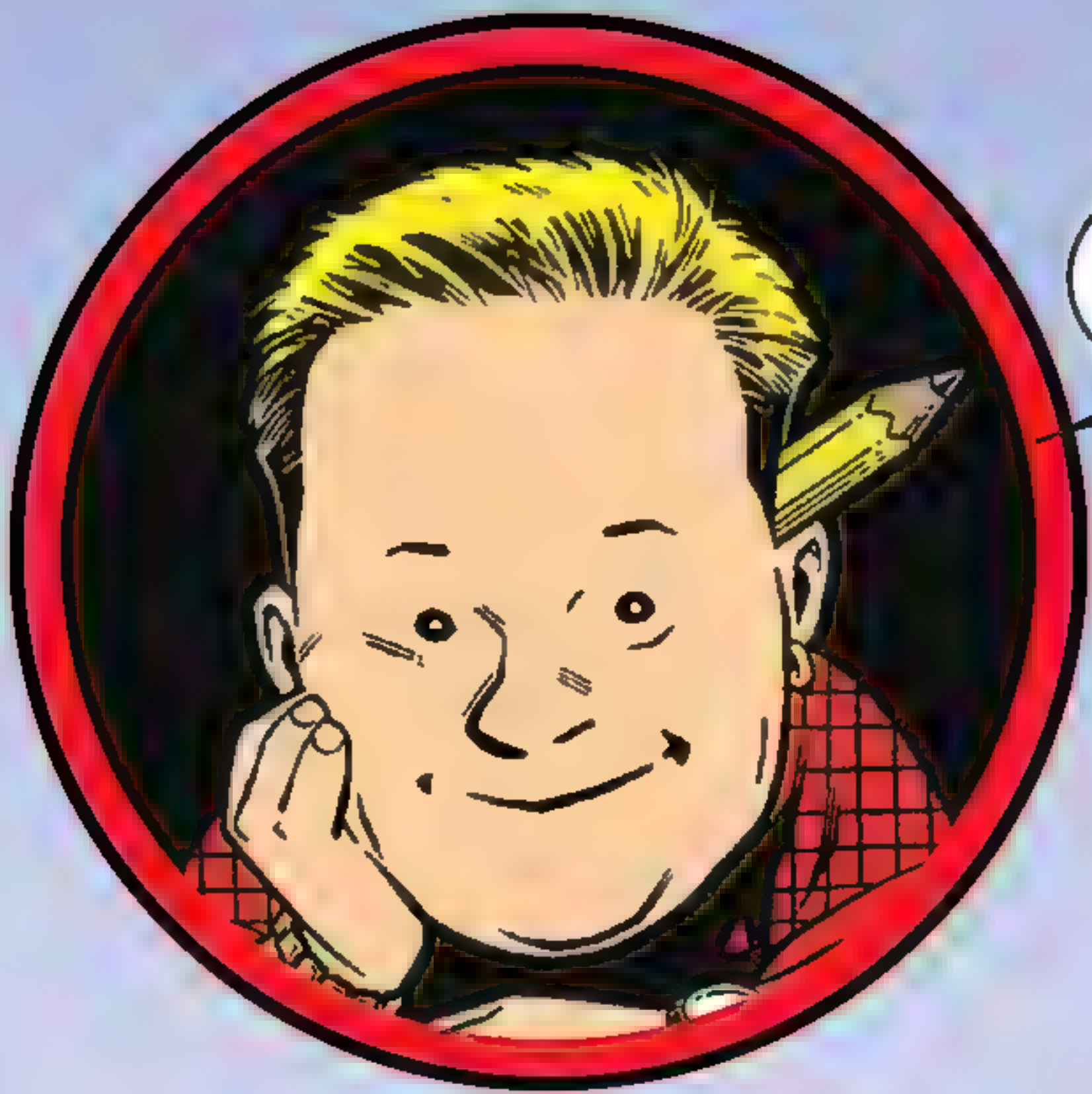


the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

MARVEL
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**KELLY
CANETE
MOSSA**



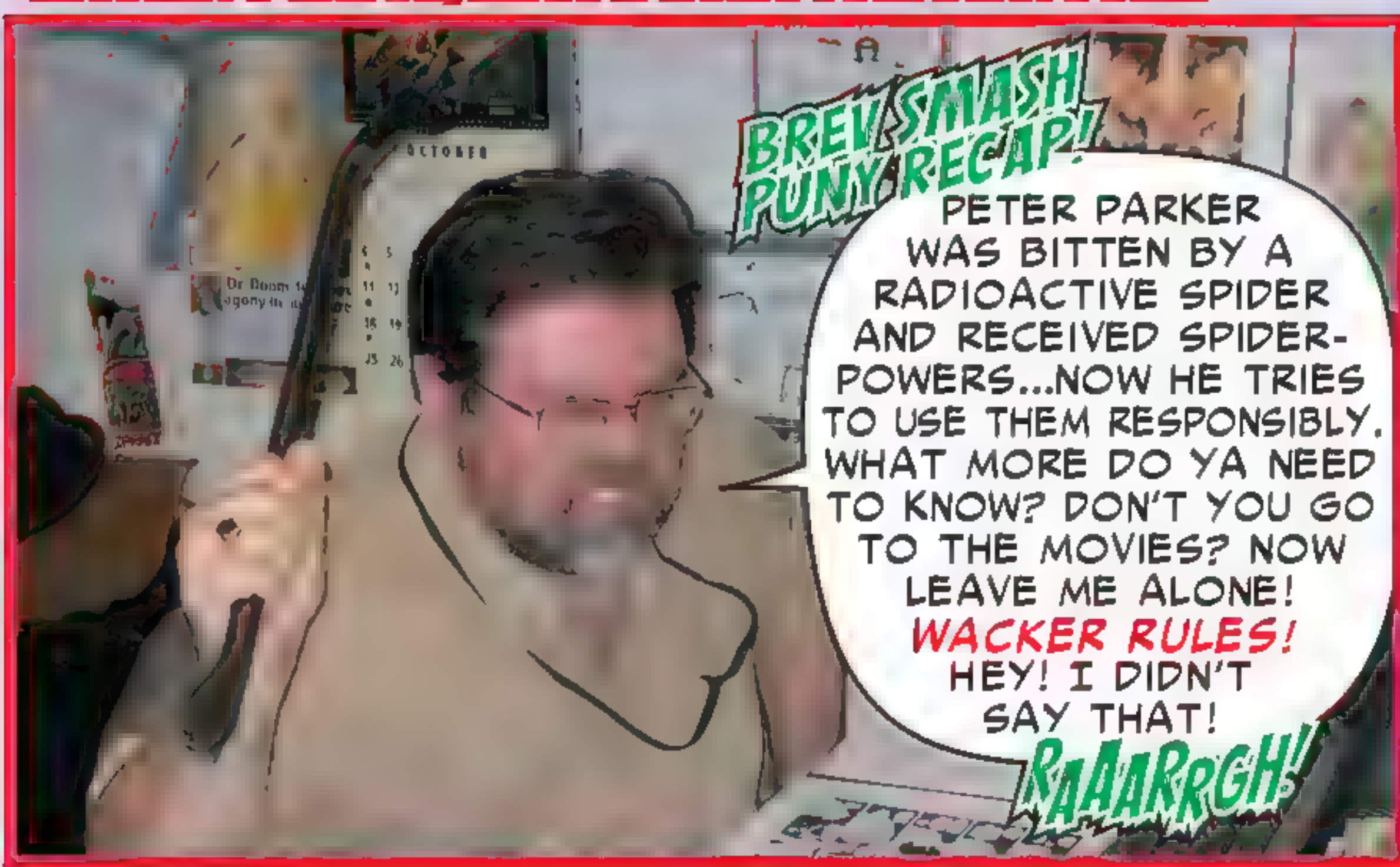


HELLO, MARVELITES.
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JOE
QUESADA HERE WELCOMING YOU
TO THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF THE
AMAZING SPIDER-MAN.

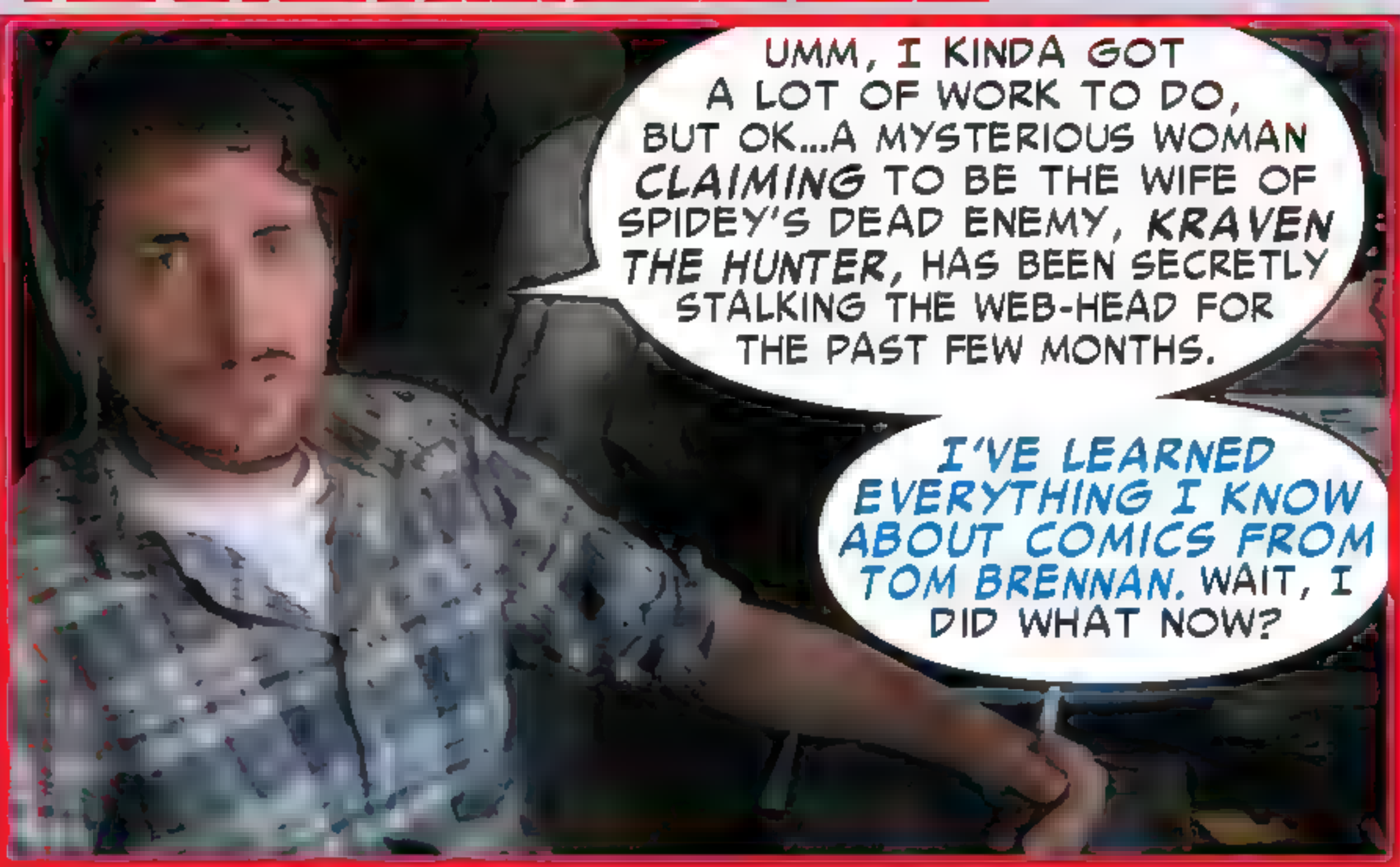
I WAS GETTING
TIRED OF THE REGULAR
SPIDEY RECAP PAGE, SO I SENT
BRENNAN AND THE WACKER OUT FOR
"COFFEE" SO ME, DEADPOOL AND
SOME OF THE GOOD PEOPLE AT
MARVEL CAN SHOW THEM
HOW IT'S DONE.

BY THE WAY,
DID I EVER TELL YOU
WHAT A HUGE ST. LOUIS
CARDINALS FAN I--HEY! WACKER
STOP EDITING MY LOVE
OF THE METS!

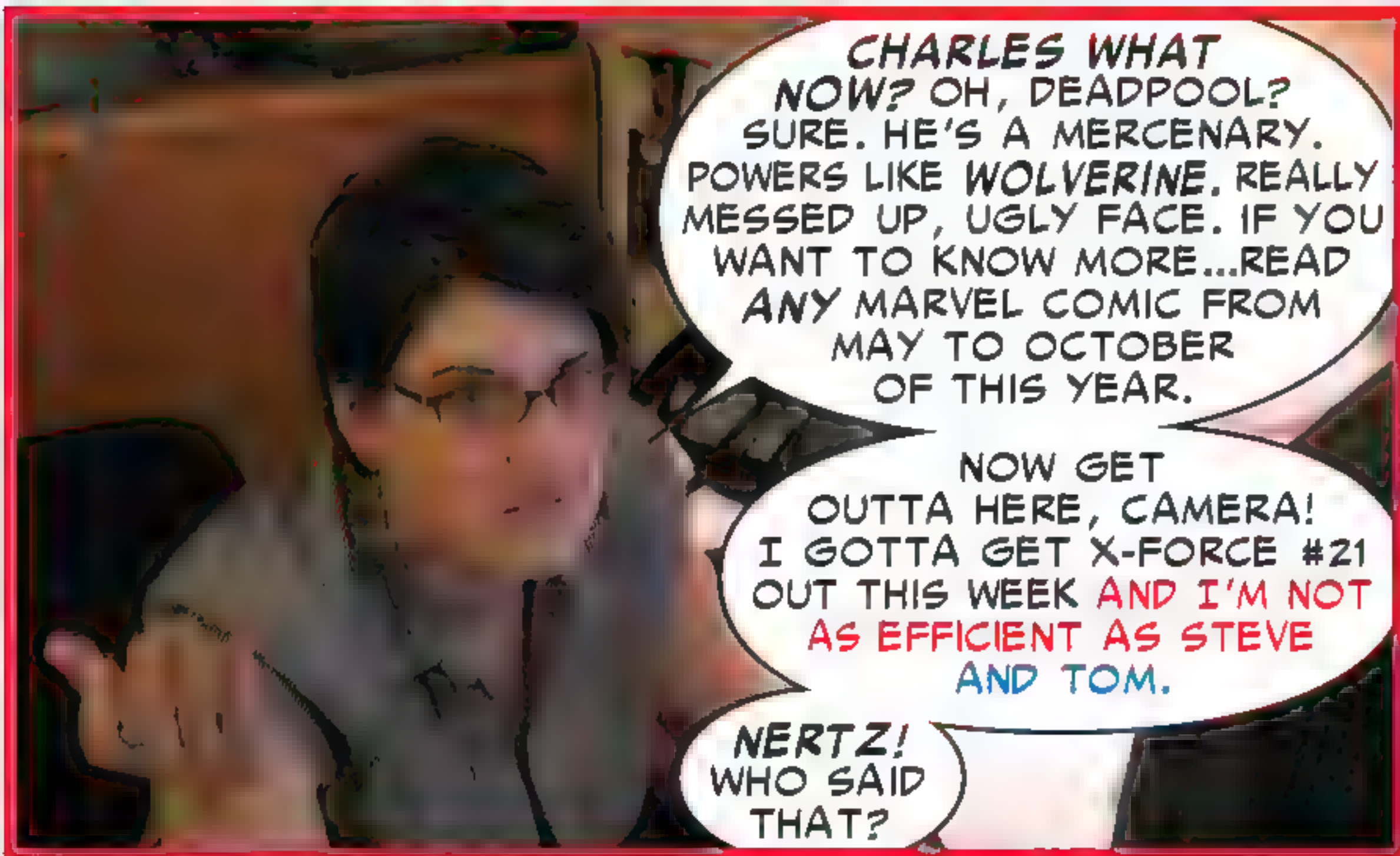
EXECUTIVE EDITOR/RAGE-A-HOLIC TOM BREVOORT!



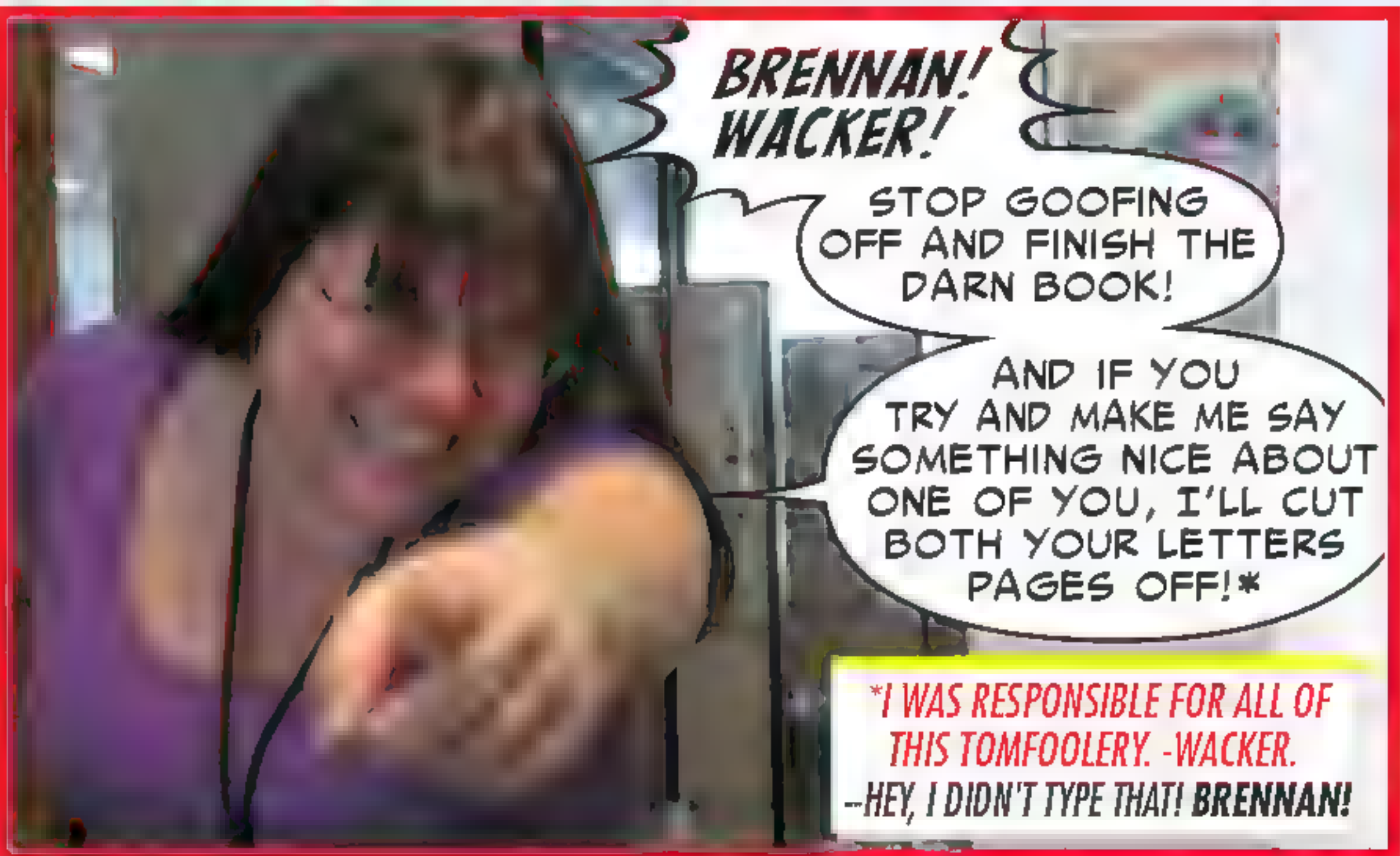
BULLPEN SCAN-A-HOLIC RANDALL MILLER!



X-EDITOR/SNARK-A-HOLIC JEANINE SCHAEFER



PRODUCTION MANAGER SUE CRESPI



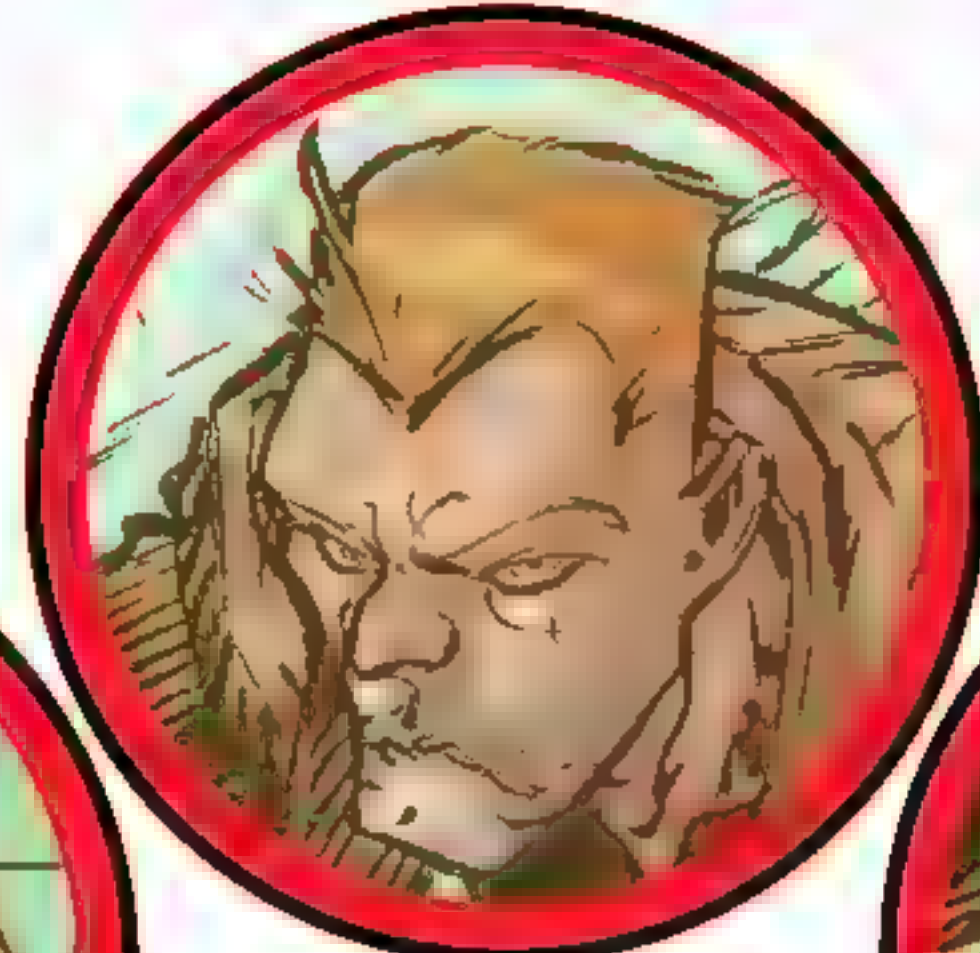
ALL RIGHT THEN...LET'S GET MOVING, BUT FIRST...



BENVENIDOS,
GENTES! DEADPOOL,
MECENARY FOR HIRE
AND BIG TIME
RYAN REYNOLDS
FAN HERE!

CAN YOU
SPOT THESE
SPIDER-CHARACTERS IN
THIS ISSUE? WHAT'S
THAT ABOUT?

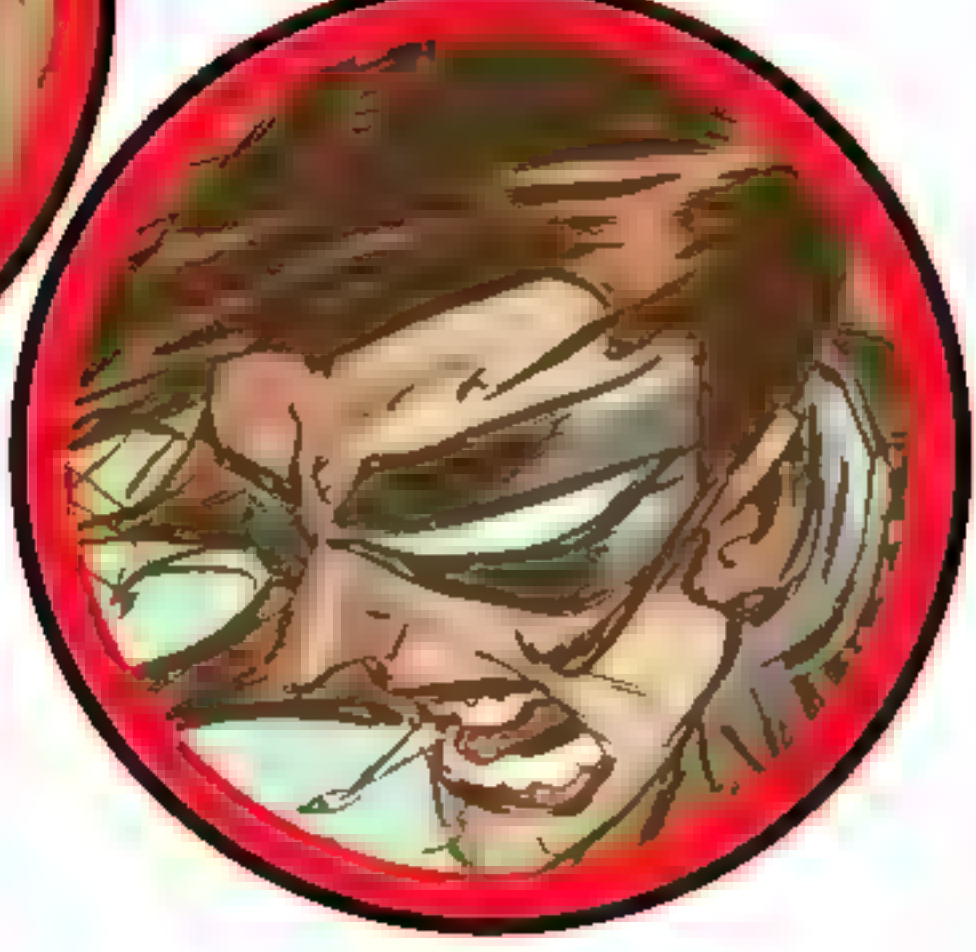
**EDDIE BROCK
A.K.A. ANTI-VENOM**

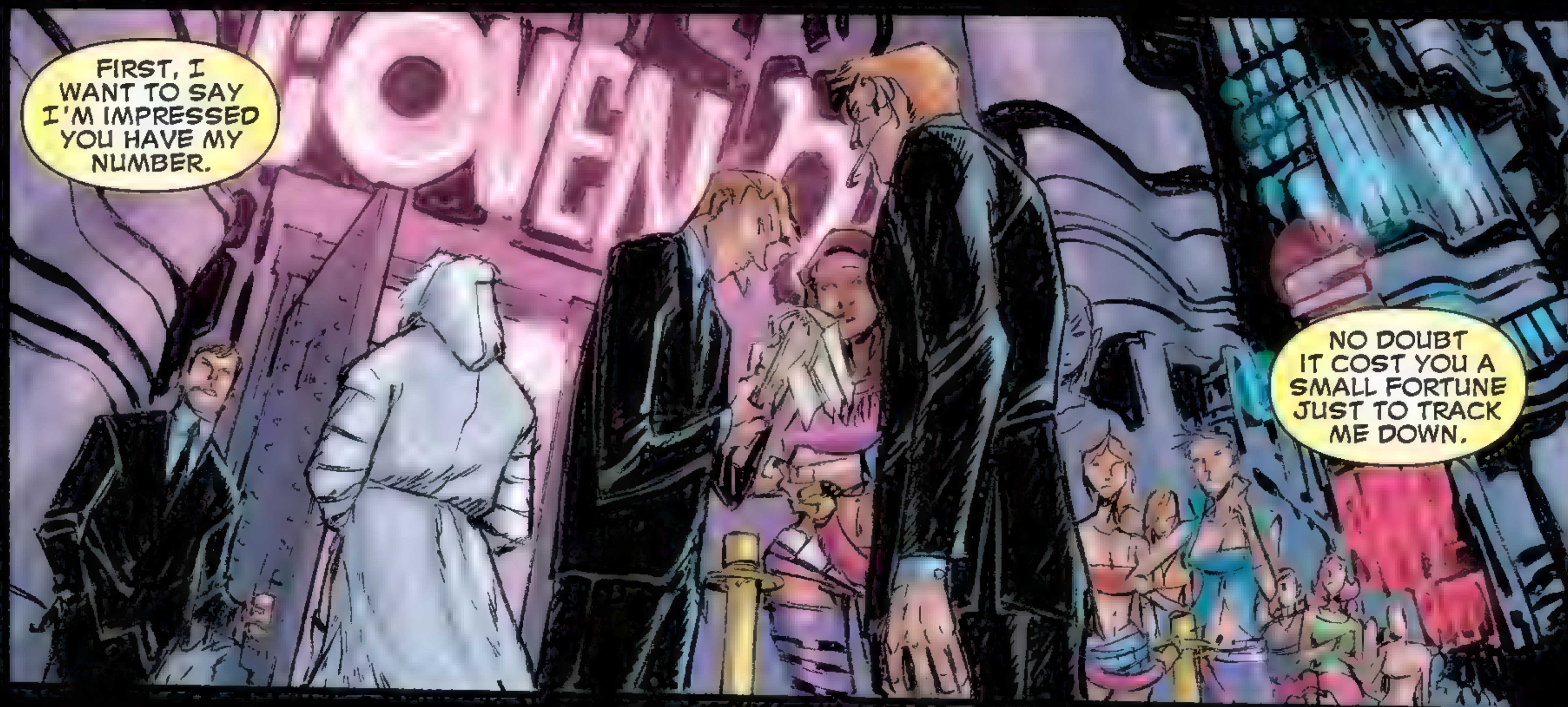


**ANYA CORAZON
A.K.A. ARANA**



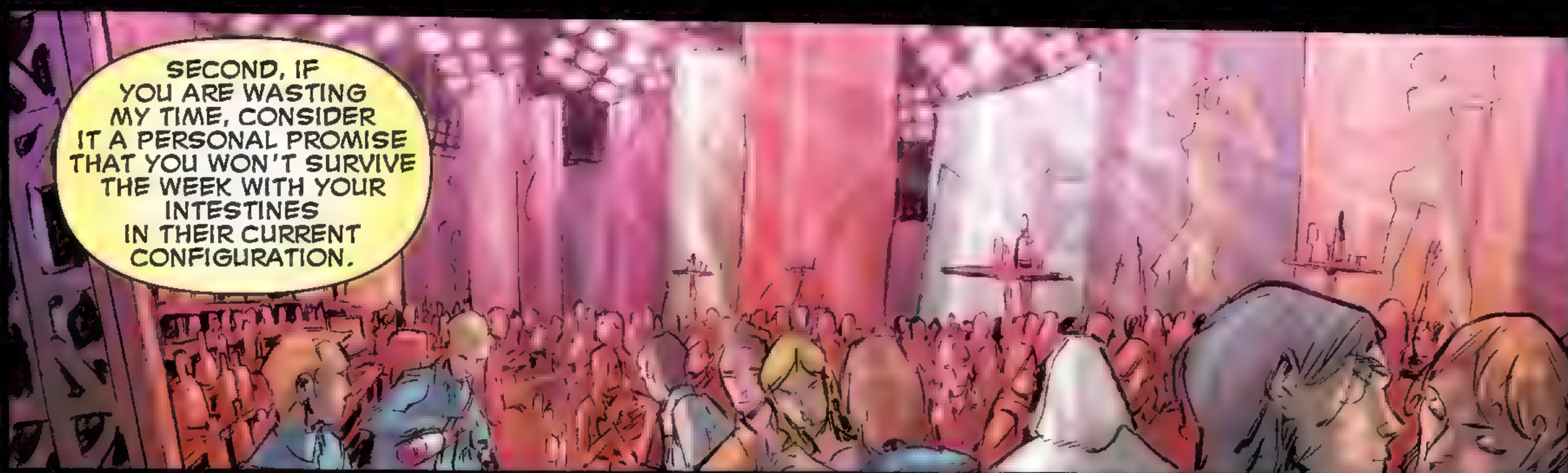
**MATTIE FRANKLIN
A.K.A. SPIDER-WOMAN**





FIRST, I
WANT TO SAY
I'M IMPRESSED
YOU HAVE MY
NUMBER.

NO DOUBT
IT COST YOU A
SMALL FORTUNE
JUST TO TRACK
ME DOWN.



SECOND, IF
YOU ARE WASTING
MY TIME, CONSIDER
IT A PERSONAL PROMISE
THAT YOU WON'T SURVIVE
THE WEEK WITH YOUR
INTESTINES
IN THEIR CURRENT
CONFIGURATION.



WITH THAT
OUT OF THE
WAY, WHO ARE YOU
AND WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

...

DON'T
GET UPPITY.
FACT IS, IF YOU'RE
CALLING ME IT MEANS
YOU DON'T HAVE
THE STONES TO
DO THE JOB
YOURSELF.



SO SPIT IT
OUT ALREADY,
BEFORE YOUR
FIRST TERM
IS UP.

...

REALLY...?



TO CLARIFY...
YOU'RE OFFERING ME
TWO BILLION DOLLARS IN
UNMARKED U.S. CURRENCY...
TO WALK INTO AVENGERS
TOWER AND KILL NORMAN
OSBORN, BUT NOT
BEFORE TORTURING
HIM--

--WHAT'S
THAT?--

--WOW...
THAT'S SICK. I
MEAN, EVEN FOR ME.
I'VE HEARD OF USING
PROPS, BUT A
GOAT?

THREE
GOATS? YOU'RE
A SICK, SICK
MAN...IT'LL COST
YOU THREE
BILLION.

BARACK...
YOU JUST
BOUGHT YOURSELF
A @\$\$^&*
ASSASSIN.

THIS MAN, THIS EXPLETIVE
DELETED!

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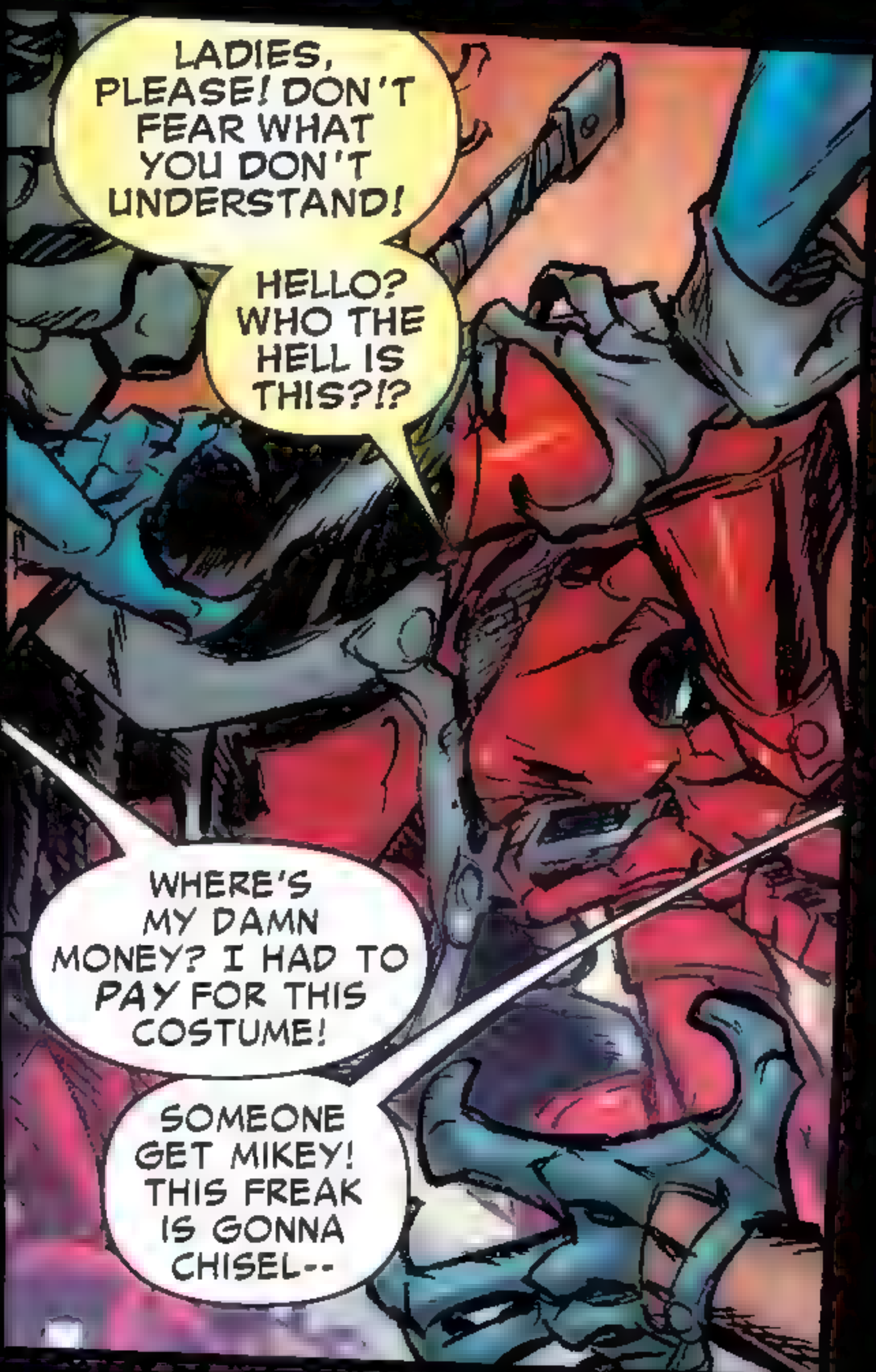
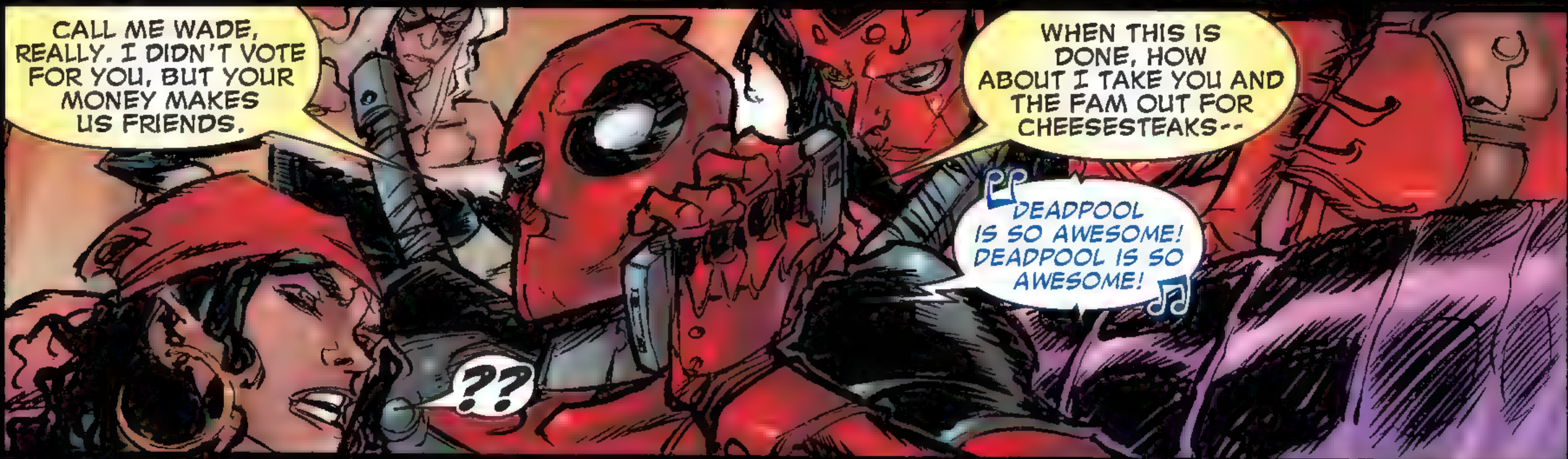
DAN BUCKLEY

PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE

EXEC. PRODUCER

GALE, KELLY, SLOTT, VAN LENTE,
WAID & WELLS HEADS





IT IS DONE.

I LONG FOR THE DAY WHEN WE NO LONGER NEED SULLY OURSELVES WITH THOSE SO FAR BELOW US...



HE'S FUNNY. HIS VOICE IS RUMBLY...

LIKE THE SOUND WHEN SOMEONE CHOKES ON PIECES OF THEIR OWN WINDPIPE.

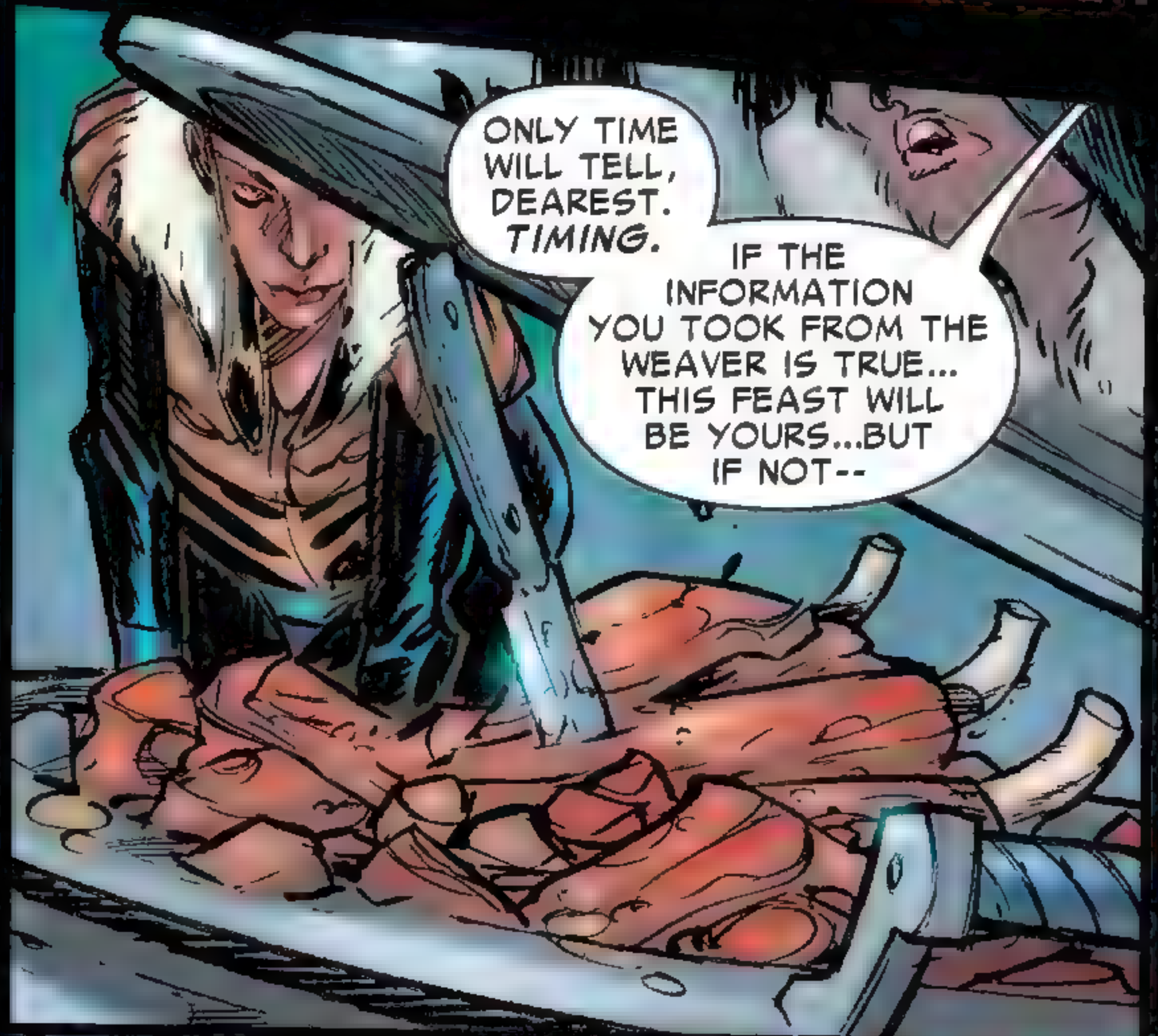
FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES...



SO...YOU ARE PROUD OF ME, MAMA? MY OFFERING?

OF COURSE, ANA...VERY PROUD. YOUR WORK WITH THE WEAVER HAS BEEN ABOVE REPROACH.

DO I GET A TREAT?



ONLY TIME WILL TELL, DEAREST. TIMING.

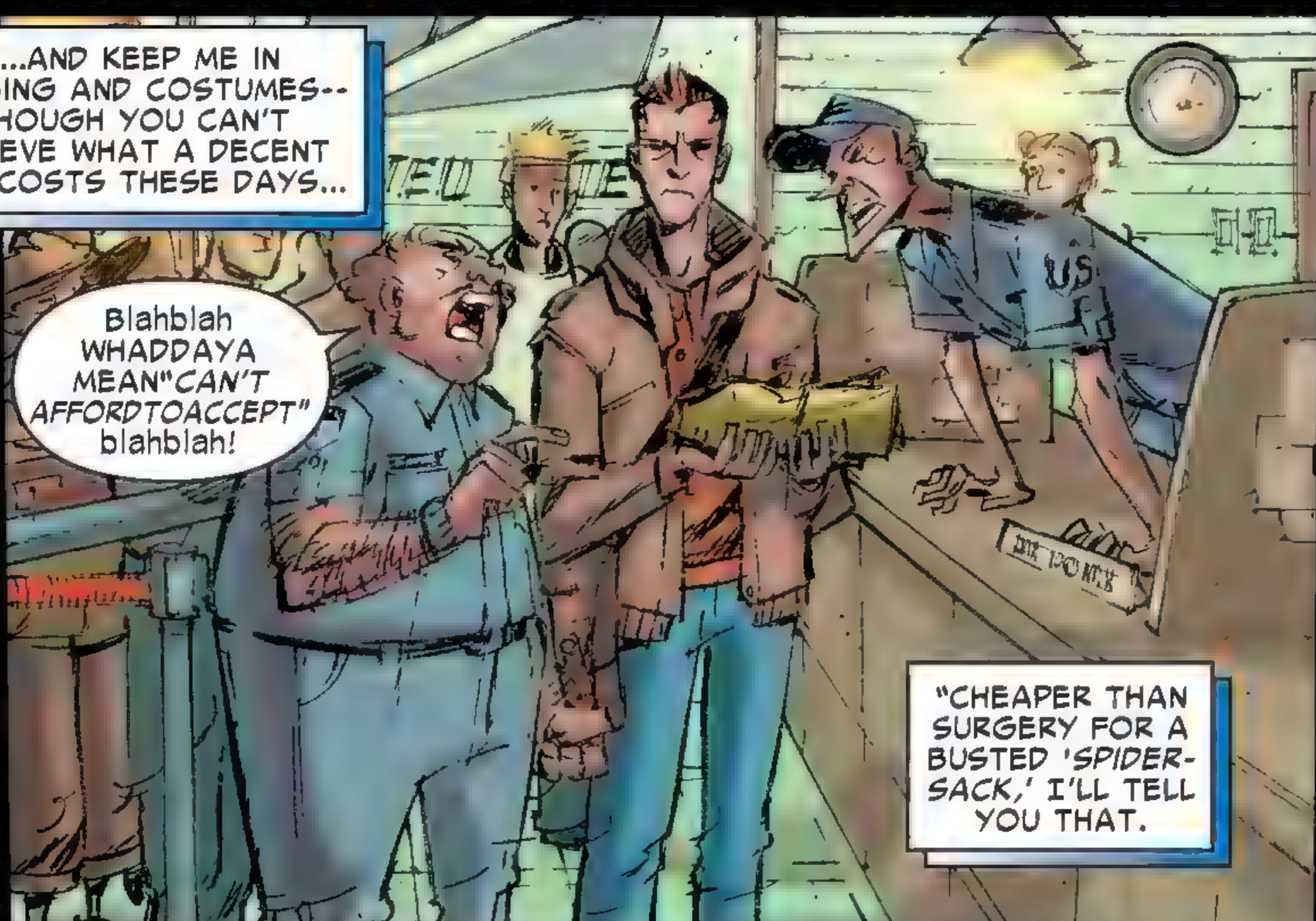
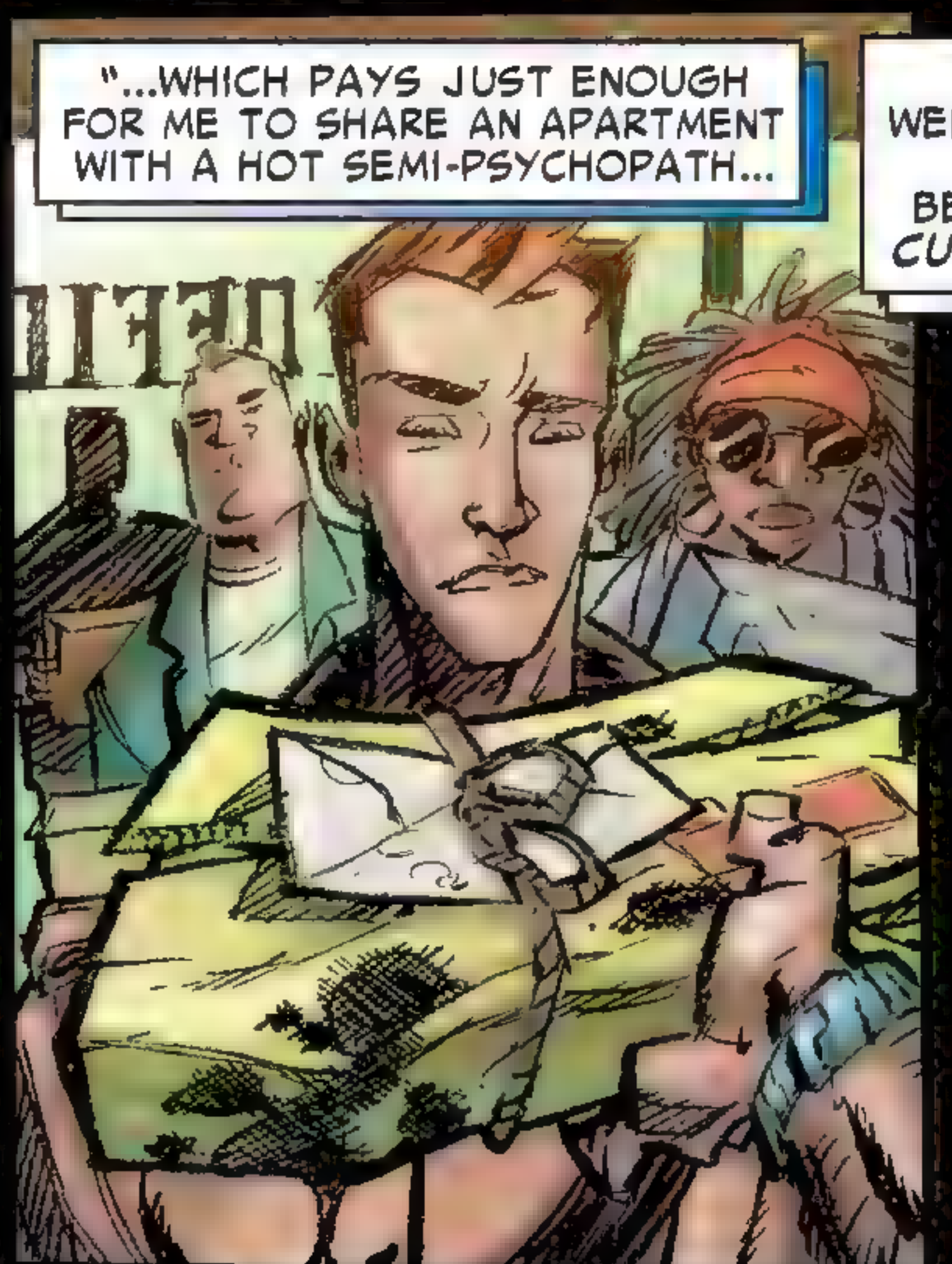
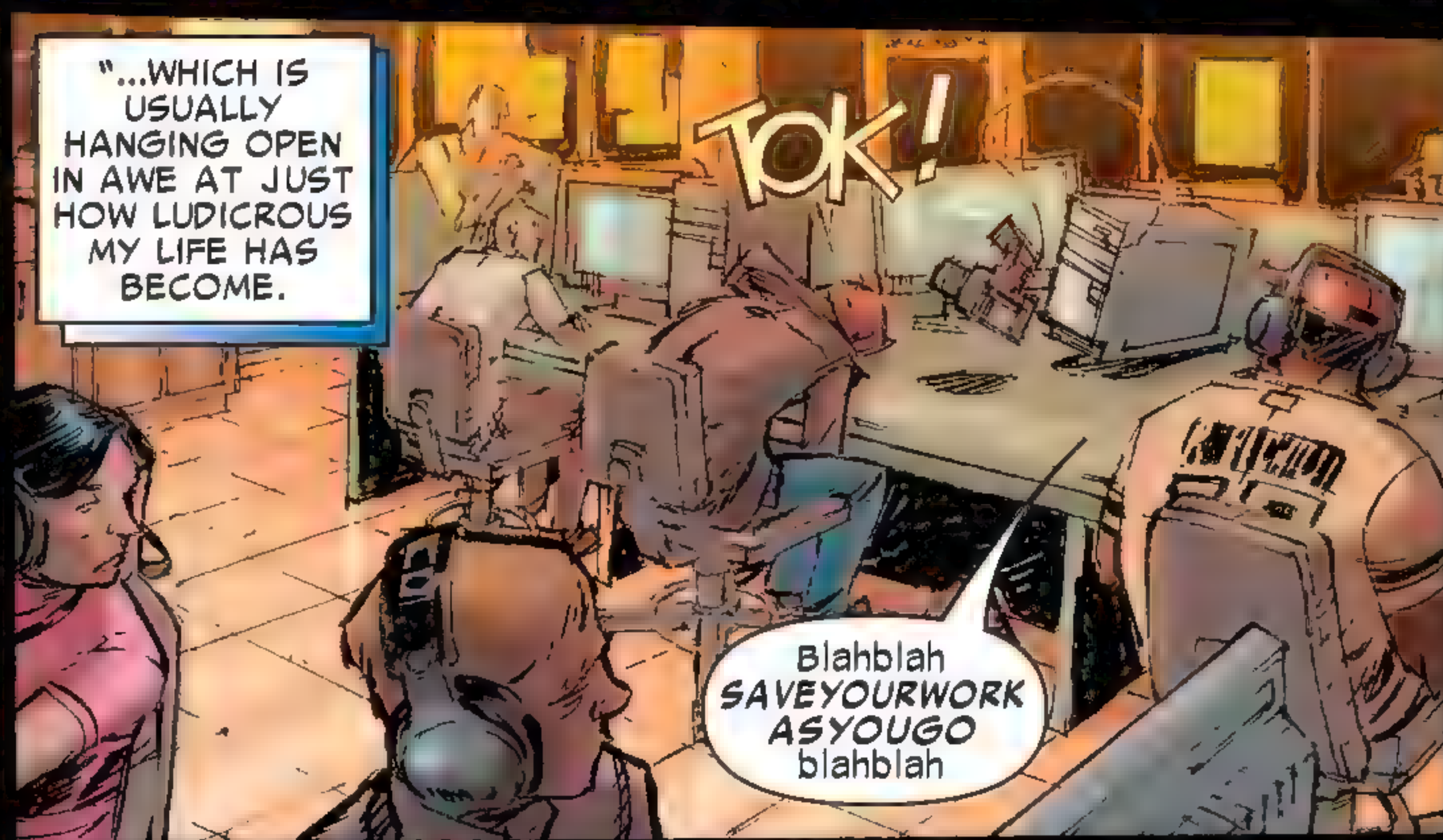
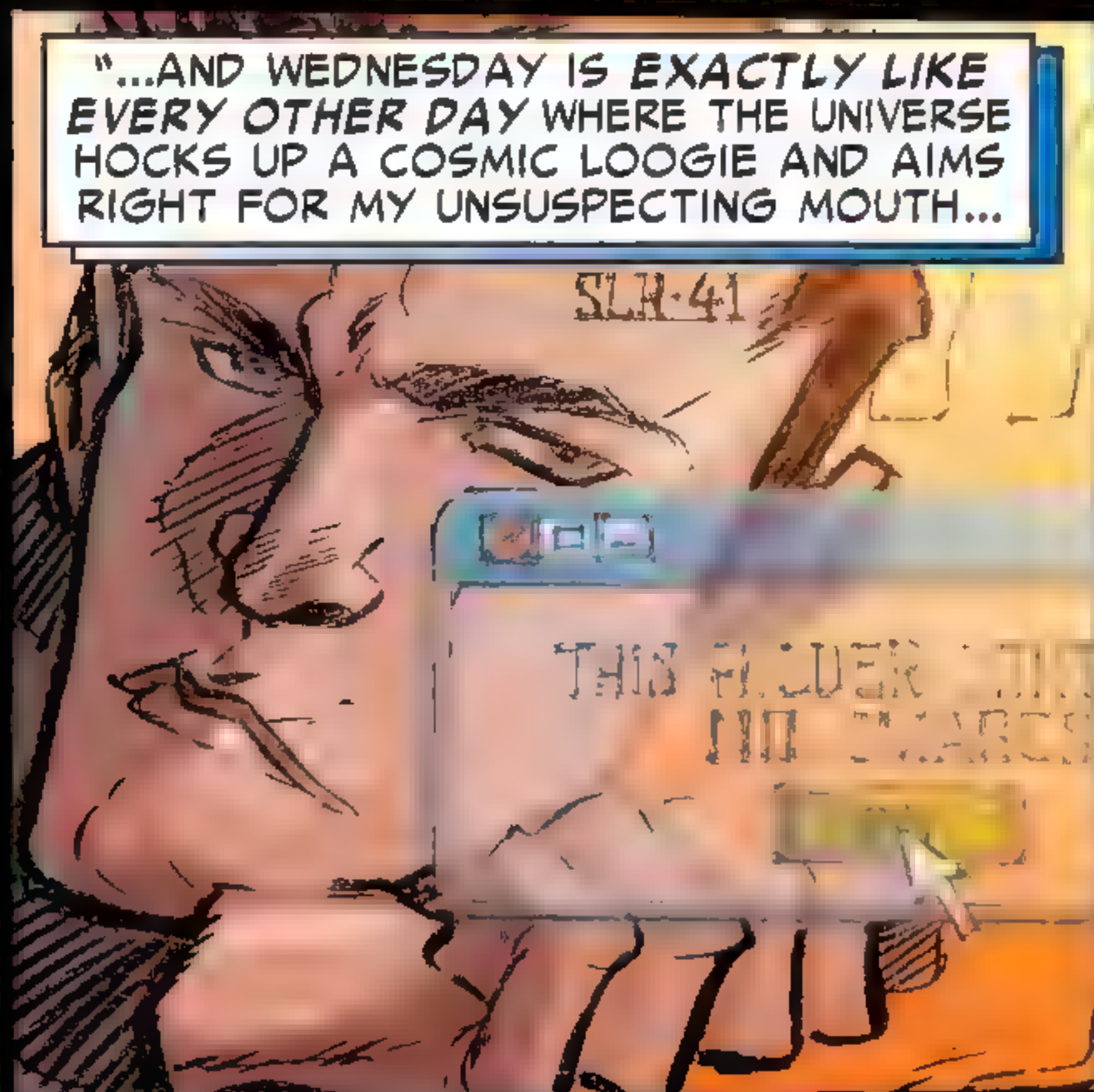
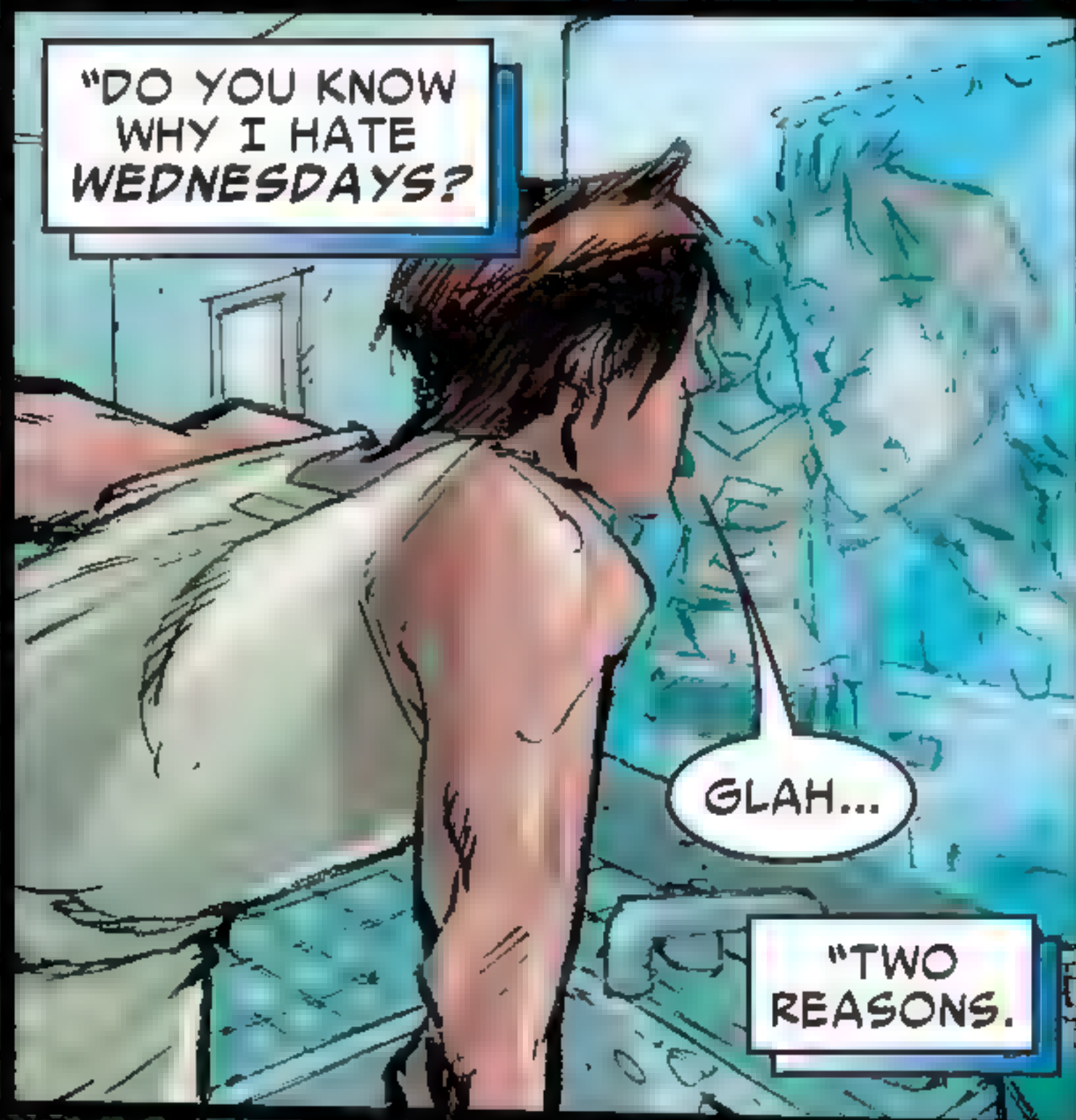
IF THE INFORMATION YOU TOOK FROM THE WEAVER IS TRUE... THIS FEAST WILL BE YOURS...BUT IF NOT--



NO, MOTHER...

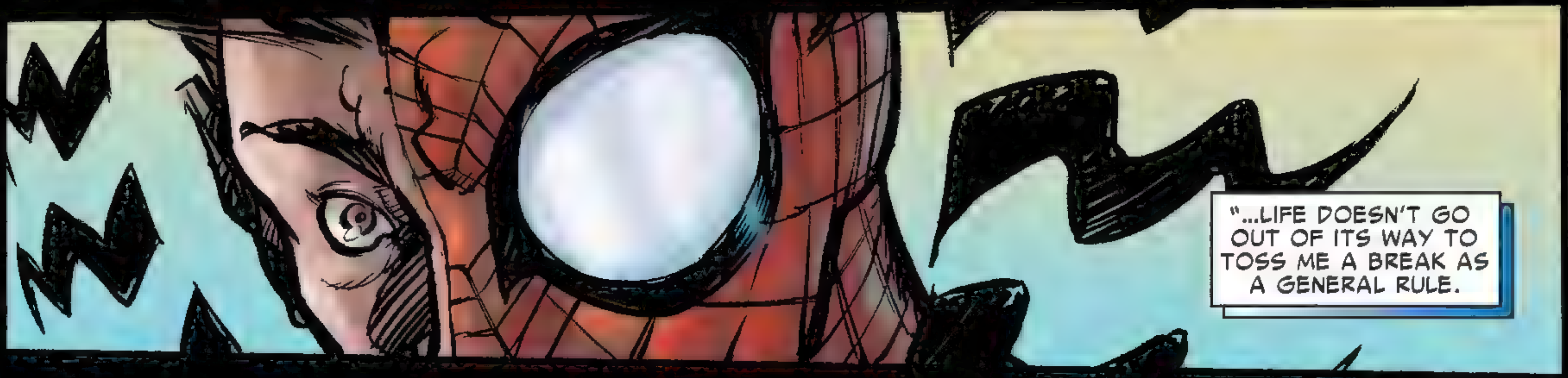
MADAME WEB MAY BE BROKEN...BUT SHE IS A GOOD PET. SHE TELLS ME THE TRUTH.

YOU'LL SEE...





"TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, DESPITE THE FACT THAT I HELP THE HELPLESS AND GIVE CHANGE TO THE HOMELESS AND FLOSS AND EAT WHEAT-Y-OHS TO KEEP MY CHOLESTEROL DOWN...



"...LIFE DOESN'T GO OUT OF ITS WAY TO TOSS ME A BREAK AS A GENERAL RULE.



"BUT THEN SOMETIMES...EVERY ONCE IN A BLUE MOON...

"...THE UNIVERSE SHRUGS ITS SHOULDERS AND SAYS, 'WHAT THE HELL...? LET'S THROW THE OL' WEB-HEAD A BONE.'

HA! MISSED--



--ME.



Blahblah
blah**SPLASH**
MYDADblah
blahblah!



"TODAY, YOU ARE THAT BONE..."

SO BEFORE
I GET ON
WITH THE BUSINESS
OF HERO-ING...
PLEASE...

...SAY IT
AGAIN.

LIKE
YOU REALLY
MEAN IT...

TO HELL WITH
YOU, INSECT!
THIS IS THE DAWN
OF A NEW AGE
IN CRIME!

SO SAYS
**LADY
STILT-MAN!!!**

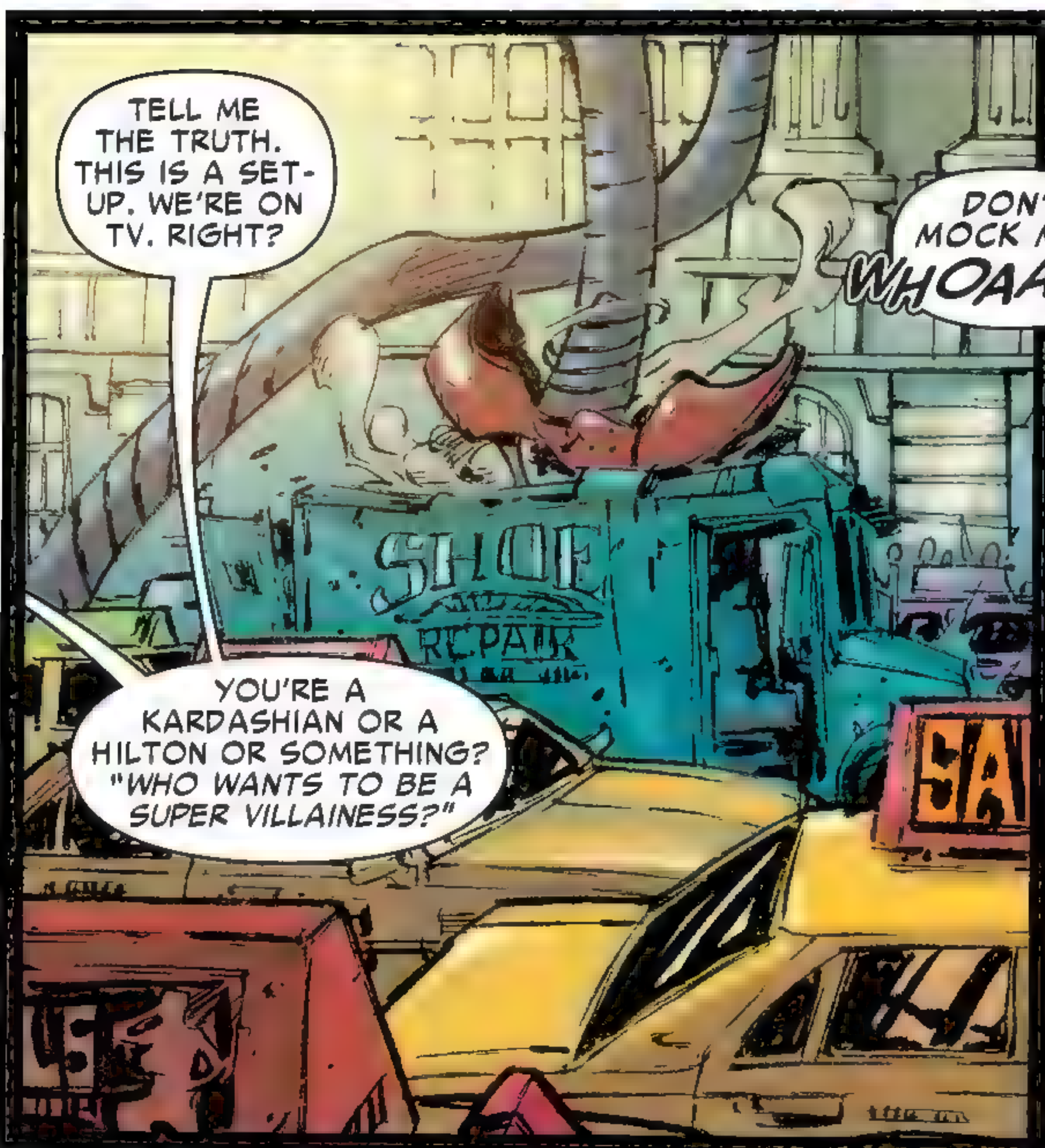
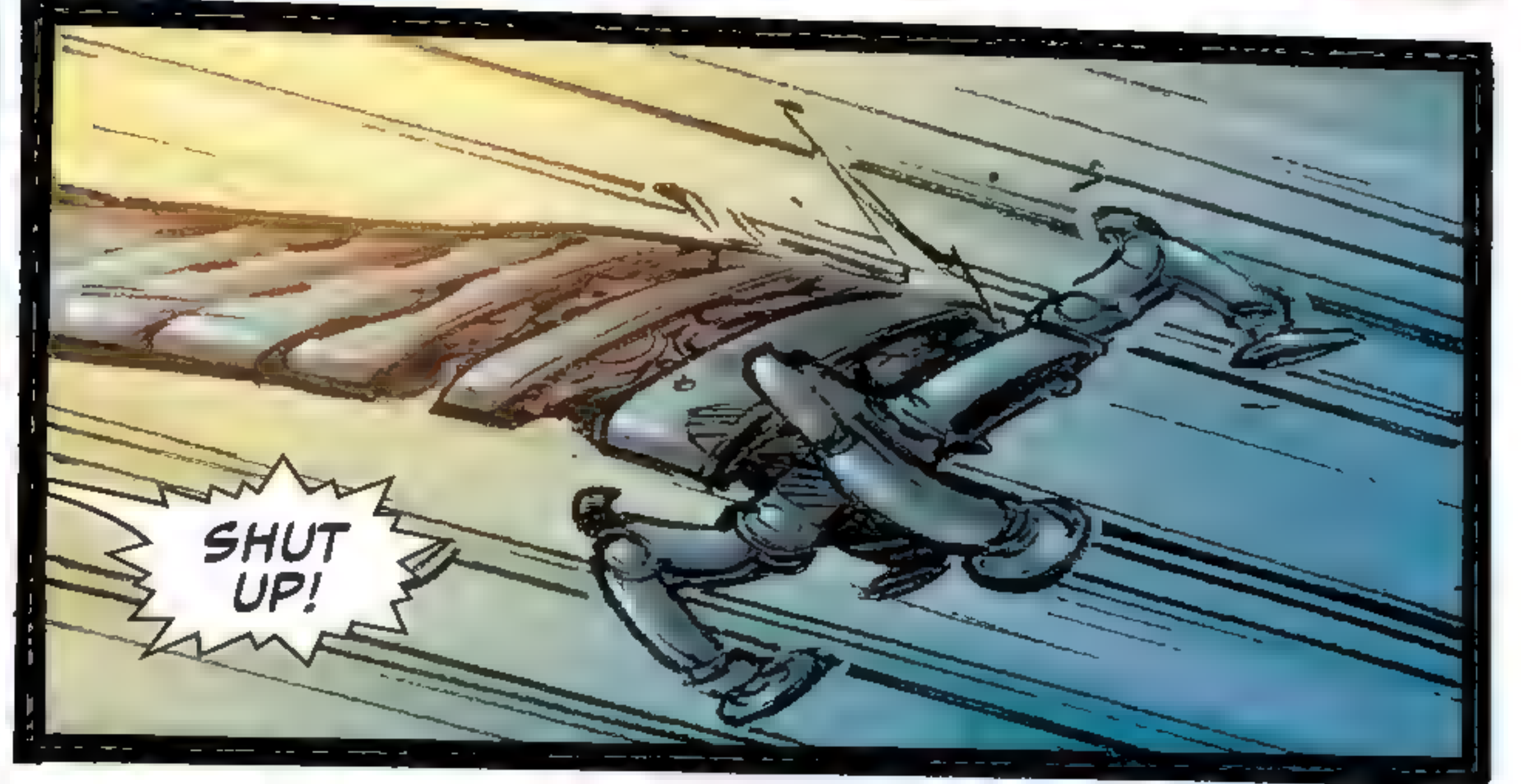
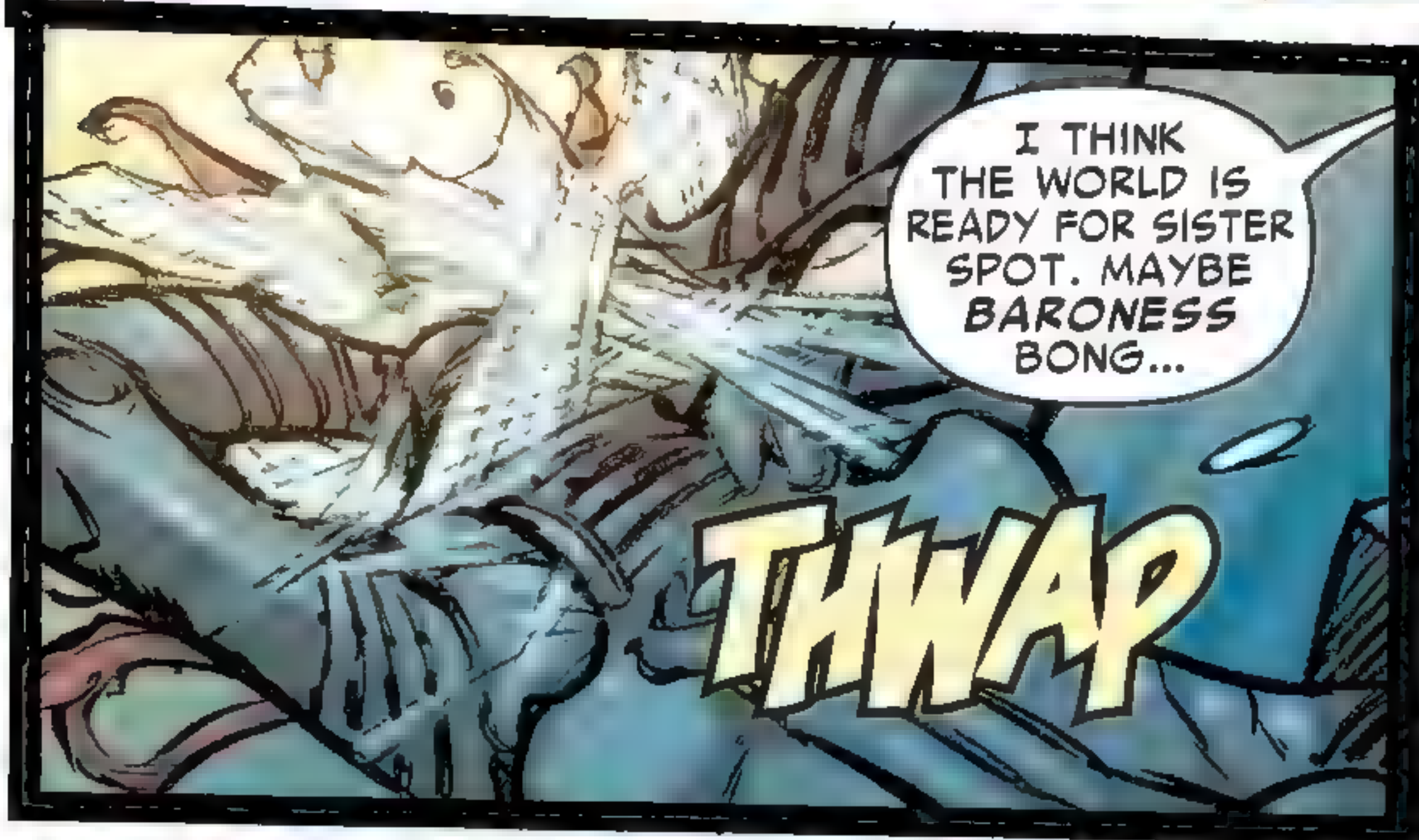
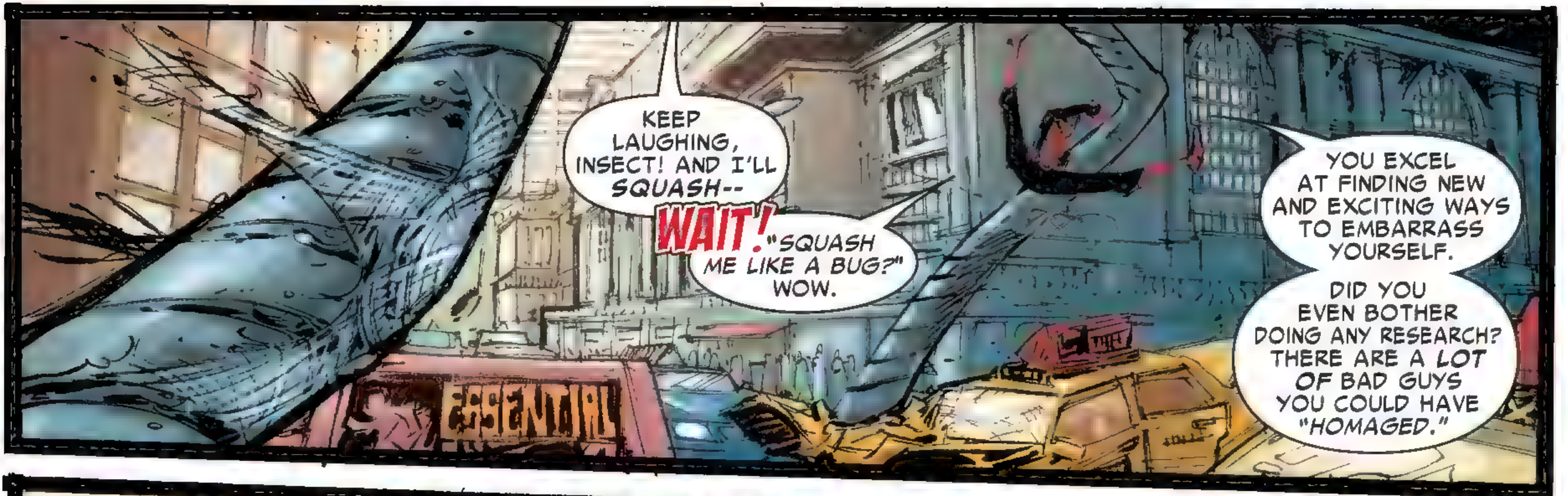
{SNRRK!}
THANK YOU.
THANK YOU SO
MUCH, LADY
STILT--

I CAN'T
EVEN SAY IT WITH
A STRAIGHT FACE.
I'M SORRY. YOU
PROBABLY WORKED
REALLY HARD
ON THAT.

WHAT'S SO
FUNNY?! IT'S AN
HOMAGE--

{SNORT!}
YOU JUST
USED "HOMAGE"
AND REALLY
MEANT IT.

GOD, I HOPE
SOMEONE PUTS
THAT UP ON VIEWTUBE.
YOU'LL BE THE NEXT
"PHOTOBOMBING
SQUIRREL."



I KNOW
YOU PROBABLY
WON'T BELIEVE ME,
BUT IF YOU COULD SEE
WHAT JUST HAPPENED,
YOU'D BE LAUGHING.
I'M LAUGHING.

TEE
HEE...

AAAAH!
I'LL KILL
YOU, SPIDER-
MAN!! SO
SWEARS LADY
STILT--



OH MY GOD
WHERE'S THE
GROUND?!!



KRAASHH!!



WOW.
THAT...

WOW.

I--

WAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

OKAY...LET
IT OUT. I
KNOW...THE FIRST
ONE HURTS
THE MOST.

ESPECIALLY...
YOU KNOW ♪SNRRT♪
WHEN YOU'RE
DEFEATED BY YOUR
OWN LEGS.

IT'S NOT
FUNNYYYYYY!!!

JUST THANK
GOD YOU REALLY
AREN'T STILT-MAN...
OR YOU'D BE
SINGING SOPRANO,
KNOW WHAT
I'M--

♪AHM♪

♪YOU'RE
WELCOME!♪





DEADPOOL?!
YOU DID
THIS?

UH-HUH!

WELL, THAT'S A
LITTLE DISAPPOINTING.
I MEAN, THANKS, BUT I
THOUGHT IT WAS JUST AN
INCREDIBLY FUNNY
COINCIDENCE WITH THE
HEEL AND ALL--

NUH-UH!

UM...YOU
OKAY?



NO, I'M NOT! I'M
HAVING A COMPLETE
FIT OF APOPLEXY AND
AIDING AND ABETTING
THE SPECTACULAR,
SASSY, AND MIGHT I
ADD IN A NOT-COMING-
ON-TO-YOU-BECAUSE-
I-REALLY-REALLY-LIKE-
KISSING-PRETTY-
GIRLIES-WAY...SEXY
SPIDER-MAN...

WHO I
HELPED
DEFEAT A
SUPER
VILLAIN.
ME.

AND
YOU.

TOGETHER.

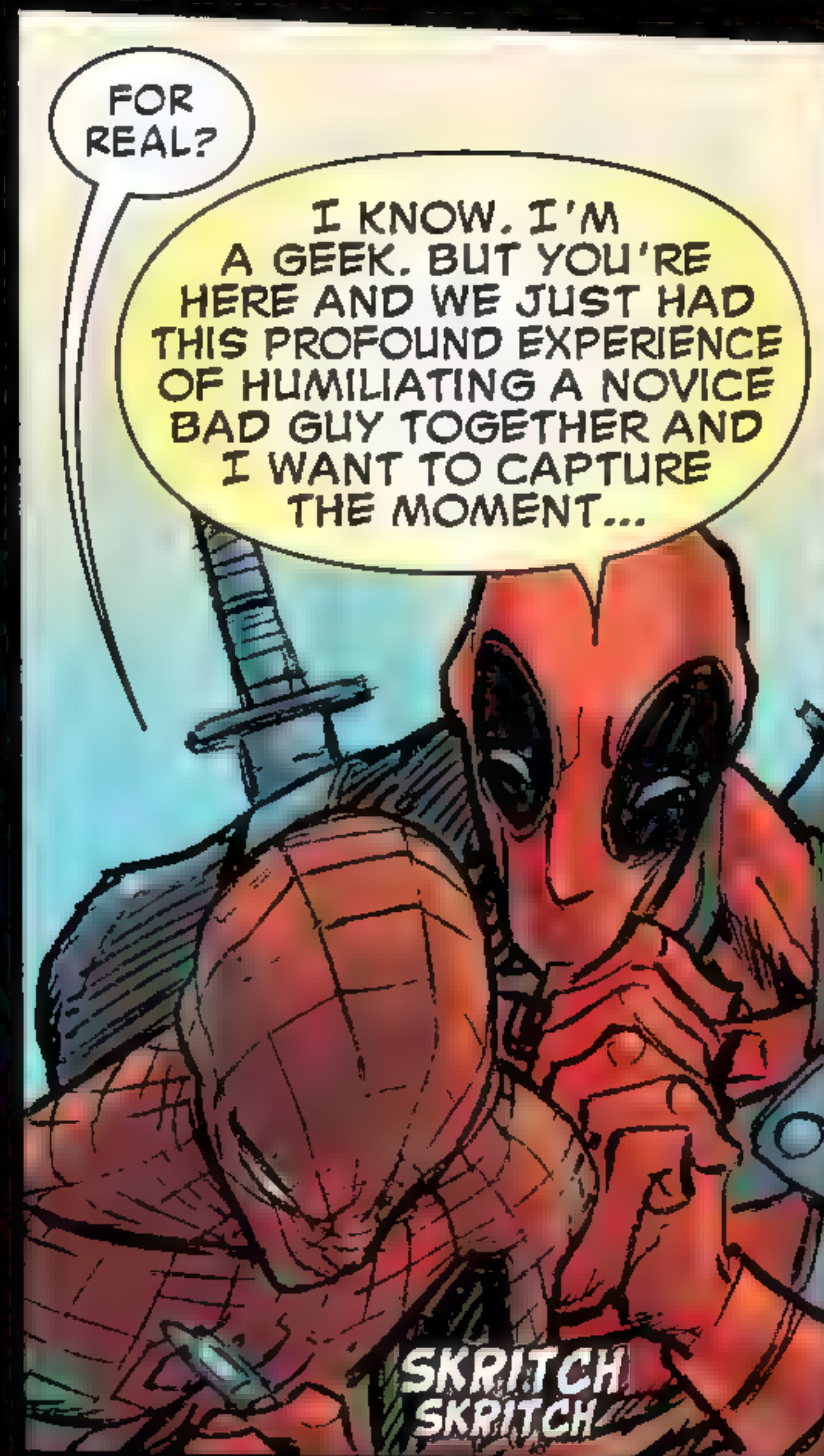
KLANK



RIGHT...DON'T TAKE
OFFENSE, BUT DID YOU
FORGET TO TAKE
SOME MEDICATION
TODAY OR
SOMETHING?

CAUSE
YOU'RE LIKE,
SORT OF A
CREEP
USUALLY,
RIGHT--?

CAN
I HAVE YOUR
AUTOGRAPH?



FOR
REAL?

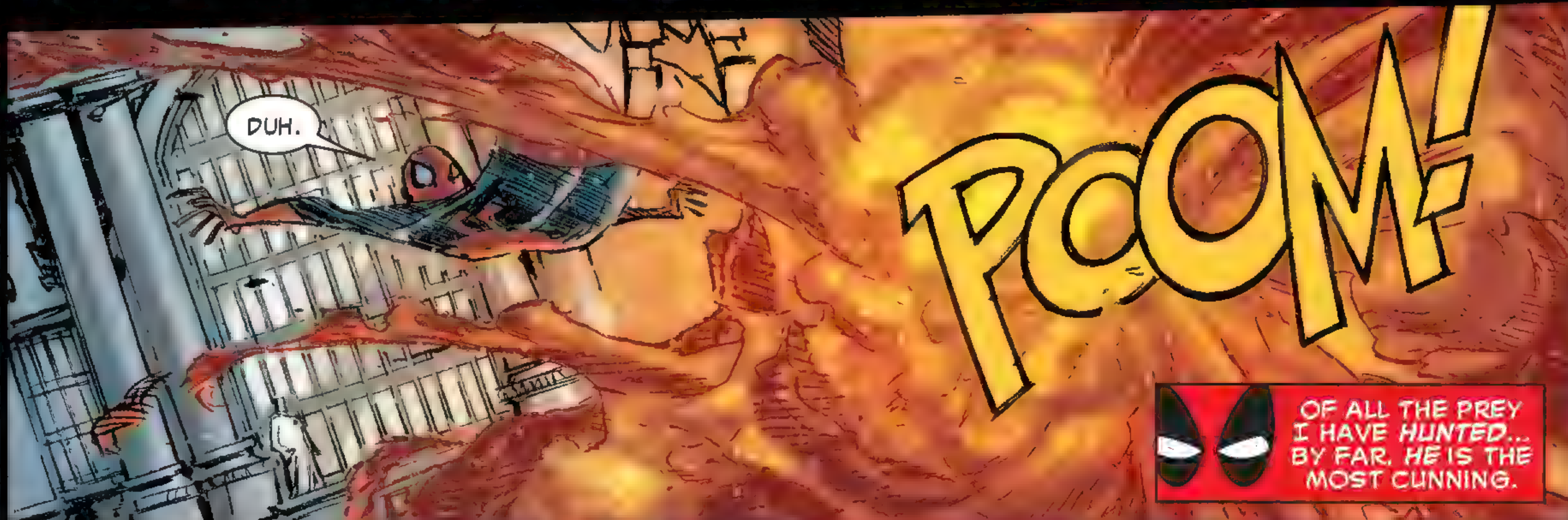
I KNOW. I'M
A GEEK. BUT YOU'RE
HERE AND WE JUST HAD
THIS PROFOUND EXPERIENCE
OF HUMILIATING A NOVICE
BAD GUY TOGETHER AND
I WANT TO CAPTURE
THE MOMENT...

SKRITCH
SKRITCH



PLUS, I
THINK IT'LL BE
PRETTY VALUABLE
WHEN YOU'RE
DEAD.

WHAT?



DUH.

POOM!



OF ALL THE PREY
I HAVE HUNTED...
BY FAR, HE IS THE
MOST CUNNING.

IT'S WRITTEN IN THE WAY HE MOVES, BY THE CUT OF HIS JIB AND THE INTANGIBLE AIR OF SWANK-I-TUDE THAT CLINGS TO HIM AS A HOBO'S FAVORITE SHRED OF SHAMWOW...

OKAY, SCHIZO-BOY, BRING BACK SYCHOPHANT DEADPOOL--

SHHHHHHHH!
I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A GOOD INTERNAL MONOLOGUE!

SPIDER-MAN IS, AS MY CHUMS ON PRINCETON CREW WOULD SAY-- BIG MAN SWAGGA.

AT THIS TIME, I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE REITERATION OF MY EARLIER ASSERTION THAT ANY BROMANTIC FEELINGS I MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE STEM STRICTLY FROM PROFESSIONAL RESPECT.

I DO NOT WANT TO MAKE THE SPECIAL HUG WITH HIM. OR ANY OTHER HIM FOR THAT MATTER.

JUST SAYING.



"INTERNAL MONOLOGUE?"
WHO KEEPS A RUNNING INTERNAL MONOLOGUE GOING?

--DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO SHARE YOUR BEEF WITH ME?

DIDN'T YOU READ THE MONOLOGUE? I DON'T LIKE YOU THAT WAY.

WHAT?

THWIP
SQUITCH

NEVER MIND... I AM MOTIVATED BY ONE SIMPLE WORD: CASH-O-LA.

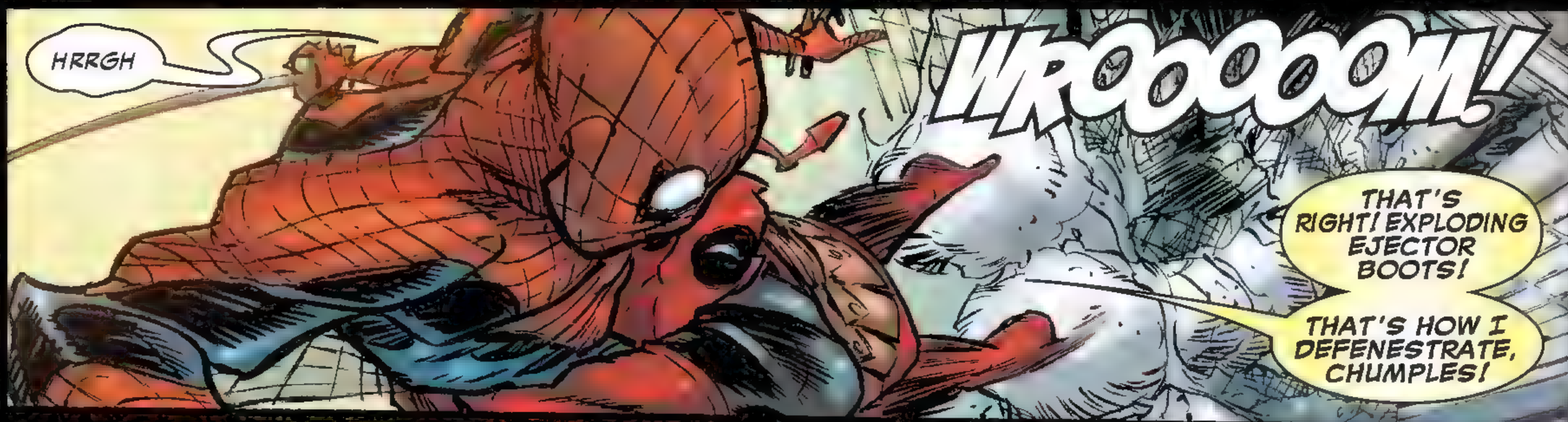
SPLORT

WHAT'S THE HEAD OF A FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SUPER-STUD WORTH THESE DAYS?

NOT ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO MY PEDICURE.

AND I PAID EXTRA FOR THE LITTLE BLACKEST NIGHT SYMBOLS, TOO. MY FEET IS A RAINBOW OF POWER...

"THIS IS GEOFF JOHNS AND I APPROVE THIS MESSAGE"
--GEOFF JOHNS, FORMER AVENGERS WRITER



HRRGH

THAT'S
RIGHT! EXPLODING
EJECTOR
BOOTS!

THAT'S HOW I
DEFENESTRATE,
CHUMPLES!



THAT SORT
OF DEDICATION'LL
GIVE YOU A **LEG**
UP ON THE OTHER
MORONS WHO HAVE A
GO AT ME EVERY
OTHER DAY.



YOUR
PUN FU
HAS NO
SOLE.



WON'T IT
BE SORT OF
TOUGH TO KICK
MY BUTT WITH
NO FEET?

LOOK, I'M
BIG PICTURE.
NOT SO MUCH
A DETAILS
GUY.

THIS
WIDDLE PIDDY
GREW A
CUTICLE...

THIS WIDDLE
PIDDY NEEDS
BONE.



THIS
WIDDLE PIDDY
WANTS SKIN
GRAFTS--

DEADPOOL'S HEALING
FACTOR IS JUST AS STRONG,
IF NOT STRONGER THAN
WOLVERINE'S...AND MINE!
--GEOFF (HEY, GET ME OUT
OF THIS COMIC!)



YO?
THAT'S NOT
ONE OF MY
VOICES..?

STAY
AWAY FROM
MY VITAL BODILY
FLUIDS, JOHNS!
I'M EXCLUSIVE!

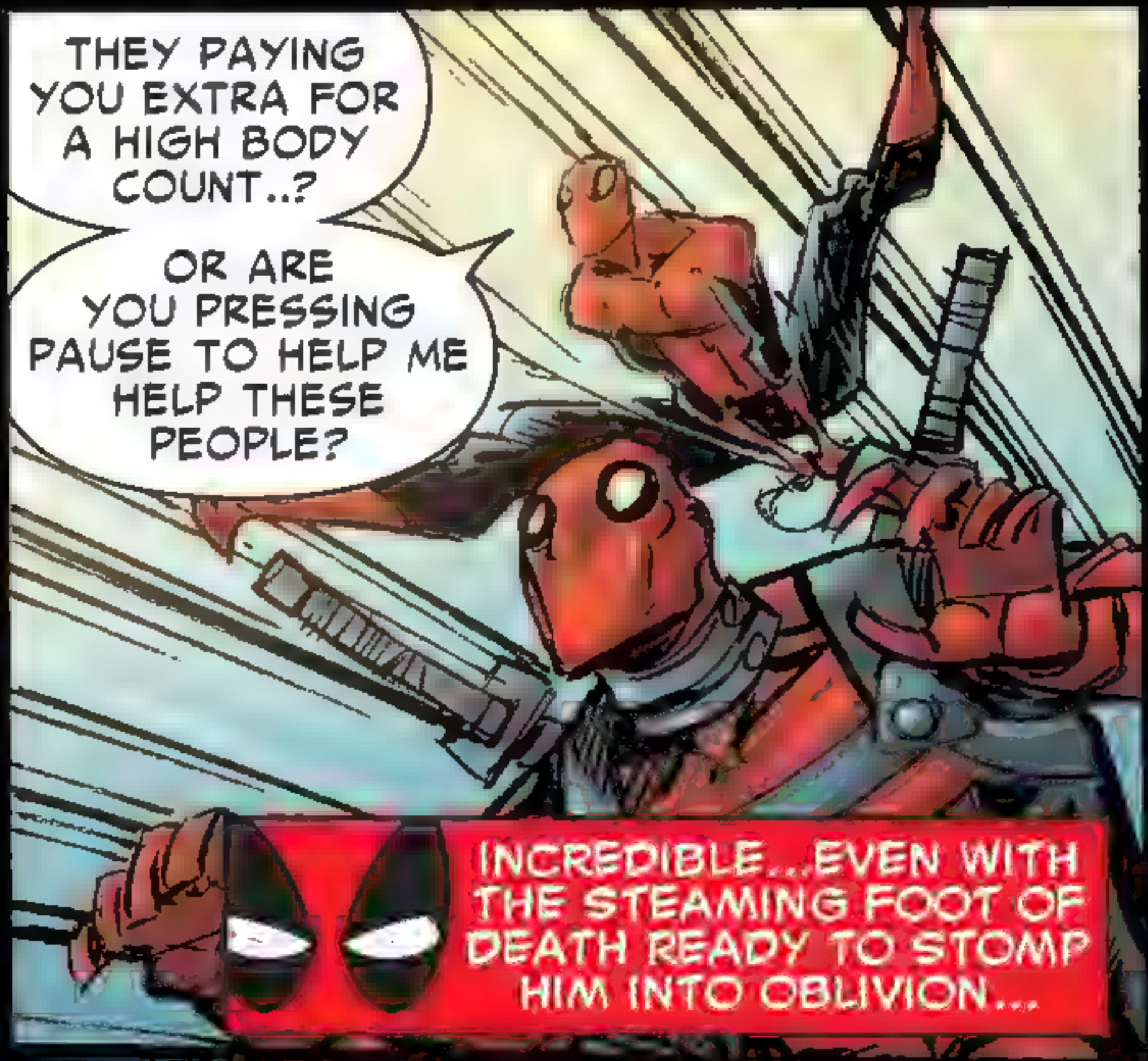


No!!

WROOSH!

~SIGH~ THEY
MAKE SCHIZOPHRENIA
LOOK LIKE SO MUCH FUN
ON UNITED STATES
OF TARA...

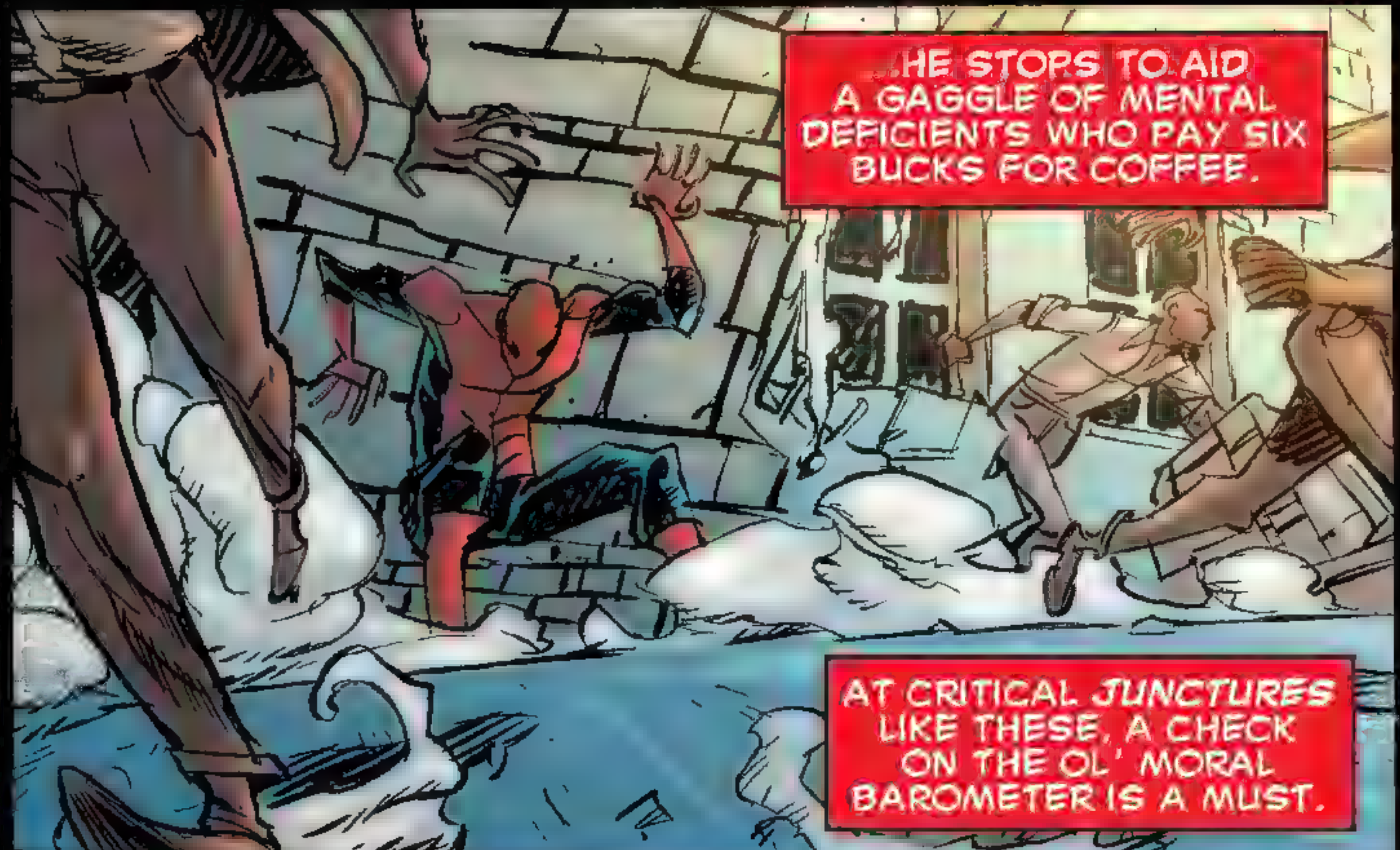
BUT
SOMETIMES
IT'S REALLY THE
WORST OF ALL
MUTANT
POWERS.



THEY PAYING YOU EXTRA FOR A HIGH BODY COUNT...?

OR ARE YOU PRESSING PAUSE TO HELP ME HELP THESE PEOPLE?

INCREDIBLE...EVEN WITH THE STEAMING FOOT OF DEATH READY TO STOMP HIM INTO OBLIVION...



HE STOPS TO AID A GAGGLE OF MENTAL DEFICIENTS WHO PAY SIX BUCKS FOR COFFEE.

AT CRITICAL JUNCTURES LIKE THESE, A CHECK ON THE OL' MORAL BAROMETER IS A MUST.



IT WOULD BE SO HOT IF YOU TOOK SPIDER-MAN DOWN, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW, WITH A NAPALM ENEMA.

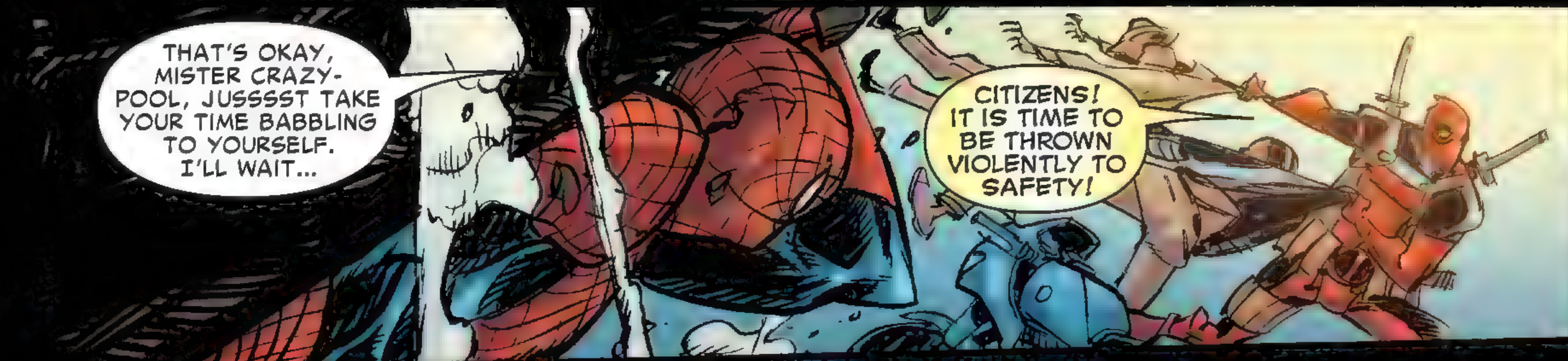
I BET THAT IF YOU SENT THE CARCASS TO MEGAN FOX SHE WOULD TOTALLY FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU.

PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS CALLED YOU A "KNOCK-OFF SPIDER-MAN WITH GUNS..."

KILL HIM NOW AND YOU CAN FINALLY ADD THE BLUE TO THE COSTUME YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO WITHOUT ANYONE CALLING YOU A "BITER."

INTROSPECTION COMPLETE! TODAY MONEY TALKS, SO SPIDEY WALKS!

HEY! COVER THAT BUTT, LI'L DEVIL!!!



THAT'S OKAY, MISTER CRAZY-POOL, JUSSST TAKE YOUR TIME BABBLING TO YOURSELF. I'LL WAIT...

CITIZENS! IT IS TIME TO BE THROWN VIOLENTLY TO SAFETY!



OKAY, NOW, SEE? HELPING SOMEONE IS THE OPPOSITE OF SHOOTING THEM!

LET'S HOLD ON TO THAT FEELING LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO WEB YOU A STRAIGHT-JACKET AND WE CAN--

CLW



--HOW'D HE DO THAT?

VRMMMMMM



FOR ALL YOU KIDS READING AT HOME, MAKE SURE YOU WEAR A HELMET WHENEVER YOU STEAL A MOTORCYCLE, TOSS EXPLOSIVES INTO A COFFEE SHOP, OR GIVE SOMEONE A "SPECIAL HUG."*

*THE MANAGEMENT DOES NOT ENDORSE THEFT, EXPLOSIVES USE, OR "SPECIAL HUGGING"...

ENOUGH WITH THE SIDEBARS!



I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT AS MUCH "HAPPY DEADPOOL TIME" AS I CAN TAKE--

SPIDER-SENSE? THAT'S WEIRD--



I'VE GOT THIS UNDER CONTROL...EXCEPT FOR THE PSYCHOPATH STEERING THE BIKE, OF COURSE...

BUT IT'S LIKE...THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I SHOULD BE--WHO AM I KIDDING. HE MAY BE AN IDIOT, BUT DEADPOOL *IS* DANGEROUS.

STAY FOCUSED, SPIDER...

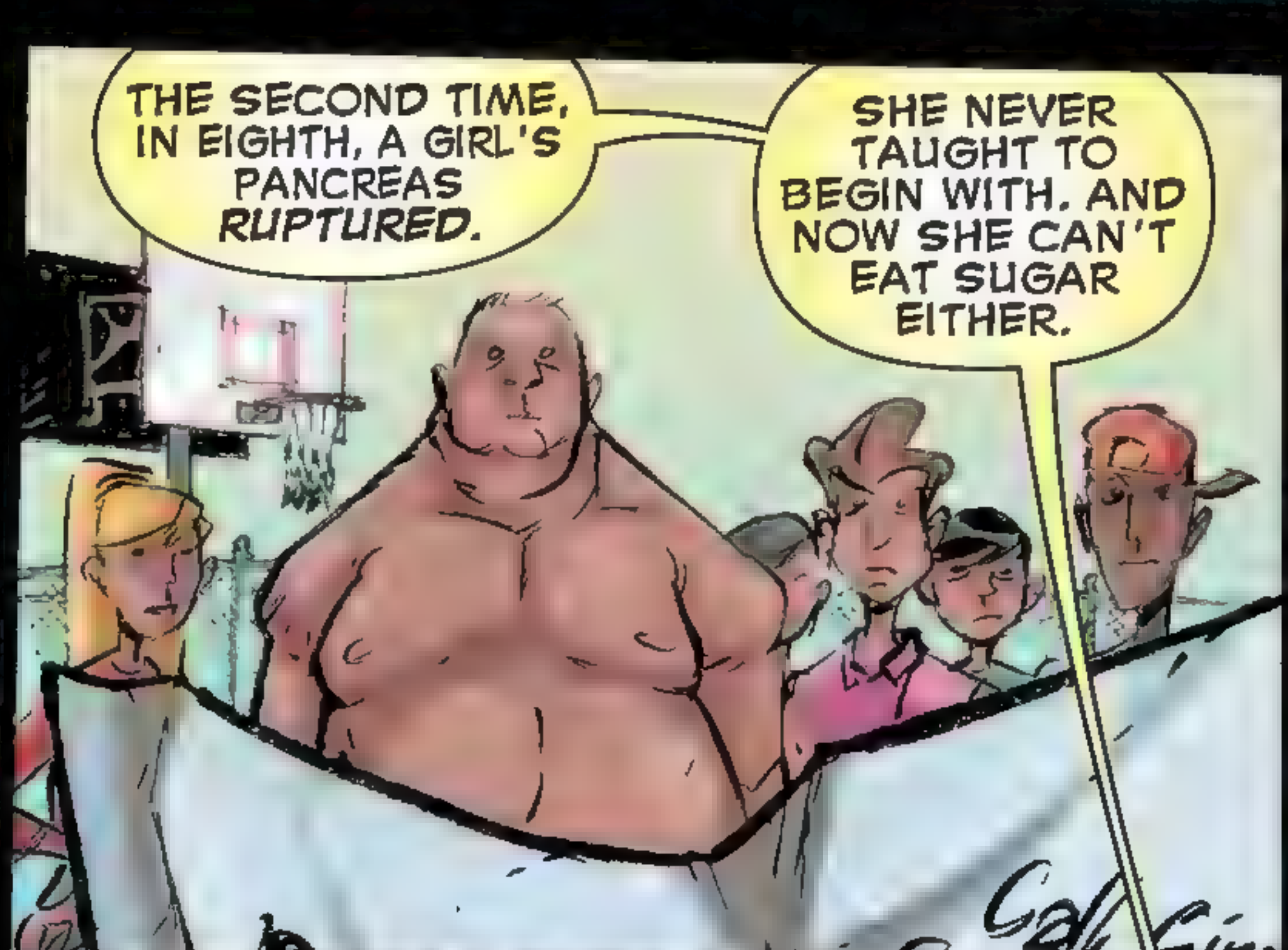
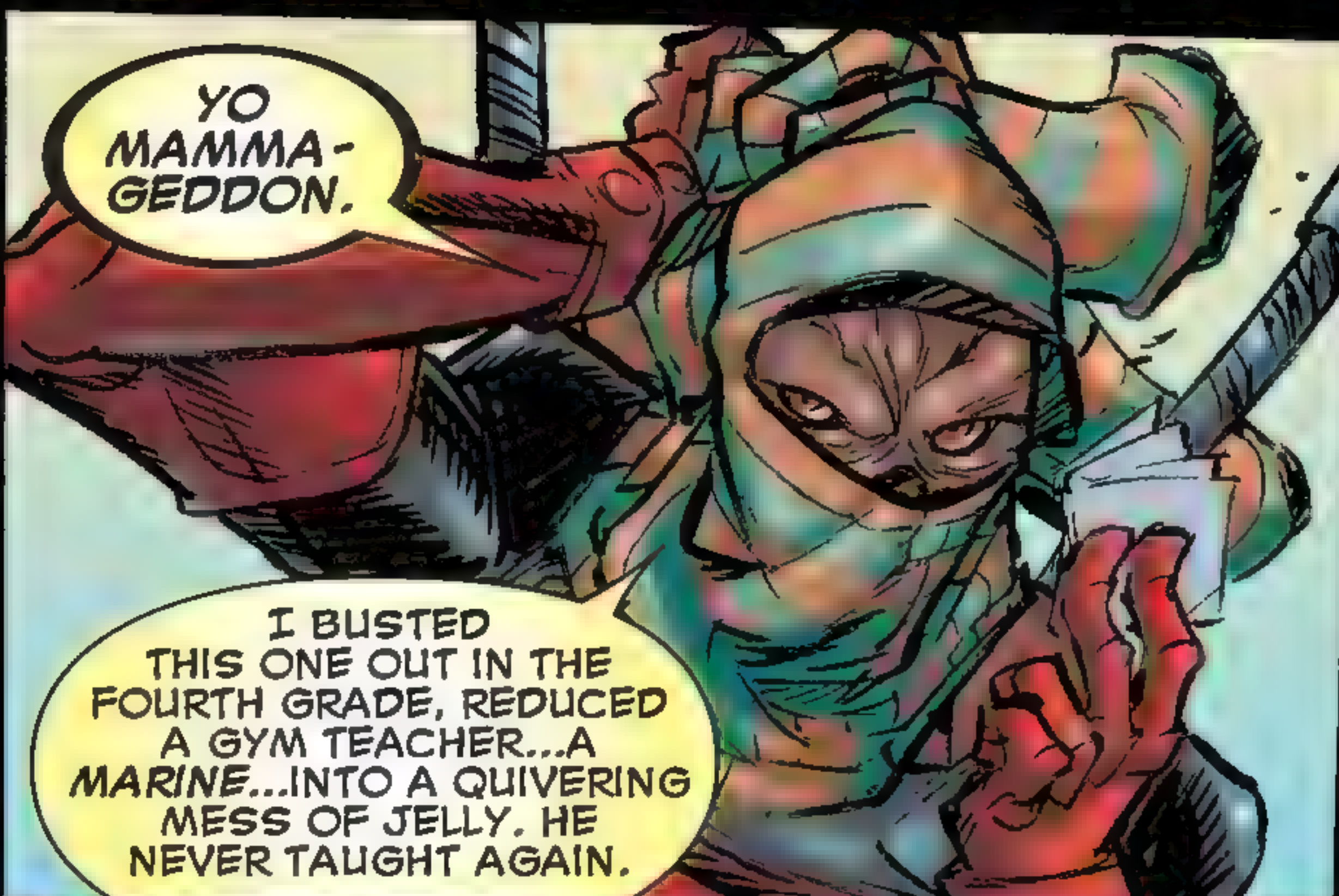
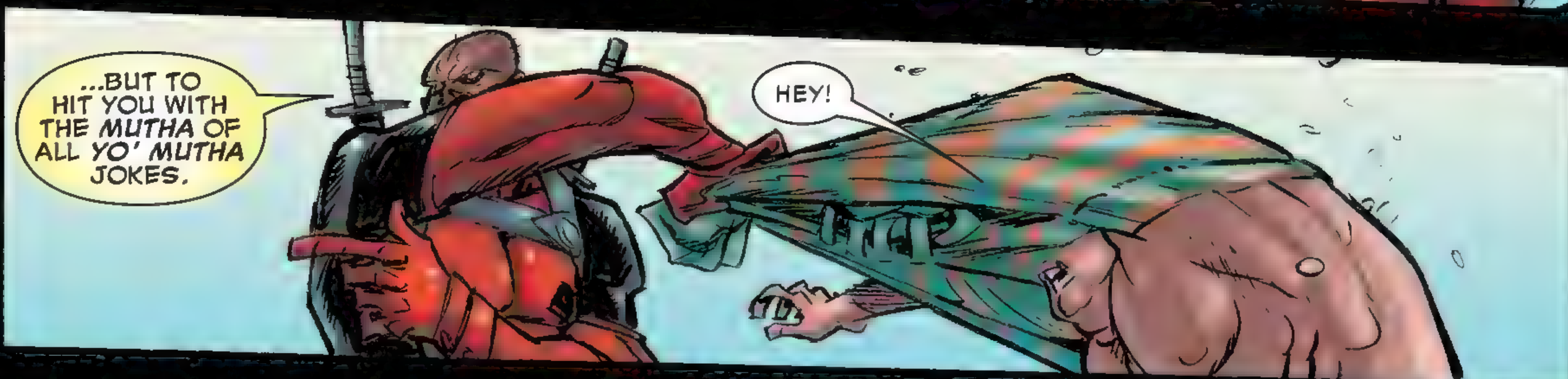


AND WE'RE DONE!

THWIPP



AW, SPUNK.



I SPENT THE
REST OF MY LIFE
REFINING THIS CRACK...
HAND-CRAFTING EACH WORD...
DISTILLING IT INTO THE
SINGLE MOST
DEVASTATING DISS
EVER UTTERED.

I SOLD IT TO THE
MOSSAD TRAINING
CORPS...THOUGH I ADMIT,
IT DOESN'T WORK THE
SAME IN HEBREW. PEOPLE
JUST BITE
OFF THEIR OWN
TONGUES.

BUT IN
ENGLISH, THE
THREE PEOPLE WHO
HAVE HEARD IT WERE
SO SHATTERED THEY ALL
DIED WITHIN TWENTY-
FOUR HOURS...

DEHYDRATION.
FROM CRYING.
THAT'S A LOT OF
TEARS, BRO.



BRING IT,
WADE.

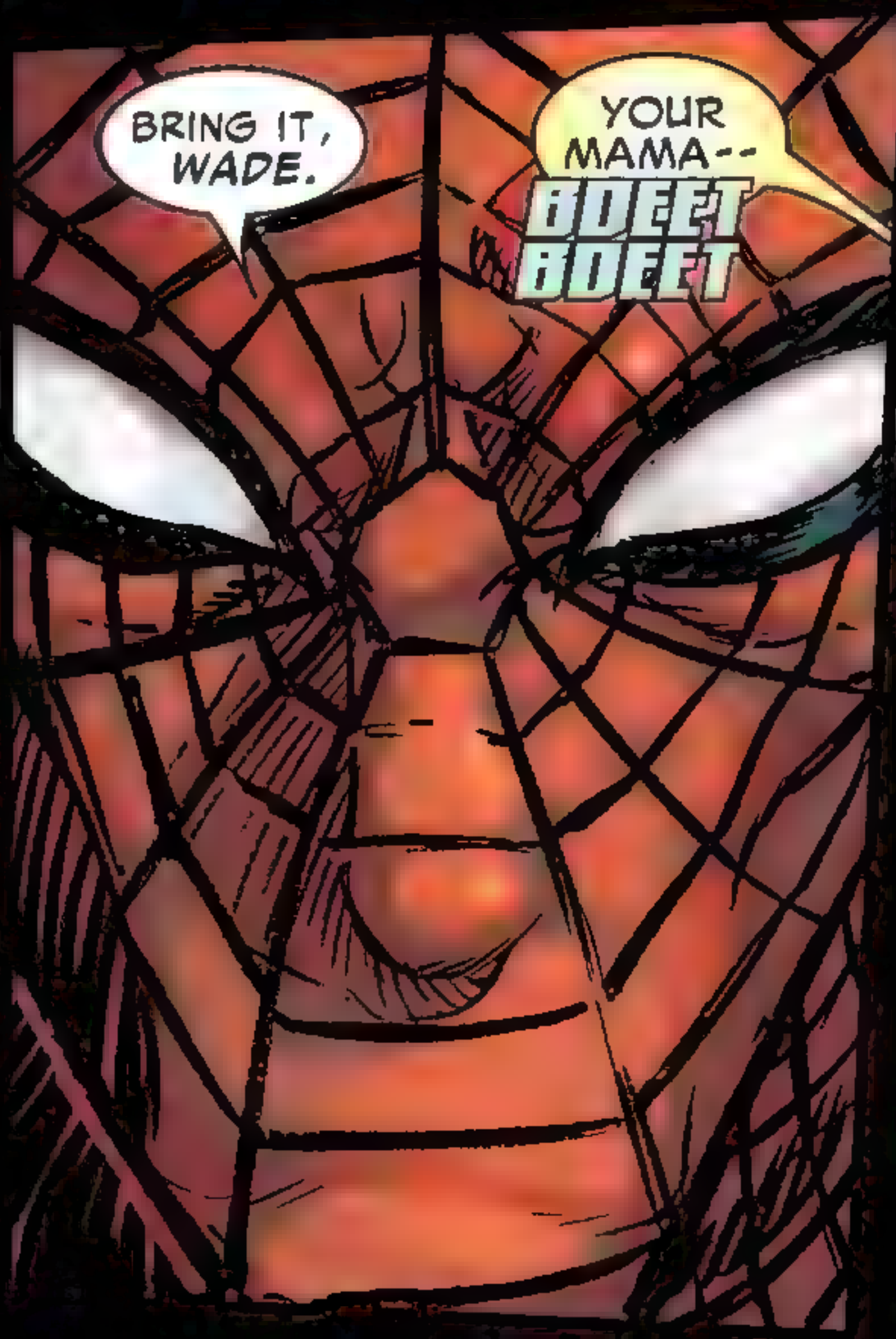
YOUR
MAMA--
**BOEET
BOEET**

...AAAAND
THAT'S A
WRAP!

WHOO! MAN,
I CAN'T BELIEVE
I ALMOST
HIT YOU WITH
MAMAGEDDON--

WHAT?

JOB'S OVER.
YOU WANNA
GET A BEER OR
SOMETHING--



I DON'T
DRINK...AND
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN "JOB'S
OVER"?

AREN'T
YOU SUPPOSED
TO KILL ME?

NO, THAT
WAS YOUR
ASSUMPTION.
I NEVER SAID
MAIM, KILL,
OR DIE.



THEN
WHAT DID
THEY HIRE YOU
TO DO? ANNOY
ME FOR AN
HOUR?

BASICALLY.
THAT AND GET
YOU AWAY FROM
MIDTOWN.

WHY?



BECAUSE
IT WAS
FUN?





YOU FULLA POO! YOU DIDN'T HAVE NO SUPER-BAD MUTHA JOKE!

»SIGH« I BET YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTA OR THE BLACKHEAD FAIRY EITHER. C'MERE.



MASSUM FRASSUM HASSUM...



WAHHH

DON'T WORRY, IT'LL STOP IN A FEW DAYS. I ONLY GOT HALFWAY THROUGH IT.

BUT YOU REMEMBER THIS DAY, AND YOU GO MAKE SOMETHING OF YOURSELF, TIGER.



ENOUGH! ENOUGH OF THE NONSENSE AND THE CRAZY AND THE--YOU!

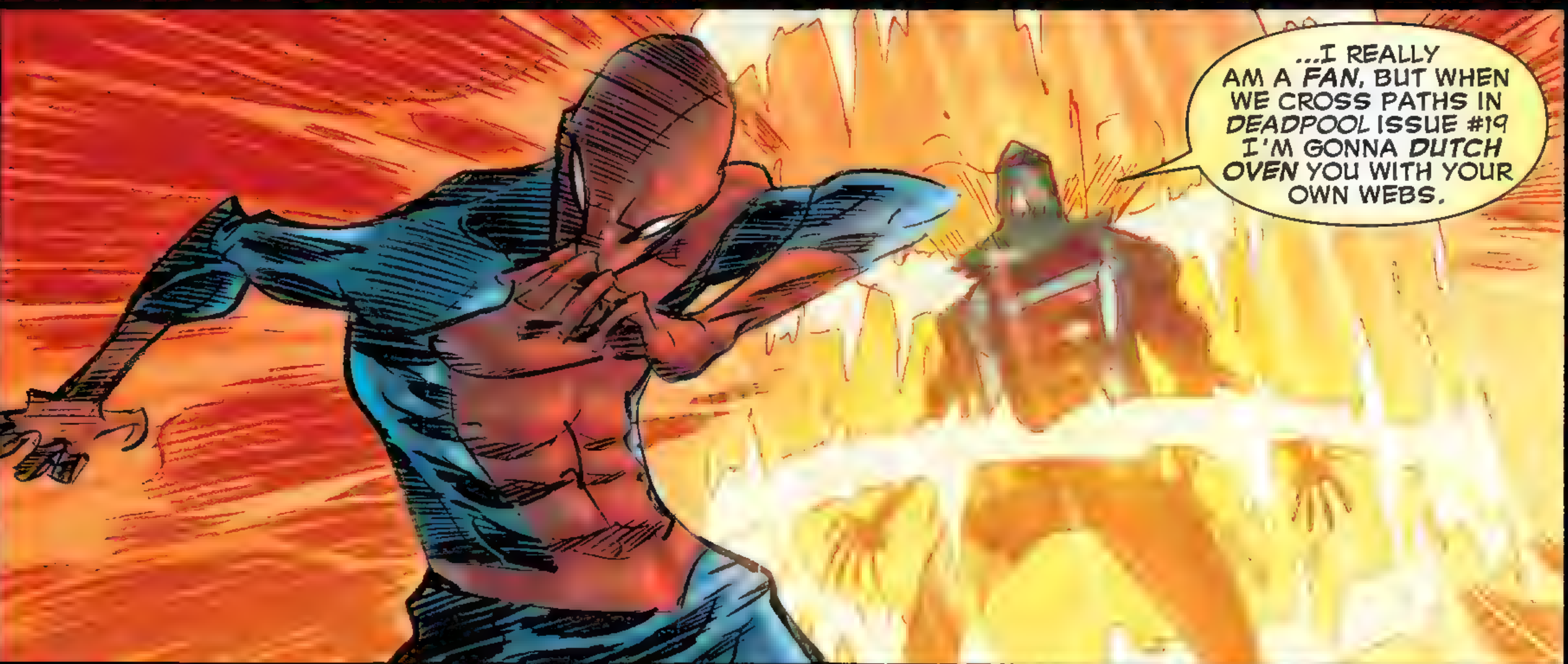
WHO HIRED YOU TO MESS WITH ME? WHAT DO THEY WANT?

NO CLUE, PAL. FOR HONEST AND FOR TRUE... BUT I CAN TELL YOU TWO THINGS...



ONE, WHOEVER'S GOT A MAD-ON FOR YOU IS SERIOUS. I'M JUST A PRAWN IN AN ANTI-SPIDEY JAMBALAYA THAT'S SIMMERING TO PERFECTION...

AND TWO...



...I REALLY AM A FAN, BUT WHEN WE CROSS PATHS IN DEADPOOL ISSUE #19 I'M GONNA DUTCH OVEN YOU WITH YOUR OWN WEBS.



WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

"ARE YOU HAPPY, MAMA?"

"DID THE BOYS PLAY NICELY?"

"YOU TELL ME, ANA."



TRAINS HEADING INTO GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL WILL BE DELAYED DUE TO SUPER HUMAN ACTIVITY...

OF COURSE THEY WILL. YOUR LUCK'S AS GOOD AS EVER, ANYA CORAZON.

"YES, THE INSECT WAS NEVER WHERE HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE TODAY..."

"HE DIDN'T BUMP INTO THE PROTEGE..."



"HE DIDN'T BATTLE THE MONSTER..."

LET ME HELP...

THANKS, MISTER--

--BROCK. BUT YOU CAN CALL ME EDDIE, KID.



"AND THE LITTLE SISTER..."

SO SAYS LADY STILT-MAN!

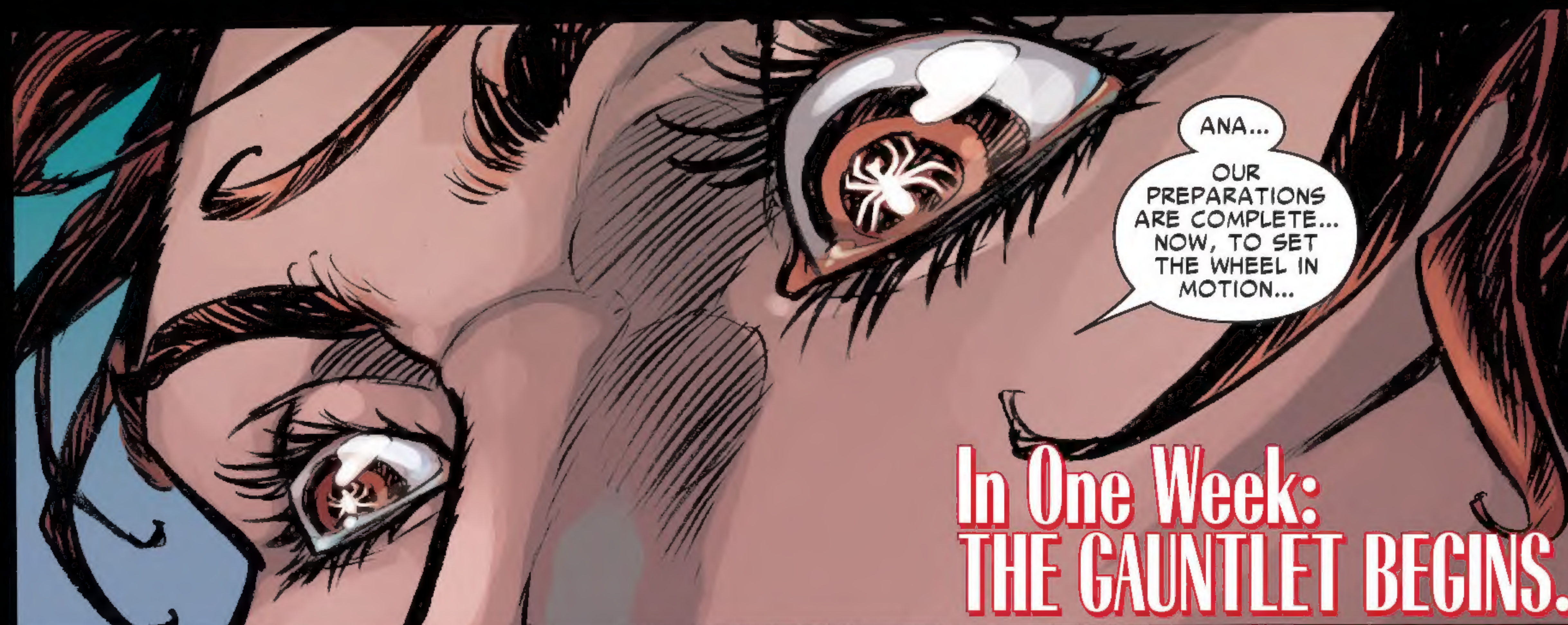
SPIDEY?

GEEZ, BACK IN TOWN FOR THREE DAYS AND ALREADY HE NEEDS ME. *~SIGH~*

A GIRL'S WORK IS NEVER--



"SHE NEVER STOOD A CHANCE WITHOUT HIM..."



the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



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TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR **JOE QUESADA** EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER **ALAN FINE** EXEC. PRODUCER

ITEM! Don't forget, Spidey-Fans, you'll be able to catch former Marvel Punk of the Month assistant editor Tom Brennan carrying the Spider-Man balloon in this year's Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade on Thanksgiving morning.

So why not gather the family around on this day of service and gratitude and greet the morning staring at the same thing I have to stare at everyday: Brennan holding a balloon.

(GAK! I missed an easy "hot air" comment! Ah well, next year...)

Dear Bullpen,

I am a 64-year old who has been reading Spider-Man since his debut in *Amazing Fantasy* #15. (wish I still had it). When you guys decided to re-tool Spidey in Brand New Day, I groaned. I thought it was a cheap way of getting out of the corner in which you had painted yourselves. But I stuck with you and have since read some of the greatest Spider-Man stories ever. I love what you've done. Which brings me to the American Son arc.

Over the years, I've seen Norman Osborn do some despicable things but issues #598 and #599 brought out an evil that I have never before read in a comic. With these two issues, you propelled him right up there with the likes of Satan.

My only problem with the story was that you put Norman in a position where he could have been killed and then didn't do it. Now, I know why you didn't do it - how could you kill off the greatest villain in comic book history. Not to mention all the untold stories you have in the hopper. My feeling is that you shouldn't have put him in that position in the first place. I think it was asking too much of your readers to believe that someone would pass up the opportunity to finally do him in. Wolverine would have. I realize that they are heroes and heroes are noble but geez, guys, a little closure here, eh?

This is my first letter ever to Marvel, so I'm not a very critical person. I hope you take this in the spirit in which it was intended and please be sure that you have a reader for life.

Frank Hoolan
Levittown, NY

Point taken, Frank. You make a lot of good points on both sides of the argument. For my money, while our heroes may bend the law here and there to get their good deeds done, that's just part of the logistical buy-in when you're reading most super-hero comics. And as the years have gone on, we've seen many darker heroes rise who not only bend the law, they out and out disobey it, sometimes violently. For me that's just a legitimate part of the fantasy and within, I believe, most people's boundaries of good taste.

But to go from that, to out and out murder, whatever the situation, just wouldn't sit well with me. Norman was beaten...at least for the moment and Spidey and the Avengers will continue

to confront him and bring him down in as legal a way as possible.

(You'll see the beginnings of something along those lines in next week's *Dark Reign: the List--Amazing Spider-Man* one-shot featuring a MAJOR face-off between Norman and Spidey that helps lay the groundwork for the story people have been clamoring for: AVENGERS: SIEGE...it starts this winter.)

Dear Spider-People,

I haven't written to a letter page in years, but I feel I have to after reading one of the most fun Marvel comics I've read in a long while. I learned to read with Spider-Man, but I still feel I can be objective when need be.

What I mean is that I like to think that I have discerning taste when it comes to Spider-Man comics, and that I won't just like whatever is put out. With that being said: #600 made me feel like a kid again and I hope when I have kids they will learn to read on comics that are just as exciting. (Although I'll probably still start them out on my first choice ASM #278). Thank you all.

Joe Brown
Columbia, MO

Dear Spider-Guys

Happy 600th issue! It's been nearly 50 years since the first issue of ASM came out. I've come to love characters like Mary Jane Watson, Venom, Doc Ock, Aunt May, and so on.

Even though I was mad at you guys for the events in OMD, I have come to like BND and their story arcs like *New Ways To Die*, and *American Son*. There is one thing unclear to me still, what exactly happened in *The Other* since Peter does not have his Other powers like organic web?

Besides that, you guys have been writing 600 great issues (well most of them anyway). I would like to see Carnage, Electro, and the Sandman in the future issues. Keep up the good work!

Omar Diaz
Seattle, WA

You're going to get a lot of what you're asking for in the next few months, Omar, starting with next issue's return of Electro.

The powers Pete exhibited in the Other were never powers that he had all the time, he exhibited them at times of high stress and danger. So it remains to be seen what—if anything—happened to them.



Before we launched the new *Web of Spider-Man*, we had a sister book called *Amazing Spider-Man Family* where we ran short stories about the book's supporting cast, so let's take a sec and check in that mail bag too..

Dear Web-heads,

I really liked Roger Stern and Val Semeiks's *Just An Old Sweet Song*, a nice, touching exposition on Aunt May's life. There are so many writers today who write comics as if readers should do homework beforehand, studying continuity so you can understand their story. How wrong!

Luckily, writers like Stern are able to use continuity like a tool for producing good stories. A tale like *Just An Old Sweet Song* can be appreciated by an old reader who remembers every mentioned event (like me) and even by a new one, because the past references are used to tell a story, not to hide the lack of one.

Some years ago, re-reading AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #238, my eyes were stopped by a phrase in an Aunt May thought balloon: "That's all well and good for you to say, Nathan Lubensky! You never lost a child like I...". What?! Aunt May lost a son? A shocking revelation, I'd say! So, I contacted Roger Stern himself and asked for some more info about that. He replied that he had one story about May's loss in mind since those days and hoped to write it sooner or later. Well, I'm so glad he had the chance to do it, at last!

Please, give me more stories by Mr. Stern and more stories about Aunt May: she's my favorite supporting character and, even if so many readers and writers forget this, her presence constantly reminds Peter why he is Spider-Man. Seeing her remembering her youth and her biggest tragedies with Peter made her seem even more human to me.

Again, kudos to Roger Stern for his excellent work.

Francesco Vanagolli
Portoferraio, Italy



NEXT WEEK !

For months, we've been laying the groundwork. The Kraven Family. Kaine. Madame Web.

And throughout it all...Spidey's worst enemies haven't been seen. No one knows where they've been or why they've been laying low.

That ends now.

The Gauntlet is here...and it's gonna cut a brutal path right through Spider-Man's soul.

First Strike....Electro. By Mark Waid and Paul Azaceta.

Start resting up, readers. It's going to be a helluva next few months.

**Viva Barcelona, Simperin' Steve
10/21/09**

This week's cover by the incomparable Skottie Young!

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KAMIC RIDER MARIKA